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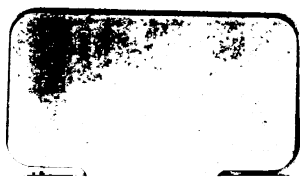
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AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

JULY, 1854.

ART. I. — THE APOCALYPTIC DOCTRINE OF THE LAST THINGS.

BEFORE attempting to exhibit the Eschatology of the Apocalypse,—its doctrine of Last Things,—we propose to give a brief account of what is contained, relating to this subject, in the Epistle of James, the Epistle of Jude, and the (so-called) Second Epistle of Peter.

The references made by James to the group of points included under the general theme of the Future Life are so few and indirect, or vague, that it is impossible to construct anything like a complete doctrine from them, save by somewhat arbitrary and uncertain suppositions. His purpose in writing evidently was practical exhortation, and not dogmatic instruction. His Epistle contains no expository outline of a system; but it has allusions and hints which plainly imply some partial views belonging to a system, while the other parts of it are left entirely obscure. He says that "evil desire brings forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, brings forth death." But whether he intended this text as a moral metaphor to convey a spiritual meaning, or as a literal statement of a physical fact, or as a comprehensive enunciation including both these ideas, there is nothing in the context positively to determine. He offers not the faintest clew to his concep-

tion of the purpose of the death and resurrection of Christ. He uses the word for the Jewish hell but once, and then, undeniably, in a figurative sense, saying that a "curbless and defiling tongue is set on fire of Gehenna." He appears to adopt the common notion of his contemporary countrymen in regard to demoniacal existences, when he declares, that "the devils believe there is one God, and tremble"; and when he exclaims, "Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you." He insists on the necessity of a faith that evinces itself in good works, and in all the virtues, as the means of acceptance with God. He compares life to a vanishing vapor, denounces terribly the wicked and dissolute rich men who wanton in crimes, and oppress the poor. Then he calls on the suffering brethren to be patient under their afflictions "until the coming of the Lord"; to abstain from oaths, be fervent in prayer, and establish their hearts, "for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." "Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned; behold, the Judge standeth before the door." Here the return of Christ, to finish his work, sit in judgment, accept some, and reject others, is too clearly implied for any candid student to deny it. And if James held this element of the general scheme of eschatology held by Paul and deducible from his Epistles, it is altogether probable that he also entertained other parts, perhaps the whole, of it. There are no means of definitely ascertaining whether he did or did not; though, according to a very learned and acute theologian, another fundamental part of that general system of doctrine is to be found in the last verse of the Epistle, where James says, that "he who converts a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins." Bretschneider thinks that saving a soul from death here means rescuing it from a descent into the under-world; the word *death* being often used in the New Testament, as by the Rabbins, to denote the subterranean abode of the dead.* This interpretation may seem forced to an unlearned reader, who examines the text for personal profit, but will not seem at all improbable to one who, to learn its historic meaning, reads the text in the lighted

* See Bretschneider's *Religiöse Glaubenslehre*, section 59.

foreground of a mind over whose background lies a fitly arranged knowledge of all the materials requisite for an adequate criticism. For such a man was Bretschneider himself.

The eschatological implications and references in the Epistle of Jude are of pretty much the same character and extent as those which we have just considered. A thorough study and analysis of this brief document will show that it may be fairly divided into three heads, and be regarded as having three objects. First, the writer exhorts his readers "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," "to remember the words of Christ's Apostles," "to keep themselves in the love of God, looking for eternal life." He desires to stir them up to diligence in efforts to preserve their doctrinal purity and their personal virtue. Secondly, he warns them of the fearful danger of depravity, pride, and lasciviousness. This warning he enforces by several examples of the terrible judgments of God on the rebellious and wicked in other times. Among these instances is the case of the Cities of the Plain, eternally destroyed by a storm of fire for their uncleanness; also, the example of the fallen angels, "who kept not their first estate, but left their proper habitation, and are reserved in everlasting chains and darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." The writer here adopts the doctrine of fallen angels, and the connected views, as then commonly held among the Jews. This doctrine is not of Christian origin, but was drawn from Persian and other Oriental sources, as is abundantly shown, with details, in almost every history of Jewish opinions, in almost every Biblical commentary.* In this connection Jude cites a legend from an apocryphal book, called the "Ascension of Moses," of which Origen gives an account.† The substance of the tradition is, that, at the decease of Moses, Michael and Satan contended whether the body should be given over to death, or be taken up to heaven. The appositeness of this allusion is, that, while in this strife the Archangel dared not rail against Satan, yet the wicked men whom

* E. g. see Moses Stuart's *Dissertation on the Angelology of the Scriptures*, published in Vol. I. of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*.

† *De Principiis*, Lib. III. cap. 2. See, too, in Michaelis's *Introduction to the New Testament*, section 4th of the chapter on Jude.

Jude is denouncing do not hesitate to blaspheme the angels, and to speak evil of things which they know not. "Woe unto such ungodly men: gluttonous spots, dewless clouds, fruitless trees plucked up and twice dead, they are ordained to condemnation." Thirdly, the Epistle announces the second coming of Christ, in the last time, to establish his tribunal. The Prophecy of Enoch, an apocryphal book, recovered during the present century, is quoted as saying, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convict the ungodly of their ungodly deeds."* Jude, then, anticipated the return of the Lord, at "the judgment of the great day," to judge the world; considered the under-world, or abode of the dead, not as a region of fire, but a place of imprisoning gloom, wherein, "to defiled and blaspheming dreamers, is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever"; thought it imminently necessary for men to be diligent in striving to secure their salvation, because "all sensual mockers, not having the spirit, but walking after their own ungodly lusts," would be lost. He probably expected that, when all free contingencies were past, and Christ had pronounced sentence, the condemned would be doomed eternally into the black abyss, and the accepted would rise into the immortal glory of heaven. He closes his letter with these significant words, which plainly imply much of what we have just been setting forth: "Everlasting honor and power, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be unto God, who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the face of his glory with exceeding joy."†

The first chapter of the so-called Second Epistle of Peter is not occupied with theological propositions, but with historical, ethical, and practical statements and exhortations. These are, indeed, of such a character, and so expressed, that they clearly presuppose certain opinions in the mind of the writer. First, he evidently believed that a merciful and holy message had been sent from God to men by Jesus Christ, "whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." The substance of these promises was a "call to escape the

* See Book of Enoch, translated by Dr. R. Laurence, cap. ii.

† See Griesbach's reading of the 25th verse of Jude.

corruption of the world, and enter into glory and be partakers of the Divine nature." By partaking of the Divine nature, we understand the writer to mean, entering the Divine abode and condition, ascending into the safe and eternal joy of the celestial prerogatives. That the author here denotes heaven by the term *glory*, as the other New Testament writers frequently do, appears distinctly from the seventeenth and eighteenth verses of the chapter, where, referring to the incident at the baptism of Jesus, he declares, "There came a voice from the excellent *glory*, saying, 'This is my beloved Son'; and this voice, which came from *heaven*, we heard." Secondly, our author regarded this glorious promise as contingent on the fulfilment of certain conditions. It was to be realized by means of "faith, courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, kindness, and love." "He that hath these things shall never fall," "but an entrance shall be ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The writer furnishes us with no clew to get at his idea of the particular part performed by Christ in our salvation. He says not a word concerning the sufferings or death of the Saviour, and the extremely scanty and altogether indefinite allusions made to the relation in which Christ was supposed to stand between God and men, and the redemption and reconciliation of men with God, do not enable us to draw any dogmatic conclusions. He speaks of "false teachers, who shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them." But whether by this last phrase he means to imply a ransom of imprisoned souls from the under-world by Christ's descent thither and victory over its powers, or a purchased exemption of sinners from their merited doom by the vicarious sufferings of Christ's death, or a practical regenerative redemption of disciples from their sins by the moral influences of his mission, his teachings, example, and character, there is nothing in the Epistle clearly to decide; though, forming our judgment by the aid of other sources of information, we should conclude in favor of the first of these three conceptions as most probably expressing the writer's thought.

The second chapter of the Epistle is almost an exact parallel with the Epistle of Jude; in many verses it is

the same, word for word. It threatens "unclean, self-willed, unjust, and blaspheming men," that they shall "be reserved unto the day of judgment, to be punished." It warns such persons by citing the example of the rebellious "angels, who were thrust down into Tartarus, and fastened in chains of darkness until the judgment." It speaks of "cursed children, to whom is reserved the mist of darkness for ever." Herein plainly enough is betrayed the common notion of the Jews of that time, the conception of a dismal under-world, containing the fallen angels of the Persian theology, and where the wicked were to be remanded after judgment, and eternally imprisoned.

The third and last chapter is taken up with the doctrine of the second coming of Christ. "Be mindful of the words of the Prophets and Apostles, knowing this first, that in the last days there shall be scoffers who will say, 'Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as from the beginning.'" The writer meets this sceptical assertion with denial, and points to the deluge, "whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished." His argument is, the world was thus destroyed once, therefore it may be destroyed again. He then goes on to assert positively, relying for authority on old traditions and current dogmas, that "the heavens and the earth which are now, are kept by the word of God in store to be destroyed by fire in the day of judgment, when the perdition of ungodly men shall be sealed." "The delay of the Lord to fulfil his promise is not from procrastination, but from his long-suffering who is not willing that any should perish." He waits "that all may come to repentance." But his patience will end, and "the day of God come as a thief in the night, when the heavens, being on fire, shall pass away with a crash, and the elements melt with fervent heat." There are two ways in which these declarations may be explained, though in either case the events they refer to are to occur in connection with the physical reappearance of Christ. First, they may be taken in a highly figurative sense, as meaning the moral overthrow of evil, and the establishment of righteousness in the world. So very similar expressions were often used by the ancient Hebrew prophets, who describe the triumphs of Israel, and the destruction of

their enemies the Edomites or the Assyrians by the interposition of Jehovah's arm, in such phrases as these: "The mountains melt, the valleys cleave asunder like wax before a fire, like waters poured over a precipice": "The heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll, all their hosts shall melt away and fall down, for Jehovah holdeth a great slaughter in the land of Edom; her streams shall be turned into pitch, and her dust into brimstone, and her whole land shall become burning pitch." The suppression of Satan's power and the setting up of the Messiah's kingdom might, according to the prophetic idiom, be expressed in awful images of fire and woe, the destruction of the old, and the creation of a new, heaven and earth. But, secondly, this phraseology, as used by the writer of the Epistle before us, may have a literal significance, may have been intended to predict strictly that the world shall be burnt and purged by fire at the second coming of the Lord. That such a catastrophe would take place in the last day, or occurred periodically, was notoriously the doctrine of the Persians, and of the Stoics.* For our own part, we are convinced that the latter is the real meaning of the writer. This seems to be shown alike by the connection of his argument, by the prosaic literality of detail with which he speaks, and by the earnest exhortations he immediately bases on the declaration he has made. He reasons, that since the world was destroyed once by water, it may be again by fire. The deluge he certainly regarded as literal; was not, then, in his conception, the fire, too, literal? He says, with calm, literal precision, "The earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holiness, looking for a new heaven and a new earth, and striving that ye may be found by him in peace, without spot, and blameless!" We do not suppose this writer expected the annihilation of the physical creation, but only that the fire would destroy all unransomed creatures from its surface, and thoroughly purify its frame, and make it all clean and fit for a new race of sinless and immortal men.

* See Cicero de Nat. Deorum, Lib. II. cap. 46. Also, see Ovid, Minucius Felix, Seneca, and other authorities, as quoted by Rosenmüller on 2 Peter, iii. 7.

"Tears shall not break from their full source,
Nor anguish stray from her Tartarean den,
The golden years maintain a course
Not undiversified, though smooth and even,
We not be mocked with glimpse and shadow then,
Bright seraphs mix familiarly with men,
And earth and sky compose a universal heaven."

We have now arrived at the threshold of the last book in the New Testament,—that book which, in the words of Lücke, "lies like a Sphinx at the lofty outgate of the Bible." There are three modes of interpreting the Apocalypse, each of which has had numerous and distinguished advocates. First, it may be regarded as a congeries of inspired prophecies; a scenic unfolding, with infallible foresight, of the chief events of Christian history, from the first century till now, and onwards. This view, the combined effect of the facts in the case, and of all the just considerations appropriate to the subject, compels us to reject. There is no evidence to support it; the application of it is crowded with egregious follies and absurdities. We thus simply state the result of our best investigation and judgment, for there is no space here to discuss it in detail. Secondly, the book may be taken as a symbolic exhibition of the transitional crises, exposures, struggles, and triumphs of the individual soul, a description of personal experience, a picture of the inner life of the Christian in a hostile world. The contents of it can be made to answer to such a characterization only by the determined exercise of an unrestrained fancy, or by the theory of a double sense, as the Swedenborgians expound it. This method of interpreting the Revelation is adopted, not by scholarly thinkers, who, with the light of learning and common sense, seek to discern what the writer meant to express, but by those persons who go to the obscure document, with traditional superstition and lawless imagination, to see what lessons they can find there for their experimental guidance and edification. We suppose that every intelligent and informed student who has examined the subject with candor and independence holds it as an exegetical axiom, that the Apocalypse is neither a pure prophecy, blazing full illumination from Patmos along the track of the coming centuries, nor an exhaustive vision of the experience of the faithful Christian disciple. And so we are

brought to the third, and, as we think, the correct, mode of considering this remarkable work. It is an outburst from the commingled and seething mass of opinions, persecutions, hopes, general experience, and expectation of the time when it was written. This is the view which would most naturally arise in the mind of an impartial student from the nature of the case, and from contemplating the fervid faith, suffering, lowering elements, and thick-coming events of the Apostolic age. It also strikingly corresponds with numerous express statements, and with the whole obvious spirit and plan of the work; for its descriptions and appeals have the vivid colors, the thrilling tones, the significantly detailed allusions to experiences and opinions and anticipations notoriously existing then, which belong to present or immediately impending scenes. This way of considering the Apocalypse likewise enables one who is acquainted with the early Jewish-Christian doctrines, legends, and hopes, to explain clearly a large number of passages in it whose obscurity has puzzled many a commentator. We should be glad to give various illustrations of this, if our limits did not confine us strictly to the one class of texts belonging to eschatology. Furthermore, nearly all the most learned and gifted critics, such as Ewald, Bleek, Lücke, De Wette, those whose words on such matters as these are weightiest, now agree in concluding that the Revelation of John was a product springing out of the intense Jewish-Christian belief and experience of the age, and referring, in its dramatic scenery and predictions, to occurrences supposed to be then transpiring, or very close at hand. Finally, this view in regard to the Apocalypse is strongly confirmed by a comparison of that production with the several other works similar to it in character, and contemporaneous, or nearly so, in origin. These apocryphal productions were written, or compiled, according to the pretty general agreement of the great scholars who have criticized them, somewhere between the close of the first and the middle of the second century. We merely propose here, in the briefest manner, to indicate the doctrine of the last things contained in them, as an introduction to an exposition of that contained in the New Testament Apocalypse.

IN the TESTAMENT OF THE TWELVE PATRIARCHS it is

written, that "the under-world shall be spoiled through the death of the Most Exalted." * Again we read: "The Lord shall make battle against the Devil, and conquer him, and rescue from him the captive souls of the righteous. The just shall rejoice in Jerusalem, where the Lord shall reign himself, and every one that believes in him shall reign in truth in the heavens." † Farther on the writer says of the Lord, after giving an account of his crucifixion, "He shall rise up from the under-world and ascend into heaven." ‡ These extracts seem to imply the common doctrine of that time, that Christ descended into the under-world, freed the captive saints, and rose into heaven, and would soon return to establish his throne in Jerusalem, to reign there for a time with his accepted followers.

The FOURTH BOOK OF EZRA contains scattered declarations and hints of the same nature. § It describes a vision of the Messiah, on Mount Zion, distributing crowns to those confessors of his name who had died in their fidelity. || The world is said to be full of sorrows and oppressions, and upon the souls of the just asking when the harvest shall come, ¶ for the good to be rewarded and the wicked to be punished, they are told that the day of liberation is not far distant, though terrible trials and scourges must yet precede it. "My Son Jesus shall be revealed." "My Son the Christ shall die, and then a new age shall come, the earth shall give up the dead, sinners shall be plunged into the bottomless abyss, and Paradise shall appear in all its glory." ** The "Son of God will come and consume his enemies with fire, but the elect will be protected and made happy." ††

The ASCENSION OF ISAIAH is principally occupied with an account of the rapture of the soul of that prophet through the seven heavens, and of what he there saw and

* See this book in Fabricii Codex Pseudepigraphus Veteris Testamenti, Test. Lev. Sect. IV.

† Ibid., Test. Dan. Sect. V.

‡ Ibid., Test. Benj. Sect. IX.

§ See the abstract of it given in Section VI. of Stuart's Commentary on the Apocalypse.

|| Cap. ii.

¶ Cap. iv.

** Cap. v., vii.

†† Cap. xiii., xvi.

learned. It describes the descent of Christ, the beloved Son of God, through all the heavens to the earth, his death, his resurrection after three days, his victory over Satan and his angels, who dwell in the welkin or higher region of the air, and his return to the right hand of God.* It predicts great apostasy and sin among the disciples of the Apostles, and much dissension respecting the nearness of the second advent of Christ.† It emphatically declares that "Christ shall come with his angels, and drag Satan and his powers into Gehenna. Then all the saints shall descend from heaven in their heavenly clothing, and dwell in this world; while the saints who had not died shall be similarly clothed, and after a time leave their bodies here, that they may assume their station in heaven. The general resurrection and judgment will follow, when the ungodly will be devoured by fire."‡ The author, as Gesenius, with almost all the rest of the critics, says, was unquestionably a Jewish Christian, and his principal design was to set forth the speedy second coming of Christ, and the glorious triumph of the saints that would follow with the condign punishment of the wicked.

The first book of the *SIBYLLINE ORACLES* contains a statement, that, in the golden age, the souls of all men passed peacefully into the under-world, to tarry there until the judgment; a prediction of a future Messiah; and an account of his death, resurrection, and ascension. The second book begins with a description of the horrors that will precede the last time, threats against the persecuting tyrants, and promises to the faithful, especially to the martyrs; and closes with an account of the general judgment, when Elijah shall come from heaven, consuming flames break out, all souls be summoned to the tribunal of God, at whose right hand Christ will sit, the bodies of the dead be raised, the righteous be purified, and the wicked be plunged into final ruin.

The fundamental thought and aim of the apocryphal *BOOK OF ENOCH* are the second coming of Christ to judge the world, the encouragement of the Christians,

* *Ascensio Isaiæ Vatis*, a Ricardo Laurence, cap. ix., x., xi.

† *Ibid.*, cap. ii., iii.

‡ *Ibid.*, cap. iv. 13-18

and the warning of their oppressors by declarations of approaching deliverance to those and vengeance to these. This is transparent at frequent intervals through the whole book.* "Ye righteous, wait with patient hope; your cries have cried for judgment, and it shall come, and the gates of heaven shall be opened to you." "Woe to you, powerful oppressors, false witnesses, for you shall suddenly perish." "The voices of slain saints accusing their murderers, the oppressors of their brethren, reach to heaven with interceding cries for swift justice."† When that justice comes, "The horse shall wade up to his breast, and the chariot shall sink to its axle, in the blood of sinners."‡ The author teaches that the souls of men at death go into the under-world, "a place deep and dark, where all souls shall be collected"; "where they shall remain in darkness till the day of judgment," — the spirits of the righteous being in peace and joy, separated from the tormented spirits of the wicked, who have spurned the Messiah and persecuted his disciples.§ A day of judgment is at hand. "Behold, he cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment." Then the righteous shall rise from the under-world, be approved, become as angels, and ascend to heaven. But the wicked shall not rise; they remain imprisoned below for ever.¶ The angels descend to earth to dwell with men, and the saints ascend to heaven to dwell with angels.** "From beginning to end, like the Apocalypse, the book is filled," says Professor Stuart, and the most careless reader must remark it, "with threats for the wicked persecutors, and consolations for the suffering pious." A great number of remarkable correspondences between passages in this book and others in the Apocalypse solicit a notice which our present single object will not allow us to give them here. An under-world divided into two parts, a happy for the good, a wretched for the

* Book of Enoch translated into English by Dr. R. Laurence. See particularly the following places: i. 1-5; lii. 7; liv. 12; lxi. 15; lxii. 14, 15; xciv.; xcv.; civ.

† Ibid., cap. ix. 9-11; xxii. 5-8; xlvii. 1-4.

‡ Ibid., cap. xcviii. 3.

§ Ibid., cap. x. 6-9, 15, 16; xxii. 2-5, 11-13; cii. 6; ciii. 5.

¶ Ibid., cap. xxii. 14, 15; xlv. 2; xlvi. 4; l. 1-4.

** Ibid., cap. xxxviii.-xl.

bad ; temporary woes prevailing on the earth ; the speedy advent of Christ for a vindication of his power and his servants ; the resurrection of the dead ; the final translation of the accepted into heaven, and the hopeless dooming of the rejected into the abyss ; — these are the features in the book before us which we are now to remember.

There is one more extant apocryphal book whose contents are strictly appropriate to the subject we have now in hand, namely, the APOCALYPSE OF JOHN.* It claims to be the work of the Apostle John himself. It represents John as going to Mount Tabor, after the ascension of Christ, and there praying that it may be revealed to him when the second coming of Christ will occur, and what will be the consequences of it. In answer to his request, a long and detailed disclosure is made. The substance of it is, that, after famines and woes, Antichrist will appear, and reign three years. Then Enoch and Elijah will come to expose him, but they will die, and all men with them. The earth will be purified with fire, the dead will rise, Christ will descend in pomp, with myriads of angels, and the judgment will follow. The spirits of Antichrist will be hurled into a gulf of outer darkness, so deep that a heavy stone would not plunge to the bottom in three years. Unbelievers, sinners, hypocrites, will be cast into the under-world, while true Christians are placed at the right hand of Christ, all radiant with glory. The good and accepted will then dwell in an earthly paradise, with angels, and be free from all evils.

In addition to these still existing Apocalypses, we have references, in the works of the Fathers, to a great many others long since perished ; especially the Apocalypses of Adam, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Hystaspes, Paul, Peter, Thomas, Cerinthus, and Stephen. So far as we have any clew, by preserved quotations, or otherwise, to the contents of these lost productions, they seem to have been much occupied with the topics of the avenging and redeeming advent of the Messiah, the final judgment of mankind, the supernal and subterranean localities, the resurrection of the dead, the inauguration of an earthly paradise, the condemnation of the reprobate to the abyss

* See the abstract of it given in Lücke's *Einleit. in die Offenbar. Joh.*, cap. 2, § 17.

beneath, the translation of the elect to the angelic realm on high. These works all taken together were plainly the offspring of the mingled mass of glowing faiths, sufferings, fears, and hopes of the age they belonged to. An acquaintance with them will help us to appreciate and explain many things in our somewhat kindred New Testament Apocalypse, by placing us partially in the circumstances and mental attitude of the writer, and of those for whom it was written.

The Persian-Jewish and Jewish-Christian notions and characteristics of the book of Revelation are marked and prevailing, as every prepared reader must perceive. The threefold division of the universe into the upper world of the angels, the middle world of men, and the underworld of the dead; the keys of the bottomless pit; the abode of Satan, the accuser, in heaven; his revolt; the war in the sky between his seduced host and the angelic army under Michael, and the thrusting down of the former; the banquet of birds on the flesh of kings, mighty men, and horses; the battle of Gog and Magog; the tarrying of souls under the altar of God; the temple in heaven containing the ark of the covenant, and the scene of a various ritual service; the twelve gates of the celestial city bearing the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel, and the twelve foundations of the walls having the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb; the bodily resurrection and general judgment, and the details of its sequel; — all these doctrines and specimens of imagery, with a hundred others, carry us at once into the Zend-Avesta and the Talmud, and into the Ebionitish documents of the earliest Christians, who mixed their interpretations of the mission and teaching of Christ with the material visions of Zoroaster, and the cabalistic dogmatics of the Pharisees.*

It is astonishing to us that any intelligent person can peruse the Apocalypse and still suppose that it is occupied with prophecies of remote events, events to transpire successively in distant ages and various lands. Immediateness, imminency, hazardous urgency, swiftness,

* See, e. g., *Kritische Geschichte des Chiliasmus*, von Heinrich Corrodi, Zweite Band, Theile 3-7; *Geschichte Urchristenthums* durch A. Fr. Gfrörer, Zweite Abtheilung, Kap. 8-10; Schöttgenii *Horæ Biblicæ* et *Talmudicæ*, in Apoc. xii. 7-9; *Ibid.* in 2 Cor. v. 2; etc., etc.

alarms, — are written all over the book. A suspense, frightfully thrilling, fills it, as if the world were holding its breath in view of the universal crash that was coming with lightning velocity. Four words compose the key to the Apocalypse, — Rescue, Reward, Overthrow, Vengeance. The followers of Christ are now persecuted and slain by the tyrannical rulers of the earth. Let them be of good cheer, they shall speedily be delivered. Their tyrants shall be trampled down in "blood flowing up to the horse-bridles," and they shall reign in glory. "Here is the faith and the patience of the saints," trusting that, if "true unto death, they shall have a crown of life," and "shall not be hurt of the second death," but shall soon rejoice over the triumphant establishment of the Messiah's kingdom, and the condign punishment of his enemies who are now "making themselves drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." The Beast, described in the thirteenth chapter, is unquestionably Nero, and this fact shows the expected immediateness of the events pictured in connection with the rise and destruction of that monstrous despot.* The truth of our present assertion is sealed by the very first verses of the Book, indicating the nature of its contents and the period to which they refer: "The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass: Blessed are they who hear the words of this prophecy and keep them; for the time is at hand."

This rescue and reward of the faithful, this overthrow and punishment of the wicked, were to be effected by the agency of a unique and sublime personage, who was expected very soon to appear, with an army of angels from heaven, for this purpose. The conception of the nature, rank, and offices of Jesus Christ which existed in the mind of the writer of the Apocalypse is in some respects but obscurely hinted in the words he employs; yet the relationship of those words to other and fuller sources of information in the contemporaneous notions of his countrymen is such as to give us great help in arriving at his ideas. He represents Christ as distinct

* See the excursus by Moses Stuart in his Commentary on the Apoc. xiii. 18, which conclusively shows, with great learning, that the Beast could be no other than Nero.

from, and subordinate to, God. He makes Christ say, "To him that overcometh, I will give power over the nations, even as I received of my Father." He characterizes him as "the beginning of the creation of God," and describes him as "mounted on a white horse, leading the heavenly armies to war, and his name is called the Logos of God." These terms evidently correspond to the phrases in the introduction to the Gospel of John, and in the book of the Wisdom of Solomon, where are unfolded some portions of that great doctrine, so prevalent among the early Fathers, which was borrowed and adapted by them from the Persian Honover, the Hebrew Wisdom, and the Platonic Logos.* "In the beginning was the Logos, and the Logos was with God, and all things were made by him; and the Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us." † "God of our fathers, and Lord of mercy, who hast made all things by thy Logos." ‡ "Thine almighty Logos leaped down from heaven, from his royal throne, a fierce warrior, into the midst of a land of destruction." § Plainly enough, the Apocalyptic view of Christ is based on that profound Logos-doctrine so copiously developed in the writings of Philo Judæus, and so distinctly indorsed in numerous passages of the New Testament. First, there is the absolute God. Next, there is the Logos, the first-begotten Son and representative image of God, the instrumental cause of the creation, the head of all created beings. This Logos, born into our world as a man, is Christ. Around him are clustered all the features and actions that compose the doctrine of the Last Things. The vast work of redemption and judgment laid upon him has, in part, been already executed, and, in part, remains yet to be done.

We are first to inquire, then, into the significance of what the writer of the Apocalypse supposes has already been effected by Christ in his official relations between God and men, so far as regards the general subject of a life beyond the grave. A few brief and vague, but comprehensive expressions include all that he has written which furnishes us a guide to his thoughts on this par-

* Lucke's *Einleitung in das Evang. Joh.*

† *Evang. Joh.* i. 1, 3, 14.

‡ *Wisdom of Solomon*, ix. 1, 2.

§ *Ibid.* xviii. 15.

ticular. He describes Jesus, when advanced to his native supereminent dignity in heaven, as the "Logos, clothed in a vesture dipped in blood," and also as "the Lamb that was slain," to whom the celestial throng sing a new song, saying, "Thou hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood." Christ, he says, "loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." He represents the risen Saviour as declaring, "I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of the under-world and of death." "Jesus Christ," again he writes, "is the faithful witness, the first-begotten from the dead." What, now, is the real meaning of these pregnant phrases? What is the complete doctrine to which fragmentary references are here made? We are confident it is this. Mankind, in consequence of sin, were alienated from God, and banished, after death, to Hades, the subterranean empire of shadows. Christ, leaving his exalted state in heaven, was born into the world as a messenger, or "faithful witness," of surprising grace to them from God, and died that he might fulfil his mission as the agent of their redemption, by descending into the great prison-realm of the dead, and, exerting his irresistible power, return thence to light and life, and ascend into heaven as the forerunner and pledge of the deliverance and ascension of others. Moses Stuart, commenting on the clause, "first-begotten from the dead," says: "Christ was in fact the first who enjoyed the privilege of a resurrection to eternal glory, and he was constituted the leader of all who should afterwards be thus raised from the dead."* All who had died, with the sole exception of Christ, were yet in the under-world. He, since his triumphant subdual of its power, and return to heaven, possessed authority over it, and would ere long summon its hosts to resurrection, as he declares: "I was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore; and have the keys of the under-world." The figure is that of a conqueror, who, returning from a captured and subdued city, bears the key of it with him, a trophy of his triumph, and a pledge of its submission. The text, "Thou hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood," is not received in an absolutely literal sense by any theological

* Stuart's Comm. in Apoc. i. 5.

sect whatever. The severest Calvinist does not suppose that the physical blood shed on the cross is meant, but he explains it as denoting the atoning efficacy of the vicarious sufferings of Christ. But this interpretation is as forced and constructive an exposition as the one we have given, and is not warranted by the theological opinions of the Apostolic age, which do, on the contrary, support and necessitate ours. The direct statement is, that men were redeemed unto God by the blood of Christ. All agree that in the word "blood" is wrapped up a figurative meaning. The Calvinistic dogma makes it denote the satisfaction of the law of retributive justice by a substitutional anguish. We maintain that a true historical exegesis, with far less violence to the use of language, and consistently with known contemporaneous ideas, makes it denote the death of Christ, and the events which were supposed to have followed his death, namely, his appearance among the dead, and his ascent to heaven, preparatory to their ascent, when they should no longer be exiled in Hades, but should dwell with God. Out of an abundance of illustrative authorities at hand, we will cite a few.

Augustine describes "the ancient saints" as being "in the under-world, in places most remote from the tortures of the impious, waiting for Christ's blood and descent to deliver them."* Epiphanius says: "Christ was the first that rose from the under-world to heaven from the time of the creation."† Lactantius affirms: "Christ's descent into the under-world and ascent into heaven were necessary to give man the hope of a heavenly immortality."‡ Hilary of Poitiers says: "Christ went down into Hades for two reasons; first, to fulfil the law imposed on mankind that every soul on leaving the body shall descend into the under-world, and secondly, to preach the Christian religion to the dead."§ Chrysostom writes: "When the Son of God cometh, the earth shall burst open, and all the men that ever were born, from Adam's birth up to that day, shall rise up out of the earth."||

* *De Civitate Dei*, Lib. XX. cap. 15.

† *In Resurrectionem Christi*.

‡ *Divin. Instit.*, Lib. IV. cap. 19, 20.

§ Hilary in *Ps. cxviii. et cxix.*

|| *Homil. in Rom. viii. 25.*

Irenæus testifies: "I have heard from a certain presbyter, who heard it from those who had seen the Apostles and received their instructions, that Christ descended into the under-world, and preached the Gospel and his own advent to the souls there, and remitted the sins of those who believed on him."* Eusebius records, that, "after the ascension of Jesus, Thomas sent Thaddeus, one of the Seventy, to Abgarus, king of Edessa. This disciple told the king how that Jesus, having been crucified, descended into the under-world, and burst the bars which had never before been broken, and rose again, and also raised with himself the dead that had slept for ages; and how he descended alone, but ascended with a great multitude to his Father; and how he was about to come again to judge the living and the dead."† Finally, we cite the following undeniable statement from Daille's learned and famous work on the "Right Use of the Fathers": "That heaven shall not be opened till the second coming of Christ and the day of judgment, — that during this time the souls of all men, with a few exceptions, are shut up in the under-world, — was held by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Augustine, Origen, Lactantius, Victorinus, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Theodoret, Œcumenius, Aretas, Prudentius, Theophilact, Bernard, and many others, as is confessed by all. This doctrine is literally held by the whole Greek Church at the present day. Nor did any of the Latins expressly deny any part of it until the Council of Florence, in the year of our Lord 1439."‡

In view of these quotations, and of volumes of similar ones which might be adduced, we submit to the candid reader that the meaning most probably in the mind of the writer of the Apocalypse when he wrote the words, "redemption by the blood of Christ," was this, — the rescue certified to men by the commissioned power and devoted self-sacrifice of Christ in dying, going down to the mighty congregation of the dead, proclaiming good tidings, breaking the hopeless bondage of death and Hades, and ascending as the pioneer of a new way to God. If before his death all men were supposed to go down to helpless confinement in the under-world on account of

* *Ad Hæresos*, Lib. IV. Sect. 45.† *Ecc. Hist.*, Lib. I. cap. 13.

‡ Lib. II. cap. 4, pp. 272, 273 of the English translation.

sin, but after his resurrection the promise of an ascension to heaven was made to them through his Gospel and exemplification, then well might the grateful believers, fixing their hearts on his willing martyrdom on their behalf, exclaim, "He loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God." It is certainly far more natural, far more reasonable, to suppose that the Scriptural phrase "the blood of Christ" means "the death of Christ," with its historical consequences, than to imagine that it signifies a complicated and mysterious scheme of ethical expiation, especially when that scheme is wholly unrelated to contemporaneous opinion, utterly irreconcilable with morality, and confessedly nowhere plainly stated in Scripture, but a matter of late and laborious construction and inference. We have not spoken of the strictly moral and subjective mission and work of Christ, as conceived by the author of the Apocalypse, — his influences to cleanse the springs of character, purify and inspire the heart, rectify and elevate the motives, regenerate and sanctify the soul and the life, — because all this is plain and unquestioned. But he also believed in something additional to this, an objective function, and what that was we think we have correctly explained above.

We are next to inquire more immediately into the closing parts of the doctrine of the Last Things. Christ has appeared, declared the tidings of grace, died, visited the dead, risen victoriously, and gone back to heaven, where he now tarries. But there remain many things for him, as the eschatological King, yet to do. What are they? and what details are connected with them? First of all, he is soon to return from heaven and visit the earth a second time. The first chapter of the book begins by declaring that it is "a revelation of things which must shortly come to pass," and "blessed is he that readeth, for the time is at hand." The last chapter is full of such repetitions as these: "things which must shortly be done"; "Behold, I come quickly"; "The time is at hand"; "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still"; "Surely I come quickly"; "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Herder says, in his famous work on the Apocalypse: "There is but one voice in it, through all its epistles, seals, trum-

pets, signs, and plagues, namely, **THE LORD IS COMING!**" The souls of the martyrs, impatiently waiting, under the altar, the completion of the great drama, cry, "How long, O Lord, dost thou delay to avenge our blood?" and "they were told that they should rest only for a little season." Vehement old Tertullian writes without a trace of doubt, "Is not Christ quickly to come from heaven with a quaking of the whole universe, with a shuddering of the world amidst the wailings of all men save the Christians?" The apocalyptic seer makes Christ say, "Behold, I come as a thief in the night; blessed is he that watcheth." Accordingly, "a sentinel gazed wherever a Christian prayed, and though all the watchmen died without the sight," yet the expectation lingered for centuries. The Christians of the New-Testament time,—to borrow the words of one of the most competent of living scholars, "carried forward to the account of Christ in years to come the visions which his stay, as they supposed, was too short to realize, and assigned to him a quick return to finish what was yet unfulfilled. The suffering, the scorn, the rejection of men, the crown of thorns, were over and gone; the diadem, the clarion, the flash of glory, the troop of angels, were ready to burst upon the world, and might be looked for at midnight or at noon."*

Secondly, when Christ returned, he was to avenge the sufferings and reward the fidelity of his followers, tread the heathen tyrants in the wine-press of his wrath, and crown the persecuted saints with a participation in his glory. When "the time of his wrath is come, he shall give reward to the prophets, and to the saints, and to them that fear his name, and shall destroy them that destroy the earth." "The kings, captains, mighty men, rich men, bondmen, and freemen, shall cry to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the wrath of the Lamb." "To him that overcometh, and doeth my works, I will give power over the Gentiles"; "I will give him the morning star"; "I will grant him to sit with me on my throne." Independently, moreover, of these distinct texts, the whole book is pervaded with the thought

* James Martineau's sermon, "The God of Revelation his own Interpreter."

that, at the speedy second advent of the Messiah, all his enemies shall be fearfully punished, and his servants be eminently compensated and glorified.*

Thirdly, the writer of the Apocalypse expected — in accordance with that Jewish anticipation of an earthly Messianic kingdom which was adopted with some modifications by the earliest Christians — that Jesus, on his return, having subdued his foes, would reign for a season, in great glory, on the earth, surrounded by the saints. "A door was opened in heaven," and the seer looked in, and saw a vision of the redeemed around the throne, and heard them "singing a new song unto the Lamb that was slain," in the course of which, particularizing the favors obtained for them by him, they say, "We shall reign upon the earth." Again, the writer says that "the worshippers of the beast and of his image shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." Now the lake of sulphureous fire into which the reprobate were to be thrust, was located, not in the sky, but under the surface of the earth. The foregoing statement, therefore, implies that Christ and his angels would be tarrying on the earth when the final woe of the condemned was inflicted. But we need not rely on indirect arguments. The writer explicitly declares, that, in his vision of what was to take place, the Christian martyrs, "those who were slain for the witness of Jesus, lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years, while the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Then Satan was loosed out of his prison, and gathered the hosts of Gog and Magog to battle, and went up on the breadth of the earth and compassed the camp of the saints about, and fire came down out of heaven and devoured them." It seems impossible to avoid seeing in this passage a plain statement of the millennial reign of Christ on the earth with his risen martyrs.

* It seems to have been a Jewish expectation, that, when the Messiah should appear, he would thrust his enemies into Hades. In a passage of the Talmud Satan is represented as seeing the Messiah under the Throne of Glory; he falls on his face at the sight, exclaiming, "This is the Messiah, who will precipitate me and all the Gentiles into the under-world." — Bertholdt's *Christologia*, Sect. 36.

Fourthly, at the termination of the period just referred to, the author of the Apocalypse thought all the dead would be raised, and the tribunal of the general judgment would be held. As Lactantius says, "All souls are detained in custody in the under-world until the last day: then the just shall rise and reign; afterwards there will be another resurrection of the wicked." * "The time of the dead is come, that they should be judged." "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and the under-world delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged, every man according to his works." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such, the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and reign with him a thousand years." This text, with its dark and tacit reference by contrast to those who have no lot in the millennial kingdom, brings us to the next step in our exposition.

For, fifthly, after the general resurrection and judgment at the close of the thousand years, the sentence of a hopeless doom to hell is to be executed on the condemned. "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire." "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." The "second death" is a term used by Onkelos in his Targum,† and sometimes in the Talmud, and by the Rabbins generally. It denotes, as employed by them, the return of the wicked into hell, after their summons thence for judgment.‡ In the Apocalypse, its relative meaning is this. The martyrs, who were slain for their allegiance to the Gospel, died *once*, and descended into the under-world, the common realm of death. At the coming of Christ, they were to rise and join him, and to die no more. This was the

* Divin. Instit., Lib. VII. cap. 20, 21, 26.

† On Deut. xxxiii. 6.

‡ Gfrörer's Geschichte des Urchristenthums, Kap. 10, Seite 289.

first resurrection. At the close of the millennium, all the rest of the dead were to rise, and be judged, and the rejected portion of them were to be thrust back again below. This was a *second* death for them, a fate from which the righteous were exempt. There was a difference, greatly for the worse in the latter, between their condition in the two deaths. In the former, they descended to the dark under-world, the silent and temporary abode of the universal dead; but in the latter, they went down "into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the Devil and the Beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." For "Death and Hades, having delivered up the dead which were in them, were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death." It is plain that here the common locality of departed souls is personified as two demons, Death and Hades, and the real thought meant to be conveyed is, that this region is to be sunk beneath a "Tartarean drench," which shall henceforth roll in burning billows over its victims there, — "the smoke of their torment ascending up for ever and ever." This awful imagery of a lake of flaming sulphur, in which the damned were plunged, was of comparatively late origin, or adoption, among the Jews, from whom the Christians received it. The native Hebrew conception of the state of the dead was that of the voiceless gloom and dismal slumber of Sheol, whither all alike went. The notion of fiery tortures inflicted there on the wicked was either conceived by the Pharisees from the loathed horrors of the filth-fire kept in the vale of Hinnom, outside of Jerusalem (which is the opinion of most commentators); or was imagined from the sea of burning brimstone that showered from heaven and submerged Sodom and Gomorrah in a vast fire-pool (which is maintained by Bretschneider and others); or was derived from the Egyptians, or the Persians, or the Hindoos, or the Greeks; — all of whom had lakes and rivers of fire in their theological hells, long before history reveals the existence of such a belief among the Jews (which is the conclusion of many learned authors and critics).

We have now reached the last feature in the scheme of eschatology shadowed forth in the Apocalypse, the most obscure and difficult point of all; namely, the locality and

the principal elements of the final felicity of the saved. The difficulty of clearly settling this question is two-fold, arising, first, from the swift and partial glimpses which are all that the writer yields us on the subject; and secondly, from the impossibility of deciding with precision how much of his language is to be regarded as figurative and how much as literal, where the poetic presentation of symbol ends and the direct statement of fact begins. A very large part of the book is certainly written in prophetic figures and images, spiritual visions, never meant to be accepted in a prosaic sense with severe detail. And yet, at the same time, all these imaginative emblems were unquestionably intended to foreshadow, in various kinds and degrees, doctrinal conceptions, hopes, fears, threats, promises, historical realities, past, present, or future. But to separate sharply the dress and the substance, the superimposed symbols and the underlying realities, is always an arduous, and often an impossible achievement. The writer of the Apocalypse plainly believed that the souls of all except the martyrs at death descended to the under-world, and would remain there till after the second coming of Christ. But whether he thought that the martyrs were excepted, and would at death immediately rise into heaven and there await the fulfilment of time, is a disputed point. For our own part we think it extremely doubtful, and should rather decide in the negative. In the first place, his expressions on this subject seem essentially figurative. He describes the prayers of the saints as being poured out from golden vials, and burnt as incense on a golden altar in heaven, before the throne of God. "Under that altar," he says, "I saw the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God." If the souls of the martyrs, in his belief, were really admitted into heaven, would he have conceived of them as huddled under the altar, and not walking at liberty? Does not the whole idea appear rather like a rhetorical image, than like a sober theological doctrine? True, the scene is pictured in heaven, but then it is a picture, and not a conclusion. With De Wette we regard it, not as a dogmatic, but as a poetical and prophetic representation. And in regard to the seer's vision of the innumerable company of the redeemed in heaven, surrounding the throne, and celebrating the praises of God

and the Lamb, surely it is obvious enough that this, like the other affiliated visions, is a vision, by inspired insight, in the present tense, of what is yet to occur in the successive unfolding of the rapid scenes in the great drama of Christ's redemptive work; a prophetic vision of the future, not of what already is. We know that, in Tertullian's time, the idea was entertained by some that Christian martyrs, as a special allotment, should pass at once from their sufferings to heaven, without going, as all others must, into the under-world; but the evidence preponderates with us, upon the whole, that no such doctrine is really implied in the Apocalypse. In the fourteenth chapter, the author describes the hundred and forty-four thousand who were redeemed from among men, as standing with the Lamb on Mount Sion, and hearing a voice from heaven singing a new song, which no man, save the hundred and forty-four thousand, could learn. The probabilities are certainly strongest that this great company of the selected "first-fruits unto God and the Lamb," now standing on the earth, had not yet been in heaven, for they only learn the heavenly song which is sung before the throne by hearing it chanted down from heaven in a voice like multitudinous thunders.

Finally, the most convincing proof that the writer did not suppose that the martyrs entered heaven before the second advent of Christ, a proof which, taken by itself, should seem to leave no doubt on the subject, is this. In the famous scene detailed in the twentieth chapter, usually called by commentators the martyr scene, it is said that "the souls of them that were beheaded for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. This is the first resurrection." Now is it not certain that, if the writer supposed these souls had never been in the under-world, but in heaven, he could not have designated their preliminary descent from above as "the first resurrection," the first rising up? That phrase implies, we think, that all the dead were below; the faithful and chosen ones were to rise first to reign awhile with Jesus, and after that the rest should rise to be judged. After that judgment, which was expected to be on earth before the descended Lamb and his angels, the lost were to be plunged, as we have already seen, into the subterranean

pit of torture, the unquenchable lake of fire. But what was to become of the righteous and redeemed? Whether, by the Apocalyptic representation, they were to remain for ever on earth, or to ascend into heaven, is a question which has been zealously debated for seventeen hundred years, and in some theological circles is still warmly discussed. Were the angels who came down to the earth with Christ to the judgment, never to return to their native seats? Were they permanently to transfer their deathless citizenship from the sky to Judæa? Were the constitution of human nature and the essence of human society to be abrogated, and the members of the human family cease enlarging lest they overflow the borders of the world? Was God himself literally to desert his ancient abode, and with the celestial city and all its angelic hierarchy float from the desolated firmament to Mount Zion, there to set up the central eternity of his throne? We cannot believe that such is the meaning which the seer of the Apocalypse wished to convey by his symbolic visions and pictures, any more than we can believe that he means literally to say that he saw "a woman in heaven clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars"; or that there were actually "armies in heaven, seated on white horses, and clothed in fine linen, white and clean, which is the righteousness of saints." Our conviction is, that he expected the Saviour would ascend with his angels and the redeemed into heaven, the vast and glorious habitation of God above the sky. He speaks in one place of the "temple of God in heaven, into which no man could enter until the seven plagues were fulfilled";—and in another place says that the "great multitude of the redeemed are before the throne of God in heaven, and serve him day and night in his temple";—and in still another place, he describes two prophets, messengers of God who had been slain, as coming to life, "and hearing a great voice from heaven saying to them, 'Come up hither'; and they ascended up to heaven in a cloud, and their enemies beheld them." De Wette writes: "It is certain that an abstract conception of heavenly blessedness with God duskily hovers over the New Testament eschatology." We think this is true of the book of Revelation.

It was a Persian-Jewish idea that the original destina-

tion of man, had he not sinned, was heaven. The Apostles thought it was a part of the mission of Christ to restore that lost privilege. We think the writer of the Apocalypse shared in that belief. His allusions to a new heaven and a new earth, and to the descent of a New Jerusalem from heaven, and other related particulars, are symbols, neither novel nor violent to Jewish minds, but both familiar and expressive, to denote a purifying glorification of the world, the installation of a Divine kingdom, and the brilliant reign of universal righteousness and happiness among men, as if under the very eyes of the Messiah and the very sceptre of God. The Christians shall reign in Jerusalem, which shall be adorned with indescribable splendors and shall be the centre of a world-wide dominion, the saved nations of the earth surrounding it and "walking in the light of it, their kings bringing their glory and honor into it." "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death." That is, upon the whole, — as we understand the scattered hints relevant to the subject to imply, — when Christ returns to the Father with his chosen, he will leave a regenerated earth, with Jerusalem for its golden and peerless capital, peopled, and to be peopled, with rejoicing and immortal men, who will keep the commandments, be exempt from ancient evils, hold intimate communion with God and the Lamb, and, from generation to generation, pass up to heaven through that swift and painless change, so explicitly described by Paul, whereby it was intended at the first that sinless man, his corruptible and mortal putting on incorruption and immortality, should be fitted for the companionship of angels in the pure radiance of the celestial world, and be translated thither without tasting the bitterness of death, which was supposed to be the subterranean banishment of the disembodied ghost.

W. R. A.

ART. II. — SILVIO PELLICO.*

EARLY on a January morning of the present year, a small funeral *cortège* passed from beneath one of the arcades that line so many of the streets of Turin. At that hour they were almost deserted; and the silence made doubly impressive the aspect of the few priests who walked beside the bier, and the little group of mourners that followed it to the tomb. On the summit of the mountain range that girdles the Sardinian capital, masses of snow rested, here and there touched with a glittering hue by the first pale beams of a winter sun; prominent, on one lofty slope, rose the church of La Superga, where the monarchs of the kingdom lie buried; yonder is the street Alfieri, reminding the stranger that here the tragic poet of Italy consumed a miseducated youth, whose trials he has bitterly recorded in the memoir attached to his dramas; near by is the palace within whose walls are so many gems of art; and, not far distant, the new church erected by the Waldenses, so long banished to the valleys of Piedmont, but now allowed "freedom to worship God" in the capital of a reformed and progressive state. From the associations this scene awakens, if one turn to the modest obsequies first noted, they also yield an historical lesson. The body thus unostentatiously carried to the sepulchre is that of one known far beyond these mountains, and whose name is identified with patriotism, with genius, and with suffering, three charms to win and to hold the love of mankind. It is the funeral of Silvio Pellico. "Fra due o tre ore," he said, a little while before his death, "sarò in paradiso. Se ho peccato, ho espiato. Vedete, — quando ho scritto *Le Mie Prigioni*, ho avuto la vanità de credermi un grand uomo, — ma poi ho veduto che non era vero, e mi sono pentito della mio vanità."† Thus meekly, yet confident in his faith, he expired; and thus, without public honors, he was buried. But his life was

* *Opere di SILVIO PELLICO DA SALUZZO.* Parigi: Baudry.

† "In two or three hours I shall be in paradise. If I have sinned, I have also atoned. When I wrote '*My Prisons*,' I had the vanity to believe myself a great man; but then I saw it was not true, and repented of my conceit."

too remarkable to be concluded without a glance at its leading facts; and he wrote and suffered in a spirit and to an end which challenge, at least, a grateful reminiscence.

Born in Piedmont, in 1788, Silvio Pellico went, in early youth, to Lyons, and returned to Milan to enter upon the career of a man of letters and a teacher of youth. In the former vocation he became favorably known as the author of several tragedies. The example of Alfieri had given a new impulse to this form of literature, and it became the favorite vehicle of patriotic feeling. There is often a winning grace of diction, and a nobility as well as refinement of sentiment, in Pellico's tragedies, but they lack the concise vigor and suggestive intensity of his great prototype. He is evidently subdued by, instead of rising above the trammels of dramatic unity; we but occasionally recognize a perfectly free and glowing utterance; the mould seems too rigid and precise for the thought, and, despite his casual success, it is evident that this was not the legitimate sphere for Pellico's genius. Yet there is much skill, taste, and emotion, as well as scholarship, in his plays. We have been brought into so much nearer contact with his mind through its less studied and artificial expression, that these writings do not appear to do full justice or give entire scope to his powers. The subjects are mainly historical; characterization is secondary to plot and language; of the latter, Pellico had a poetical mastery. The scene of *Ester d' Engaddi* is laid in the second century, about fifty years after the destruction of Jerusalem; it is elaborated from Hebrew annals and tradition. *Iginia d' Asti*, which enjoyed, at one time, a considerable degree of popularity, illustrates a local story of the thirteenth century. *Eufemio di Messina* is founded on the invasion of Sicily by the Saracens in 825. In each drama the story is used as the medium to exhibit some great truth or natural sentiment, and in this respect he resembles Joanna Baillie; thus, *Erodiade* indicates the moral beauty of a fearless annunciation of truth, *Leoniero* the misfortunes attendant on civil discord, as shown in the history of the Middle Ages, and the social necessity of human fellowship; in *Gismonda* is portrayed a woman of magnanimous soul battling with strong pas-

sions. *Tomaso Moro* is the most interesting of Pellico's tragedies, to the English reader. It traces, with effect and a certain sympathetic insight, the career and martyrdom of Sir Thomas More; the last scenes, with the exception of an unfortunately tame line, are effective, and, throughout, the authentic and familiar biographies are followed. But the most popular of Pellico's tragedies, and undoubtedly the best, is *Francesca da Rimini*. Upon this theme he worked under signal advantages. It was already endeared and glorified to the hearts and the imaginations of his countrymen, by the memorable episode of the *Inferno*, — one of the few instances where Dante combines his wonderful intensity of expression with a profound tenderness of sentiment, and thus seizes, at once, upon the very soul of the reader. The subject also gave scope to love and patriotism, — feelings then dominant and glowing in the author's breast. With but four characters, he gives a dramatic version of the story that accords with the spirit in which it is so impressively hinted in the *Divina Commedia*. The simplicity of the plot and the directness of the interlocutors make the mere outline of this drama superior to any of its predecessors; but the earnest and beautiful language, and the depth of sentiment that warms and colors the whole, give it an harmonious and deep interest. It is, in fact, a graceful elaboration of the Dantesque episode which constitutes its appropriate introduction. One passage from the lips of Paolo always thrills an Italian audience: —

“ Ho sparso

Di Bizanzio pel trono il sangue mio,
Deballando citta ch' io non odiava,
E fama ebbi di grande e d' onor colmo
Fui dal clemente imperador : dispetto
In me facean gli universali applausi
Per chi di stragi si macchio il mio brando ?
Per lo straniero. E non ho patria forse
Cui sacro sia de cittadini il sangue ?
Per te, per te, che cittadini hai prodi,
Italia mia, combatterò, se oltraggio
Ti moverà la invidia. E il piu gentile
Terren non sei di quanti scalda il sole ?
D' ogni bell' arte non sei madre, o Italia ?
Polve d' eroi non é la polve tua ?

Agli avi miei tu valor desti e seggio.
E tutto quanto ho di piu caro alberghi!"*

Notwithstanding the popularity of this work, Pellico, in the preface to his collected *Tragedie e Cantiche*, speaks of them with a self-distrust which evinces his consciousness of more efficient literary powers. Many of them were written, he says, during seasons of intense anxiety, and when the natural vivacity and freedom of his mind were baffled by painful circumstances. His little treatise, *Dei Doveri degli Uomini*, is a lucid address to youth on morality, in which good precepts are clearly enforced, and the obligations of religion and virtue defined. The author's name and style gave it sanction in Italy, where works of the kind are rare.

The interest of his dramatic writings was soon eclipsed by the tragedy of his own life. Let any one compare the formal and prescriptive style of utterance in one of these scholarly dramas with the angelic simplicity and soul-bred pathos of *Le Mie Prigioni*, and he will realize anew, and most vividly, the difference between the genuine and the conventional in literature. To write from inventive skill and from consciousness, to paint imaginary and real woes, to draw inspiration from the dry annals of the past and from the living, conscious, actual present, — how diverse the process and the result! The genius of Pellico, the very elements of his nature, appear in the record of his imprisonment; there he speaks without art, and from the depths of moral experience; the utterance is childlike, earnest, direct, and therefore inexpressibly real and affecting. His articles in the *Conciliatore*, a Liberal journal established at Milan, occasioned his arrest. Thenceforth, until the day of his release, a period of ten years, his story is told by himself, in this prose-poem, and the world knows it by heart.

Few political combinations in history are more justifiable than that identity with which caused his imprisonment. The leaders were not rash experimentalists or ambitious malecontents, but men who deliberately sought to check a tide of reaction which threatened the best interests of humanity. The good they craved had been in a measure realized, and then wrested from their grasp; a dawn

* *Francesca da Rimini*, Act I. Sc. V.

had broken upon their benighted country, and quickened its latent civic life and moral resources, — only to be succeeded by the eclipse which an ignorant despotism initiated. It was like withdrawing the draught from lips parched with thirst just as they were moistened, — excluding the air of heaven from one accustomed to range the mountains and the sea, — or quenching the household fire at the instant its genial warmth penetrated the chilled frame of the Northern wanderer. We are too apt to imagine the revolutionists of the early part of this century as restless fanatics, seeking a Utopian boon, and to confound the movements of the Southern nations, after the fall of Napoleon, with the ultra radicals of the first French convulsion. It is not enough remembered that the Italian Liberals of 1820 had experienced the beneficent effects of more free institutions and a comprehensive policy, under the arbitrary, but comparatively enlightened, sway of Europe's modern conqueror. When he crossed the Alps, he carried new principles into the heart of Italy; a thousand time-hallowed abuses vanished before the code he instituted; feudalism gave way, for the time, to progress; entails, titles, sacerdotal tyranny, monopolies, absurd laws, and many other social evils, disappeared, or were essentially mitigated; petty states were merged into one confederacy; the palsied arm of industry was active in effecting local improvements of vast public utility; capitalists found profitable investments; an avenue was opened for men of action, and men of thought uttered and published the ideas they had long cherished in secret; military enthusiasm was awakened by the prospect of advancement and the certain reward which followed merit; in a word, a fresh and infinitely higher and more productive life, civic, social, and individual, followed the Italian campaigns. The Emperor's rule was despotic, but he was then abreast with the spirit of the age, and, so far as it was possible without interfering with his own political authority, he promoted social progress and national feeling in the beautiful land which his victories had won from a score of bigoted and narrow rulers, whose despotism combined mean intrigue with blind cruelty. To the large middle class of the Peninsula, and especially to the educated youth, a return to the old state of things from

this vital and progressive experience was intolerable. The division of the country between Bourbons, arch-duchesses, and popes, and into minute states, with the resumption of the base system of espionage, secret trials, onerous taxes, impeded navigation, ecclesiastical privileges, and censorship, was alone sufficient to goad a patriotic mind into revolt or exile; but when Austrian bayonets enforced this retrograde and tyrannic rule, and the mental development, as well as the personal rights, of citizens, were invaded by brute force, upon the slightest pretext, it may easily be imagined that indignant protest was soon followed by a secret compact to overthrow, by the gradual formation of an efficient public sentiment, — to vest itself, when mature, in united action, — the dynasties which thus strove to bind, inexorably, the living frame of an awakened nation to the corpse of an obsolete and unsanctioned rule. Even the passing traveller sympathized with the regrets of the inhabitants, harassed as he was, at every frontier, by passport and custom-house regulations, and, on every occasion when a good road, a handsome bridge, or any other rare sign of intelligent enterprise met his eye, referred to the *tem-po di Napoleone* as the era of the improvement.

Like a mystical web, therefore, Carbonarism spread over Europe. Doubtless the association included many incapable of appreciating the grand results aimed at by the more intelligent and generous; many united themselves to the league from motives of selfishness; and even the leading spirits committed the fatal error of seeking the alliance of kings and nobles, whose pledges were as hollow as their patriotism. Yet, among the innumerable disciples of this secret and extensive combination were some of the noblest and most gifted men of the age; and no class evinced more constancy, good faith, and self-sacrifice, than the band of Italian youths who fell victims to the despotic cruelty of Francesco I. It was, however, partly in self-defence that he adopted the extreme course towards these brave and patriotic men, which brought upon his rule the condemnation of the Christian world. He saw the growing conspiracy, and beheld, with well-founded apprehension, his brother princes give in their allegiance to a body whose real purpose was the utter destruction of thrones. To secure his own

by striking terror into the ranks of these mysterious allies, he determined to leave no means untried to discover the secrets of the fraternity, and to make a fearful example of those upon whom he could plausibly fix the charge of complicity. Hence the system of terrorism, the inquisitorial examinations, the long suspense, the jesuitical espionage, and, finally, the condemnation to scaffold and prison, which render the experience of these martyrs often as piteous as that of the early Christians, and as horribly mysterious as the victims of the Spanish Inquisition or the Venetian Council in their most palmy days. It is this refinement of cruelty which has rendered infamous the Austrian government. The political offenders of Lombardy, in 1820, were subjected to the examination of commissioners notoriously venal and cruel. No opportunity was allowed them to prove their innocence; the slightest pretext sufficed to arouse suspicion, and, when this occurred, the arrest followed. Henceforth the prisoner was allowed no intercourse with his family; his papers were seized, his companions threatened; he was thrown into a slimy dungeon or under burning leads, allowed only inadequate food, and when sleep, brought on by the exhaustion consequent on these cruelties, came to his relief, he was suddenly aroused at midnight, and urged, while in a state of half-somnolency, to confess, to give up the name of a comrade, or to sign a paper which would prove his ruin. Sometimes his sentence was announced, and he was told to prepare for death; at others, promises of freedom and office were held out on condition of betraying a friend; false news of painful import was conveyed to him, in order to induce despair or turpitude, and thus for months, and sometimes years, he was basely tortured before his real fate was made known; and at last, when tyranny had exhausted her wiles, he was led out to die, or secretly conveyed to a distant and living tomb.

As the dead face of Caraccioli reappeared on the surface of the Bay of Naples, and, with ghastly reproach, seemed to confront the great English admiral who so infamously lent himself to the sacrifice of an Italian patriot, Pellico's record of his imprisonment, translated into every language, seemed to rise, by virtue of its own elevated and tender sentiment, to the view of Christendom. He be-

came a representative man. Through his revelations, sympathy for the political martyrs of his country was universally awakened; the dark deeds of Austria came to light, and the names of her noble victims were, thenceforth, passports to the hospitality of every land where they found refuge. This service is enough to consecrate the name of Silvio Pellico; and to excuse him, in the sight of more ardent and less afflicted comrades, for keeping aloof, during the few years that remained to him, from the controversies that divided even his own party, and the hopeless experiments which continued to send annually new devotees of freedom to prison and the scaffold. There was another reason for this inactivity. All the readers of *Le Mie Prigioni* must remember how strong in the author's heart was filial devotion. The tie which bound him to his parents was of singular tenacity, and it was rendered more binding by years, not only of separation, but of entire non-intercourse. Accordingly, when the hour of liberation came, it was as a son that the poor captive most earnestly once more took up the broken thread of social life; to devote himself to his parents was his first and sacred duty, and one which he fulfilled. The danger of another forcible separation from them was imminent; for a long period after his release, he was subject to vigilant espionage: he therefore gratefully accepted the office of librarian to a benevolent and noble lady of Turin, and divided his time between his parents and his books. In this retirement honors often reached him; few living authors have derived such literary celebrity and personal affection from a single production; Gioberti dedicated his principal work to the gentle martyr of Spielberg; a highly flattering invitation was extended to him, with the promise of emolument, to make France his residence; and scarcely a month passed, that some admiring traveller did not solicit the pleasure of grasping his hand, in testimony of the love his sufferings and his resignation and his genius had inspired. Nor let it be supposed that he had grown indifferent to his country. On his death-bed he said to a friend: "S'ingannano quelli, che ritengono che io non amo più l'indipendenza italiana; io solo mi ritirai dagli uomini, che vi avevano una parte attiva dal momento che vidi immischiarsi il Mazzinismo, il quale

sempre vorrà turbare quella santa impresa. Il mio carattere non si affaceva alla doppia lotta."*

It is not uncommon to regard sense and sentiment as antagonistic; the great truth, that they blend in the highest natures, is not sufficiently recognized. The effect produced by *Le Mie Prigioni* is a valuable illustration of this fact. The work is a truthful statement of an individual's experience, under the sentence of Austria for the honest exercise of an individual and natural right. There are no details given of the specific charge, the means used to extort evidence, or the facts of the trial; not a word of invective appears throughout. After the incident of the arrest, we are taken to the prisoner's cell, and admitted to his inmost consciousness; we hear him sigh, we behold his tears, watch his sleep, listen to his prayers, and become witnesses of the monotonous external, but vivid inward life, of those years of incarceration. The great idea derived from this memorial is, that a man of rare endowments, of the deepest sensibility, of the highest aspirations and most pure aims, is forcibly separated from the world of nature and humanity, — his sacred birthright, — shut up with felons, invested with the livery of crime, denied communion with books, subjected to the greatest physical discipline and moral isolation; and although the author of this great wrong is scarcely alluded to, we revert to him, for this very reason, with the deeper indignation, and follow the pen of the generous martyr with more profound sympathy. Vengeance could not have imagined, nor wit fashioned, a work so well adapted to operate on public opinion; and yet, so far from being the product of a shrewd or vindictive mind, it is the simple overflowing of a frank and benign spirit; and by virtue of the very resignation, patience, love, and truth it breathes, it became a seal of condemnation to the Austrian government and an appeal for the Liberals of Italy throughout the civilized world! Even the censors of a jealous monarch were blind to its latent significance.

* "They deceive themselves who hold that I do not love Italian independence; I only withdrew myself from men who had taken an active part, from the moment I saw them mingle themselves with Mazzini-ism, which always seeks to disturb that holy undertaking. My character will not admit of this double struggle."

The priests regarded it as a testimony to the efficacy of their creed; the Royalists thought it the confession of a penitent republican; and the Liberals hailed it as an eloquent picture of the cruelty of despotic rule. But while thus understood in Italy, the world at large was absorbed in the revelation it afforded, so clear, unstudied, and authentic, of the possible fate of a man of rare worth and genius, who dared to write and act for his country, in the state of Lombardy, and during the nineteenth century.

For several years Silvio Pellico has been regarded, even in the community where he dwelt, as dead to the world, — utterly withdrawn from the active interests of social life, and even indifferent to that great cause of political reform in behalf of which he so bravely suffered. This isolation was self-imposed in a degree, yet circumstances scarcely appreciated by the uninformed and enthusiastic seem to us not only to render it excusable, but wise. The privation and moral anguish incident to a rigorous imprisonment, unalleviated by physical comfort, books, or the least knowledge of the external world, affect individuals according to their temperament and character. The resignation and self-control so remarkable in Pellico did not prevent the most terrible influence upon his organization; while, in the case of Foresti, a chronic disease of the digestive organs was induced by sparse nourishment and incarceration, and Maroncelli's limb mortified from the irritation of fever brought on by the same trials, Pellico, being of a highly nervous *physique*, experienced a cerebral attack; and although the duration of his captivity was several years less than that of some of his companions, they, when released, in many instances, exhibited greater vigor of body and mind. No one, who has perused the affecting record of this gifted man's life in prison, need be informed that a more sensitive being has seldom lived. Of a delicate frame, with the keenest sense of beauty, a heart tender, loyal, and devoted, a mind imbued with the love of letters, and a natural piety which made him alive to all the teachings of human existence, — who can wonder, that, suddenly deprived of home, friends, the scenes of nature, and the scope required by a healthy and cultivated intellect, — his constitution received a fatal shock, which ren-

dered him, when again restored to society, unfit to mingle in its bustle and festivities? Who can blame a man thus organized and thus subdued for retreating to a domestic nook, to watch over his aged parents, and avoid the excitement of outward life? Silvio Pellico's sufferings rendered him prematurely old. He could, with reason, plead for serenity as the only boon left; the harmony of his nature had been fatally disturbed by the wrongs he had suffered; mind and body no longer acted in effective concert; the pallor, born of a dungeon's shadow, rested on his high and smooth forehead; his sight was dimmed by years of twilight, his voice tremulous from the sighs of captivity. Instead of a stern indignation, a firm antagonism of mood, such as many of his comrades had maintained during their long imprisonment, Pellico sought to cherish a gentle, forgiving, and patient state of mind, beautiful in itself, but so destitute of the element of resistance, that the iron of tyranny, if it did not so deeply enter his soul, more entirely prostrated his organism.

The era of Pellico's early youth was not favorable to earnestness of character. He imbibed some of the ideas set afloat in the world of thought by the followers of Voltaire, and his first literary tastes were unavoidably tinged with the superficial views incident to the absence of faith which marked the era succeeding the French Revolution; but his nature was too pure and aspiring to succumb to these prevalent influences. Some of his contemporary authors were inspired by serious convictions; it was the epoch of Foscolo, and that gifted band of Italian poets and thinkers of which he was a central figure. At the house of the nobleman in Milan to whose children he was preceptor, Pellico associated with the best thinkers and writers of Lombardy; his contributions to the *Conciliatore* were distinguished for the grace and elegance of their style, and at this period both the motive and the means of literary culture were fully enjoyed. The transition from such a sphere to a prison led him to reflect, with new zest, upon the discipline of life, the mysteries of the soul, and the truths of revelation. His latent religious sentiment was awakened. His heart, thrust back from the amenities of cultivated society and the delight of kindred, turned to God with a zeal and a singleness of purpose before unknown. He became de-

vout, and experienced the solace and the elevation of Christian faith. There have been critics who pretend to see in this perfectly natural result only a proof of weakness, or an indication of despair. The candid utterance of pious feeling in his *Prigioni* was regarded, by the cynical, as evidence of a broken spirit; and when he persevered in retirement and the offices of his faith, after emancipation, it was said that the wiles of Jesuitism had made him a victim and induced his political abdication. But no one can examine the writings of Pellico without feeling that he was evidently a man of sentiment. It was this quality, as contrasted with the severity of Alfieri, that first gained him popularity as a dramatic writer, that endeared him to family and friends, and that made him a patriot and a poet. Solitude, by the very laws of nature, where such a being is concerned, developed his religious sentiment; and to the predominance of this, united with physical disability, is to be ascribed his passive and hermit life. It should be a cause of praise, and not of reproach. He was true to himself; and in view alone of the sincerity and the consolation he obviously derived from religion, we are not disposed to quarrel with his Catholicism. The errors of that creed had no power over his generous and simple nature; it was hallowed to him by early association, and by parental sanctions; and there is no evidence that he accepted its ministrations with superstitious imbecility, but rather in a spirit above and beyond forms, and deeply cognizant of essential truth.

H. T. T.

ART. III. — THE MINISTRANT.

A GENTLE guide came to me in the Spring,
Thus, I will tell thee : — 'T was a sunny morn,
And glad birds were the May-time heralding,
And sang for joy that Spring and flowers were born ;
But nothing touched my weary heart forlorn.

On the white-sanded beach I walked alone,
Listening the story that the sea-waves told,

And as I hearkened to the monotone,
How dreary seemed this life, how wan and old !
For 'twixt my Love and me the ocean rolled.

Then stood before me, bright beyond compare,
The blithest creature ever blest the earth ;
Of heavenly sunshine seemed her floating hair,
And eyes that brimmed with gentlest, loving mirth, —
I knew this Being owned no mortal birth.

“ Hope, hope, for ever ! — I am blessed Hope ! ”
So said she, walking calmly at my side ;
“ I bring the Future in thy Present's scope,
I 'll cling to thee, whatever may betide ;
Nor stronger angel walks the whole earth wide.”

* * * * *

Again : the wild waves hailed the frowning sky,
Despair was chanted to my heart that day,
The pitiless blast came wailing, rushing by,
But fairy HOPE still hovered in my way,
And breasted Fear, and sang as angels may.

And then, when tidings of the wreck came home, —
My love was dead and I too prayed to go, —
Lo ! with her white robe glistening did she come ;
Serener, sadder, as the great waves flow,
After a storm, attuned to west winds low.

“ Dost call this Sorrow ? — I am HOPE,” she said,
“ And with a palm from conquering Patience' hand
I crown thee : weep no more thy lover dead ;
I lead thee where thy living Love doth stand
Waiting his bride within a stormless land.”

Her smile is like a watching Seraph's now,
Her eyes seem spirits high above to see,
And the true heaven-light rays about her brow.
“ T is Hope, not Sorrow,” — thus she whispers me.
O Hope ! God sent thee, I will follow thee !

S. E. L.

ART. IV. — REV. JOSEPH BADGER AND THE CHRISTIAN CONNECTION.*

EVERY one knows from the statistical tables that there is a denomination in the United States called "Christians"; though not until quite recently should we be likely to find any mention of such a people in any general history of sects. Their origin and history are even now comparatively little known; and when that history is faithfully written, it will exhibit, we are confident, one of the most wonderful religious developments of the nineteenth century. It is computed that the "Great Awakening" of 1740, under the preaching and guidance of Whitefield and Edwards and their co-workers, numbered among its subjects about twenty-five thousand persons. It was in respect to New England the great religious movement of the eighteenth century; and tradition has handed down many of its events, and preserved them with marvellous freshness for more than a hundred years. But here is a people numbering three hundred and fifty thousand persons, brought into being as a denomination by the spirit and providence of God, and by a revival more wide-spread and marked in its results than the revival of 1740. That of 1740 was carried on through the action of churches already organized, and mainly through a ministry educated, settled, and salaried. This revival originated its own churches and ministry. It had no organizations prepared for it. It was not only a revival, but a creation. The circumstances which make it remarkable are, that it was wide-spread and simultaneous, — that vast numbers of earnest and devout minds all over the country, without any concert or even knowledge of each other, were moved by the same spirit, felt the same wants, were thinking the same thoughts, and were penetrated by the same deep and fervid experience. Here are all the evidences of a Divine work, — the best evidence that the case admits of, that some Wisdom higher than man's was being justified of her children.

The common and wide-felt want was freedom from

* *Memoir of REV. JOSEPH BADGER.* By E. G. HOLLAND. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1854.

the bondage of creeds that did not satisfy. The common sentiment was, that the old theologies stood between the believer and the living Christ and kept them apart, instead of bringing them into nearer and sweeter communion. Take them away, was the common demand, and give us Christ himself, and not school interpretations and theories about him. Let the people of God come together simply as Christians, and let them have a wider, freer, and holier fellowship of love. Let the Bible be the only creed, Christ the only master, sin the only enemy to be fought, and love the only bond of fellowship,—that love which comes of repentance and regeneration through the Holy Spirit. Armed with these simple truths, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and fired with the love of souls, the first preachers of the "Christian Connection" went forth on their mission,—the agents of no societies, supported by no constituencies, but feeling that the command of God lay upon them to turn sinners unto holiness. It is remarkable how soon the scholastic doctrines of the trinity, imputed righteousness, and vicarious atonement fell away from their conceptions as soon as Christ became the only master and the Bible the only creed, giving a practical demonstration of the human origin of those speculations. Never were the labors of men more signally blest as to their immediate effects in convincing and converting the sinful, and bringing them under the saving power of the Gospel.

The means by which the Christian denomination has arisen and prospered, the modes through which it has won the Divine blessing, are well set forth in the life of Joseph Badger, one of its ablest and most fervid apostles. His Life by Mr. Holland is a book of marked interest. It is so for a twofold reason: because of the instruction which comes from the biography of a man of piety, self-sacrifice, moral heroism, and profound religious experience, and because it displays the nature and spirit of the whole religious movement in which the Christian Connection had its origin and growth, and through which it promises to attain to a commanding influence over the religious mind of the country. We think Mr. Holland has done his work faithfully and well. He has suffered the subject of the memoir to speak for himself when that was possible. He has certainly ac-

complished that which is the highest end of biography: he has brought us into intimate and loving acquaintance with an earnest and good man.

We will follow the narrative, so far as to give our readers some idea of the interest which attaches to the book, in the hope that they may be drawn to its pages for a more vivid apprehension of the character of the man, and of the great religious enterprise which his life illustrates, probably with more fulness than the life of any other individual.

Joseph Badger was born in Gilmanton, N. H., August 16th, 1792. His father was at that time a Deist, as he was not acquainted as yet with any other form of belief than the Calvinism in which he was educated, and against which his mind revolted. The consequence was that his children had no religious training at home, never heard there the voice of prayer nor the name of Jesus Christ. But when about four or five years old, Joseph was sent to his grandfather's to attend school. There in his new home he was much surprised and perplexed when his grandfather read from the Bible and prayed. He could not imagine during the prayer who the old gentleman could be talking to. When afterwards he inquired privately of his sister, and was told that his grandfather was talking to God, that there was a heaven where good people were happy, and a hell where bad people were burned up, he was amazed that his sister should know so much. When evening came, Joseph was called by his grandmother and told to say the Lord's prayer; but he refused, because he feared to take the awful name of God upon his lips. He was excused for that time, but the next evening, after being whipped pretty soundly, he yielded. He remarks with much simplicity that he thinks some milder means would have done better. But he learned the habit of devotion, and felt its importance, and carried it with him when he returned home to his father's house, where it exposed him to the coarse and profane laughter of the older boys. In such a chilling atmosphere he soon unlearned all the devotion which his grandmother had whipped into him, and he learned to swear as readily as he had learned to pray. His father's hired men encouraged him in profanity by praise and laughter. Under such influences his

childhood passed away, the dreary darkness not unrelieved by inward monitions and solemn reflections, especially when he heard of sickness and death, or when he heard the thunder in the sky.

When Joseph was ten years old, his father removed with his entire family from Gilmanton to Crompton in Lower Canada, then almost a wilderness, and where only a few families resided. Here the boy grew up with such religious and educational privileges as the new country afforded, which were scanty enough. He records with self-accusation his fondness for gay amusements and his general neglect of the high concerns of religion. But his nature was one of deep susceptibilities and his death-slumbers were not unbroken. Sometimes a fit of sickness, sometimes the preaching of the Free-will Baptists who found their way into Crompton, but more than all, the Methodists "who came in the name and spirit of the Highest," would work in him convictions of sin and give him yearnings for a better life. It does not appear during these years that he was outwardly immoral, unless perhaps his habit of profane speaking still clung to him, but he was not inwardly renewed and sanctified.

In 1811, being nineteen years old, he took a journey to his native town, in company with several young men, who made the way "merry with rudeness and laughter." He tarried at Gilmanton several weeks, amid the reviving and thronging memories of his childhood. The aged grandfather had gone to his grave, but the good old grandmother, who had used the rod as an incitement to his early devotions, was still living. From these scenes of his early days he returned home after a few weeks, but not with the rudeness and laughter with which he came. Some undefinable influence was upon him, some haunting presence was with him, some dreadful load hung heavy on his spirit and weighed it down. He passed the Notch of the White Mountains, but Nature in all her magnificence and wild glory, which at other times he had loved so much, attracted him no more. Sad and solemn convictions were working within him, and flinging their gloom over all outward things. Trees, rivers, and people only gave back the sombre colors of his own spirit. Farther on, he passed a pious old man with sil-

ver locks, of whom he seems to have retained ever after the same lively recollections as did Bunyan of the three godly women sitting in the sun. The old man accosted him, asked him whither he was going, and exhorted him with a flood of tears to seek salvation; and so abiding was the impression which he left, and so exactly did the old man speak to his condition, that he seemed ever after a God-sent prophet to his soul. He arrived safely home, but there was no peace within him. Sometimes he would seek a Methodist meeting, but for the most part he betook himself to solitude and secret prayer. Everything in his solitary walks, even the peaceful stars and the beautiful flowers, reproved him for his ingratitude and sin. But peace came at last. It came in a clear and blessed view of the Saviour, and in a sweet and inward realization of his love. Christ, says his biographer, was the "central sun and presiding power" of his religious experience.

He was afraid at first to avow his conversion, lest, if it should not prove genuine, he should be a stumbling to others. But he afterwards analyzed his feelings and tested the genuineness of his experience by five tokens which could not deceive:—1st. A witness within him that God was his friend. 2d. He felt a vital union with all the saints, of whatever name, condition, or color. 3d. "I felt a particular regard for every creature and object God had made; nothing seemed unincorporated in the bond of love that united me and all things to him." 4th. A love for the chief of sinners in particular, and a deep desire that they might "share in the peaceful wealth of the Gospel." 5th. "My former ways in which I had sought happiness now seemed to me as worthless and vain: Indeed, I abhorred them."

Now, too, all nature was transfigured, the Scriptures unfolded to him with a power and beauty which he had never felt in them before, and his communion with God was sweet beyond expression. In this state of mind he sought the meetings of the Methodists, who at first were somewhat shy of him as the first Christians were of Paul, supposing he had come to scoff rather than pray. But they soon discovered the change that had been wrought in him, and welcomed him with their characteristic warmth of fellowship. They offered him a "Meth-

odist Discipline." He examined it: but there was something in him that told him there were higher and better things than either he or Methodism had yet attained to. So free and tender was his love to all, that he could not bear the name or the trammels of sect, and the New Testament titles of Brethren, Disciples, Friends, and Christians seemed to him "golden names," and far more endearing and holy. He did not accept the "Discipline."

During the following year, — that is, in 1812, — his mind revolved the subject of baptism, and he betook himself to secret prayer and to the Scriptures for light on that subject. He soon became satisfied that baptism was a Divine institution, and that immersion was the primitive mode. Still he was not perfectly satisfied as to his personal duty, and, somewhat in the spirit of Wesley, he sought for some token that should guide him. He prayed one night, on going to sleep, that, if it was his duty to be baptized, he might dream of pleasant water. Accordingly the imagery floated through his dreams: he seemed to ride along the margin of a beautiful stream, and to bathe in its crystal deeps, on whose surface a divine glory seemed to rest; and he woke with a vivid sense of the Divine presence and love.

There was a Baptist minister, Elder Moulton, who sometimes preached in Crompton, and to whom Mr. Badger now applied for baptism. It was a clear autumnal day, when everything in nature harmonized with the feelings of the young convert. About half a mile from the place of religious service flowed the river Coatecook under a clear sky and through quiet scenery. Hither came the procession two and two, singing hymns along the way; and there was he baptized; and so impressed were the spectators with the beauty of the consecration, that many wept for joy. His father, though as yet an unbeliever, looked on with trickling tears.

He now felt established in God's grace, but a new conflict awaited him. He had the highest views of the Gospel ministry, and did not suppose himself worthy to receive its awful trust and responsibility. But the thought broke in upon his mind, that he must preach that Gospel unto others which had brought to him salvation and peace. He resisted the thought, and tried to

drive it away. But it came back to him with redoubled force, and lay upon his mind with a mountain weight, under which he was continually depressed and unhappy. Sometimes he would be moved to utter a word of exhortation in the Methodist meetings, and the ministers and people told him, in accordance with the voice that was speaking within him, that he could not refuse to preach without resisting the spirit of the Lord. Sometimes when asleep he would find himself preaching to large assemblies, calling men to Christ, when he would be waked by the earnestness of his own exhortation, and find himself in tears. He loved his home, he had no confidence in his own ability, his learning was small, and he prayed and wept, and struggled against the power that seemed to have laid hold of him. He would offer reasons against the suggestions that seemed to be urged in upon him, but the suggestions would come back doubly strong. He yielded at last, and went forth as a missionary of Jesus Christ.

There is something in his position now which partakes of the moral sublime. He was only twenty years old. No society had commissioned him. He was in fellowship with the Methodists, but not of them, as his soul was too large for the "Discipline." He went forth with his father's leave, but for support he must rely almost solely upon Providence. The vast region around was in a low and irreligious state, and he must expect opposition and trial. But he went, not doubting that the God who had called him would be his support and guide.

Wherever he went, his word was with power, and his hearers melted before him. His bearing was noble, his presence commanding, and his utterance out of a heart full and bursting with a love of souls searched all other hearts with a pathos which they could not resist. For a while a young man by the name of Adams was his companion; they shared each other's labors, joys, and trials; and the following extract from Mr. Badger's journal will give some idea of what they were.

"At a meeting held at Mr. Hovey's, whilst Adams was preaching, a British officer came in. When the sermon was ended, I arose to speak by way of exhortation. It was a solemn weeping time, and I observed the officer to shed tears. When the meeting was dismissed, he made known to us his business,

informing us that Esquire Cushing had sent him to arrest us, and to bring us before him for examination, as it was a time of war between the two nations, and we were strangers. 'But as for myself,' he kindly observed, 'I am not concerned about you, and if you will agree to call on Esquire Cushing to-morrow, I will return home,' — to which we agreed, exhorting him to repent. The next day we called at Esquire Cushing's tavern, (for his were the double honors of landlord and magistrate,) and ordered refreshments. At evening we were formally summoned into his presence. I walked forward and Adams fell in the rear in order that I might act as the chief speaker. Mr. Cushing then exclaimed, with all the harsh authority a British tyrant could assume, 'What's your business in this country?' I replied, 'To preach Christ's Gospel, Sir.' 'By what authority?' 'By the authority of Heaven, Sir.' At this the old man began to look surprised and beaten, thinking probably that I knew his character too well to succeed in this sort of treatment; and my friend Adams, constitutionally mild and retiring, began to take courage. He then observed, 'How came you in this country?' 'My father, purchasing a tract of land in the town of Crompton, brought me into this country when nine years old, and, Sir, I have as good a right here as you or any other man.' 'Have you taken the oath of allegiance?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Let me see your certificate,' added he. I presented it, it was read and returned. 'Are you a son of Major Badger of Crompton?' 'I am, Sir.' 'Well, you'd better be at home than to be strolling about the country.' 'I thank you, Sir; I shall attend to what employment I think best, and shall visit what part of the country I please.' Here I was dismissed, and I conclude he thought me a saucy fellow.

"Next, poor Adams had to walk up. He came forward with a calm and delicate countenance, clothed in the sweet temper of the Lamb. The blood, which had forsaken his beardless face, now returned and adorned his cheeks with their accustomed bloom, as he stood before a '*beast of the deep*' who possessed much of the spirit that prevailed much in his mother country during the reign of Queen Mary. . . . Brother Adams had taken the oath of allegiance, but, as he could present no certificate, he experienced much difficulty and suffered much abuse. But his soft answers served to turn away wrath. As I knew him I spoke in his favor, and after a short time we were dismissed. The next morning, after paying an extravagant price for poor and to us disagreeable entertainment, we departed, rejoicing that we in our youthful days were counted worthy to suffer for Jesus's sake." — *Memoir*, pp. 75, 76.

His final parting with Adams was a severe trial. They had become endeared by common labors and expe-

riences, but Adams finally determined to "join the Society," meaning the Methodists. He felt that he must lean for support on some established order. No, said Badger; let us go forth together and preach a free salvation to all who will hear us. But as Adams was bent on "going to Conference," they walked together through the woods for the last time, knelt down and prayed with their arms around each other, bathed each other's bosoms in tears, and parted, Adams to the Methodists and Badger to his lone mission in the wide world.

There was a town in Lower Canada called Ringsey, which had a local eminence as a place of worldliness and wickedness. Badger was invited to preach there, and made an appointment. There was a general attendance of the people, prompted doubtless by curiosity to hear what the boy had to say. He rode a long distance, and arrived fatigued, and his horse travel-worn. They were all strangers, and no one offered him entertainment. He tied his weary animal by the way-side, and as he walked through the crowd that glared stupidly upon him, he felt his heart go out toward them in tender yearnings and solicitude. He took his text from Zechariah ix. 12, "Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope"; and as he proceeded with his discourse, the assembly melted into tears and many sobbed aloud. At the close of the sermon, he asked those who wished him to pray for them to rise, when the greater part of the audience stood up. "What shall I do to be saved?" broke audibly from their lips, and during the last prayer the speaker's voice was nearly drowned amid the cries and sobbings of the congregation. He left the place at the close of the meeting, and did not return for several weeks. But when he did return, all was changed. Old and young flocked out to meet him, and in place of stupid wonderment were the songs of deliverance.

Mr. Badger seems to have labored in Lower Canada about two years. His preaching everywhere was attended with the same demonstrations of power. The scenes described in the Memoir, especially where he falls again into the hands of the civil officers, or where he comes homeward and preaches to his own kindred and neighbors, are very interesting; but for these we must refer the reader to the book itself. In 1814 he made a farewell

visit to the places where he had preached and gathered converts, parting from them with many tears. He felt called to visit New England on a missionary tour; his health at that time was feeble, and his converts feared they should never see him more.

He came to New Hampshire and preached in his native Gilmanton and the neighboring towns. Here the same success attended his efforts. Multitudes crowded to hear him, and many went away with the arrows of conviction in their souls. He was invited to New Hampton by the Calvinistic clergyman of that town, and was requested to preach to his people while he (the clergyman) should be absent on a journey. Mr. Badger accordingly made an appointment. He seems at first to have felt the constraint and delicacy of his position. He was to speak to a people who were asleep under a dead orthodoxy, and he must say things that did not agree with the reigning theology, in order to wake them into life, and turn them from dead creeds and dead works to the living God. But when face to face with his congregation he could no longer hesitate; his soul was swept by the Divine Spirit, and he gave way to the whole thought that was in him; the stereotype Calvinism melted away at his touch, and the people "praised God aloud." A deacon of the church, who seems to have waked up from a long sleep, came to him, and said, with much emotion, "I want you to preach at my house this evening." An appointment was given out, and the house was thronged. There was not probably an anti-Calvinist present, but he "resolved as a dying man to do his duty." He seems on these occasions to have been particularly happy in the choice of his text, which on this occasion was from Malachi iv. 2, "Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." He had not proceeded far before the young people were "weeping aloud"; some Free-will Baptists joined with them; the deacon was "struck with the power of God," and fell prostrate upon the floor; a haughty young woman came forward, kneeled, and cried for mercy; and the house was "filled with the Divine glory." This scene lasted till one o'clock at night. The next day Mr. Badger walked forth among the people. He found indeed that the dead sea of Calvinism was broken up, that multitudes were

seeking Christ, and as he went from house to house, praying and conversing, the faces of the children wore a thoughtful solemnity.

The next evening he held another meeting at the same house, and its power was not less manifest. The deacon again "fell under the power of God," the young woman whose conscience had been stricken the evening previous walked through the crowd, taking her companions by the hand, and pleading persuasively with them to come to Jesus and be saved. One man who had fallen from his Christian profession was stricken down and lay speechless, and some rejoiced in a new and glorious fruition of Jesus Christ.

A new trial awaited this lone missionary of Christ. Parson Hilliard of course returned and saw the work that had been done, a work not accomplished without setting aside the doctrine of election and the preaching of a free salvation. It was soon discovered that Mr. Badger's converts partook of his free, loving, and Christ-like spirit, and utterly refused to be put under the exhausted receiver of a sectarian church. The consequence was, that the sectaries, when they found they could not use Mr. Badger, or avail themselves of his revivals to build themselves up, turned and reviled him, and cast out his name as evil. They seem to have been worse adversaries than the Canada justices, for their means were more subtle and underhand. It was a sore trial to him, causing him sometimes desponding and bitter reflections, though these would soon give place to the joyous consciousness that God was with him. Unlike most other missionaries, who could fall back upon their church or constituency for sympathy and encouragement, his sole resort in those trials was the God who sent him forth. About this time he writes:—

"How many trials I have passed through during these four months! I well remember the real feelings of my heart as I was riding from Rye to Portsmouth across a fine plain, whilst I meditated on my mission and present lot in the world. Leaving my horse I retired into the still grove, where none but the heavenly powers could hear the expression of my burdened soul. As I considered my situation,—a feeble youth, hundreds of miles from home, among entire strangers, and bound by solemn duty to the world of dying sinners,—I was constrained to weep before God in

this wilderness. Here I sought his aid. How oft on that journey did I weep for miles as I rode the streets ! Angels ! ye are witnesses to the sleepless nights that passed away as I thought of the unreconciled state of mankind, and my duty to them."

Again he writes : —

" Here I am, a poor child, wandering about the world among strangers, spending what little property I have, my bodily strength almost worn out in preaching, between two and three hundred miles from home ; and whilst I am thus, they are crowned with the honors of this life, and no shaft of sectarian malice is ever hurled at them."

It will be recollected that now he was only twenty-three years old. Notwithstanding these trials he still went on his way, always with success and triumph. We select one incident which very well illustrates what enemies opposed him, and how they were defeated.

He had made an appointment to preach in Nottingham. A few individuals hired an old, broken-down clergyman to go there before him and preoccupy the pulpit. As Mr. Badger rode up, he found a large concourse assembled from eight different towns. They thronged about him, saying, " The Devil is in the pulpit " ; but he entered the church notwithstanding, the multitude following and filling the house. He very civilly accosted the clergyman, and offered to divide the service with him. This was refused, when Mr. Badger gave notice that he should preach in " Mr. Nealey's orchard," the service to begin in ten minutes ; and bidding the gentleman of the pulpit good-morning, he left the house, the throng following, with the exception of the clergyman and his five employers. They repaired to the grove, singing a song of Zion by the way ; and there, " with the azure heavens for a sounding-board," Mr. Badger held the multitude by his sanctified and overpowering eloquence. The tongues of thirty or forty of his hearers were loosened, and the meeting continued without interruption for five hours.

The Memoir takes us with the young preacher through the various scenes of his missionary life, everywhere winning souls to Christ, almost always reaching the young with subduing power, leading them by hundreds to the water's side, sometimes while the moonlight was tinging them with silver, where with songs of praise

they would take their baptismal vows. We will not follow the narrative, but give a summary account of his subsequent labors: we have related enough to illustrate the power and spirit of the man.

He had received ordination in 1814, probably from the Free-will Baptists, still maintaining his independent position, — “No master but Christ.” In 1817, and subsequently, he preached as an itinerant in the State of New York, and it was observable afterwards that the Christian societies that sprung up and are now prosperous lay precisely in the track of his labors. Here he found co-workers in the same cause, earnest men who had been impressed with the same idea and moved by the same spirit. The numerous churches that rose up and were organized under their care became associated as the “Christian Connection,” that is, those who were determined to reject all sectarian names. The names of Elder Millard and J. L. Pevey occur in connection with that of Mr. Badger as efficient laborers in the same cause.

Mr. Badger had occasion to exercise his powers as a controversialist, which seem to have been of a most remarkable order. Calvinism, with its hard front, always rose up to oppose him, and sometimes challenged him to debate. But his knowledge of human nature, obtained by a profound and varied experience, his ready tact and skill, his clear intellect, his native powers of reasoning, his free, commanding, and fervid utterance out of a heart that yearned tenderly for the salvation of souls, the searching pathos that always found its way to his hearer and won him at last, his imperturbable self-command, his good nature, tinged sometimes, we should think, with humor, his power of raillery and sarcasm, that was seldom used, — these carried it, at least in the estimation of his audience, over the dialectics, the learning, and the hard logic of his Calvinistic opponents. Once he was moved to rise and speak in an orthodox meeting after the minister had got through; denying some of the scholastic dogmas which had been advanced, the Trinity and Election, the minister left; but “what was better,” says Mr. Badger, “the Lord was with us,” for his Spirit, though grieved away by dry subtilties, came down upon the assembly when invoked from a heart that had been warmed into love by its heavenly gales.

In 1825 he travelled through the West, preaching in various places in Ohio and Kentucky; and there he learned the vast extent of the religious movement which had drawn him into its work. He could not have known, when a solitary missionary and sending up his prayers for help in the lonely pine-groves of New Hampshire, that thousands of hearts were at that moment swept by the same spirit of the Lord, which one day were to welcome him to their warm and loving fellowship in the full liberty of Jesus Christ. Conferences had been formed in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, and Kentucky, comprising already three hundred preachers and fifteen thousand brethren, worshipping one God in one person, having no creed but the Bible, and calling no man master but the Lord Jesus Christ. Still the revival was rapidly spreading, sometimes with an excess of enthusiasm which Mr. Badger did his best to correct and guide by his cool and excellent judgment.

“Under date of April 1, 1826,” says Mr. Holland, “Mr. Badger gives a very lengthy, interesting, and, we should judge, faithful account of his visit in Ohio and Kentucky, of the proceedings of a Conference in each of those States, convened for the purpose of receiving and answering his message for the East, both of which were hearty in their responses of friendship, and both furnished him with materials for giving their true history to the brethren of the East and North. He speaks of three denominational centres, which he thinks the future will witness, each having a periodical and a bookstore connected with it, — Cincinnati the centre for the West, New York for the East, and some place in one of the Carolinas for the South. From Rev. William Kinkade, that able, strong-minded, and heroic divine who had served his country in legislative councils and humanity by his ministry, Mr. Badger received a strong letter, giving an account of the rise and growth of the Christian Conference on the Wabash, of one in Indiana, and touching on some of the larger points of primitive faith.”

The East and West were thus answering to each other through that same spirit that was sweeping through both, raising up its own ministers and anointing them for the great work of religious reform and the conversion of souls.

Mr. Badger preached awhile in Boston, where he became acquainted with Channing and Ware, whom he

speaks of with much affection. But he returned to his labors in the State of New York, where for several years he had editorial charge of the "Palladium," then the organ of the Christian Connection, which he conducted with judgment and ability.

We have selected incidents principally from the early periods of Mr. Badger's life, because those illustrate most fully the nature of his religious experience and the sources of his power. The later periods, when his mind was more fully matured and developed, are not less devoid of interest, but for these we must refer the reader to the pages of the Memoir. Notwithstanding his vast and varied labors, sometimes preaching every day in the week for a month together, it does not appear that his health broke down under them. We suppose the reason to have been, that he so rejoiced in his work that it was not work to him, and that his piety had no tinge of asceticism, but was the very sunshine of love. There seems to have been none of that morbid action of the religious sentiment which we witness in so many revivalists, and which is always so exhaustive to the physical energies. Nevertheless, he died in the full meridian of his usefulness. When apparently in the entire possession of his usual health, he was suddenly stricken down with paralysis, a tendency to which was supposed in his case to have been hereditary. He rallied and preached again for a while with the same intellectual clearness, but with his bodily powers impaired and crippled. He finally became entirely helpless, retaining all his tranquillity of mind, when on the 12th of May, 1852, he rested from all his labors, "weary *in* the work, but not *of* it."

We have already indicated the present results of the enterprise to which Mr. Badger devoted his rare talents and energies. The "Christian Connection" at this time is said to embrace fifteen hundred churches, as many ministers, and three hundred and fifty thousand members. They have just founded and endowed a college, for which they raised at once one hundred thousand dollars. They have placed one of the best educators in the country at the head of it, and at its opening eleven hundred students applied for entrance. Because the believers "were first called Christians at Antioch," they call their institution Antioch College. They have chosen for its site a

place in Ohio called "Yellow Springs," said to be remarkable for its salubrity and charming and picturesque scenery. It commands the whole field of the West, starts unencumbered with effete theologies, its plan is conceived in the large and liberal spirit of the denomination, and must, if wisely carried out, commend itself to the large and liberal spirit of the West, and indeed of the whole country, which calls louder and louder for an unsectarianized education and a Christianity disentangled of the dead formulas of the past.

In reading the life of the very extraordinary man here given us in the pages of Mr. Holland, and in gathering such facts as we have been able concerning these remarkable people, we have endeavored to discern the elements of their life and strength. This Memoir has let us further into a knowledge of the case than anything else we have read. Statistics and general statements about their measures and operations do not enlighten us like the details of one such life and experience. Mr. Badger, it is true, was only one among the hundreds of earnest men called simultaneously and by an inward impulse to this work of evangelization. But in the Eastern States he seems to have been the Whitefield of the movement, or rather Whitefield and Wesley in one; for with Whitefield's power of moving, convincing, and drawing impenitent men to the Saviour, he had also the practical wisdom of organizing and securing permanently the results of the revival, which Whitefield had not, but which Wesley possessed in an eminent degree.

The first important fact which occurs on reading the Memoir is the all-important place which Christ has, both in his preaching and religious experience. This was the "moving power" that swayed him, and by which he swayed the multitudes. It was not merely the Christ of the past that he believed in, but Christ as living and present, and working in the soul of the believer as the power of God unto salvation. He calls him the "mediatorial centre" of Divine grace, pardon, and love. The rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity, with its kindred technicalities, brought this great doctrine home to his soul with clear and redoubled force, and made it the fountain of his energy. So we suppose it has been in all the great renewals in Christian history. The doc-

trines of Christianity do not seem to have lain, in the inmost experience of Mr. Badger, in any wise different, than in the experience of the Methodists with whom he first came in contact. It was a present Saviour, the mediatorial centre of all their hopes and joys, which formed a common bond and drew them together. The following lines were quoted by Mr. Badger as descriptive of his feelings at the first and most important epoch of his spiritual history, and are important mainly as disclosing the fact of which we speak :—

“ O glorious Father ! let my soul pursue
 The wondrous labyrinth of love divine,
 And follow my Redeemer to the cross.
 Nailed to the cross, — his hands, his feet, all torn
 With agonizing torture ! —
 Stupendous sacrifice ! mysterious love !
 He died ! The Lord of life, the Saviour died ! —
 The sun of righteousness eclipsed in death !
 A short eclipse. For soon he rose again,
 All-glorious, to resume his native skies !
 O love beyond conception ! —
 In silent rapture all my powers adore.”

Again, it is quite remarkable that, with all the immediate and striking results which followed his preaching, he never preached “the wrath of God,” or wielded the artificial terrors of false theology. Adopting the most cheering views of God’s paternal character and love, he still seems to have rejected every form of Universalism. His mind would have revolted from such views as Edwards held forth in his celebrated sermon which so frightened the people at Enfield ; but results not less striking were produced under his preaching, melting hearts of stone, and making them see and deplore their ingratitude and sin through the very power of that Divine sympathy with which he was himself inspired and moved. He rejected the dogma of total depravity, with its kindred and paralyzing doctrine of human inability. But he felt and saw the malignant evil of an impenitent heart, the universal necessity of regeneration, and the soul’s hopeless desolation and ruin away from Christ. Knowing and seeing this, he made his appeal and drew men to Christ, less evidently through terrors and threatenings than by that contagious sympathy so broad and warm that all hearts

melted before it and came in lowly surrender to the Saviour.

There is another fact which will arrest the reader of this Memoir. One would be tempted at first, on reading of the immediate results which followed Mr. Badger's preaching, to say that it was "mere excitement," which would soon subside. Rude, ignorant, and insensate people would travel from a distance, perhaps not having heard a sermon for years, prompted, it may have been, from mere curiosity. "Has he come?" and "Will he preach?" Such people would be subdued beneath the power of his word. All classes, old and young, would be converted. Hundreds would be baptized, and such numbers would throng after the preacher, that the "regular clergyman" would sneeringly compare the scene to a "general training." And yet permanent results would follow. Societies would spring up in the path where he had been. His converts would stand fast in the faith. Perhaps where he first came and found them scoffing, he would return and find them praying or singing hymns. Undoubtedly there were numbers who were impressed by his preaching, and who were even baptized, whose impressions fast faded away: what we mean to say is, that the results in the main were such as to show that his word was attended with the converting and regenerating power of the Spirit of God.

There are some questions which have been raised in our past theological controversies, which seem in a fair way to get a practical answer. The author of the history of the "Great Awakening" under Whitefield and Edwards assumes, with most amusing complacency, that the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism did all the work, and attempts to show off their results in contact with the paralyzing influences of "Arminianism." He forgot two very important facts: that Calvinism had had almost sole and undisputed possession of the New England churches for more than one hundred years, and that when Whitefield came, he found them, as he thought, nearly all dead, and their clergy "unconverted"; that at this very time an "awakening" was going on under the bold "Arminianism" of Wesley, which shook England out of its sleep, and which now, after a century has expired, is rolling its force unspent over our Western prairies.

The truth is, that Calvinism when nakedly held and preached and practised results in death, and then a *quasi* Arminianism is resorted to. Men are addressed *as if* they could repent and do something for their own salvation, and believing it, they wake up again to life and action. The "Christian" movement settles pretty effectually and very practically the question as to what doctrines enter into the best system of revivalism. We have been exceedingly impressed with one feature in the results of the "Christian" revival, in which Methodism is by no means wanting, but which appeared less conspicuously in the revivals of Whitefield and Edwards. We mean freedom from censoriousness and uncharitableness among the converts. It is not enough that men are aroused and become religious. Have they afterwards that overflowing tenderness that comes from a saving knowledge of Christ, those broad, warm, and genial sympathies which create around them an atmosphere of mellow light and sunshine, which tend to unite and fuse together all the people of God, and which go out in affectionate yearnings for the salvation of souls, or will they become hard, dogmatic, and exclusive? It depends very much upon what class of doctrines men are converted under, and around which they are organized. We have seen how it was with Mr. Badger and his converts, and indeed with the whole Christian movement. The converts could not be sectarianized; it seemed to them wicked to belong to any church but that of the first-born, and they longed to hold the saints of God alike in one all-embracing love. But, alas! they could find no such church; their preachers were charged with leaving their converts "on the common," and so they gathered them around that Divine Mediator whose free grace had saved them, calling themselves by a name wide enough to cover all the followers of Jesus.

We hope the Christian denomination will have what indeed is now promised them, a long and glorious career of prosperity; that their fervid spirit will melt away the barriers which keep Christians apart, and commend the Gospel to many now lost to Christ through the jargon and shibboleth of the sects; that the wide West will feel their influence more and more, and that they will carry the tidings of a free salvation through all its spreading

and beautiful valleys. Two dangers lie in their way. One is, that when they come to theologize and settle more definitely the doctrines of Christianity, — a process which every Christian people must go through, — they will set up some narrower creed than that of the “Church of the first-born,” and so degenerate into a mere sect, and be placed on a level with the rest. But this they cannot do without reversing their whole history and undoing all they have done so well. There is another rock on which there is far more danger that they will split. It is that of swerving from the grand and all-renewing doctrine through which they have converted so many souls: “Christ the mediatorial centre of grace, pardon, and love.” Now that they are mantling with life and strength, Christ is “the central sun of their religious experience”; but being established, and coming at length to speculate more upon the nature of Christ, will he become to them merely historical, an “example” to be read about, and so will they sink into a freezing rationalism, or will Christ continue to be to them a present and living Saviour, through whom God reveals himself out of the heavens, and floods his Church with grace and love? If this doctrine is not explained away, but held fast and firm, we are persuaded that they can never decline, and that their love can never wax cold. Christ will become to them more and more their life, their joy, their glory and head, and though their zeal will not always be like that of their first revivals, which might have been sometimes wild and irregular, it shall lose no whit of its depth and warmth; it shall only change to more tranquil fervors, like those produced by the sun at high noon, beneath which all objects are truly revealed and all nature lies aglow.

E. H. S.

ART. V. — OLD AGE.*

CICERO's little treatise on Old Age has come down to us unhurt over the floods of time; and, like the magic boat in the Scottish ballad,

* *Cicero's Cato Major; an Essay on Old Age.* Literally translated by CYRUS R. EDMONDS. London: Bohn. 1850.

“ When it could not climb the brow of the waves,
It needled them through below.”

Even when buried out of sight, it was guided forward.

It could hardly help coming thus ; not only because it is every way worthy of the genius and fame of its author, but because the subject is one of profound interest to every reflecting person. All are not students and scholars. Many will be quite indifferent to the history or the literature of an ancient foreign people and a departed empire, and not care a sesterce either for Roman eloquence or the old Grecian philosophies filtered through a Roman mind. But all wish to live to be old ; while at the same time most men are apt to fear that they shall have but a hard time of it if they do. An encouraging word, therefore, sounding far away from beyond the Christian era, and with the voice of the great master of eloquence, must needs have been welcomed with a constant curiosity that would not allow it to perish.

The present new translation, like the rest of Mr. Bohn's valuable Classical Series, pretends to no literary beauty, but aims only at an exact rendering of the meaning of the original. In this it is very faithful. But something between its dry, hard manner, and the prim paraphrase of Melmoth, with its diffusive, old-fashioned elegance and occasional mistakes, is still a work to be desired. The first English translation was printed by Caxton, in folio, in 1481, and has at the end the following curious notice, by way of “colophon” :—“ Thus endeth the boke of Tulle of Old age translated out of latyn in to Frenshe by laurence de primo facto at the commaundement of the noble prynce Lowys duc of Burbon, and emprynted by me symple persone William Caxton in to Englysshe at the playsir solace and reuerence of men growing in to olde age the xii day of August the yere of our lord m.cccc. lxxxii.” We may remark here, that more than thirty years before the appearance of Melmoth's version, an American one was printed from the manuscript of James Logan, Esq., of Pennsylvania, by Benjamin Franklin, at Philadelphia, in 1744. Dr. Franklin, in his preface, “*The Printer to the Reader*,” certainly overrates the merits of his friend's translation, which is a very inaccurate performance ; pleasantly enough written, on the whole, but taking the most unwarrantable liberties with the text,

and often misapprehending its meaning altogether. He asserts it to be the "first Translation of a *Classic* in this *Western World*," and hails it as "a happy Omen, that *Philadelphia* shall become the Seat of the *American Muses*." He is right in his assertion, we have no doubt, although that honor, such as it is, has been claimed, through some strange mistake, for an imaginary *Virginian*.

The illustrious Roman composed this essay when he was in the sixty-second or sixty-third year of his life, and addressed it to his friend Atticus, who was five or six years older. But as if even these terms of age were too small to give full authority to his treatment of his subject, he goes back to the earlier and happier days of his country's history, and introduces, as the medium of speaking his own sentiments, old M. Porcius Cato, the famous Censor, who had died about a hundred years before, at the age of eighty-five. This was a fine touch of art. It gave him an opportunity of indulging in those reminiscences of ancient worthies on which he loved so well to expatiate, and at the same time to hold up the example of a venerable name, which presented in a remarkable manner the blessings that could be enjoyed and the services that could be rendered at so advanced a stage of our earthly being. Cato Major ought certainly to have had a place, and a high one, in the list of the aged and admirable, some of whom, with their deeds, we suggested to our readers a few months ago. Late in life he betook himself with all the ardor of youth to the study of the Grecian literature, which he had before decried. In his eighty-first year he defended himself against a capital charge with unshaken firmness of voice and side, and with an unhesitating memory. Four years after that, he took an active part in the prosecution of a perfidious and cruel Roman commander; denouncing him in a powerful speech, which he afterwards recorded in an historical work that he was engaged upon, only a few weeks before his death. We cannot write these lines without being reminded of a noble citizen of our own, crowned with civic and academic honors. He is not severe, like Cato, nor was he ever called on to vindicate himself against any perilous accusation. But if another military culprit had to be brought to justice, we would engage for

it that he would be ready to stand against him ; that the language of his crimination would be as keen as ever ; ay, and that he would write it down in his "*Origines*" after the trial was done.

The method of this essay is exceedingly simple. After a short preface dedicated to Atticus, the author describes Scipio and Lælius, two young patricians, as waiting upon Cato toward the close of his long career, desiring to learn from so eminent an example what his thoughts and feelings were at his advanced period, and how they might be themselves prepared for what seemed to them the inconveniences and burdens of accumulated years. The old man cheerfully complies with their wishes ; discoursing in a grave but genial strain, calculated in every respect to elevate their minds on the subject of their curiosity and apprehensions. He does not utter a single complaint about the uncertain tenures of our being and its short duration, the vanity of the world, the changes of time, or the decays of nature. Not only no murmuring word, but no discouraged one, drops from his lips. He speaks with the same steadfast alacrity as when he marched with the Roman armies, and insisted upon the improvements and reforms of the Roman streets, and withstood the displeasure of Senate and people. He contends that old age is not necessarily, or of itself, an unhappy season ; and proceeds to reply to four principal objections that may be alleged against it. The first is, that it calls men off from active affairs ; the second, that it enfeebles the body ; the third, that it deprives them of almost all pleasures ; and the fourth, that it is in the close neighborhood of death. To meet the first three of these, he adduces sturdy instances — his own among the number — of those whose age was tolerably exempt from those deprivations ; he shows, moreover, that they are not confined to any condition of advanced years, but may invade the younger portions of life. He holds up the thought that there are better things for man than outward activity and physical strength, and that the satisfactions of the mind should be preferred to the gratifications and tumults of the senses. He points at the helps that are provided for us by the appointments of nature ; and maintains that happiness must be found in our dispositions and characters, not in temporal circumstances.

This and much more of the same courageous sort. He then takes up the last alleged misery of old age, that it must soon die, and denies that therein it suffers injury, or has the least reason for lamentation. He declares the fear of death to be an unworthy timidity in any one and at any period; and how much more unworthy of the old and the wise! He offers arguments, doctrines, examples, in support of this; and closes them all in with the profession of his belief that there is another and higher existence for departed souls. He is convinced that his deceased friends are still living, in the only life that deserves the name. And this persuasion, drawn from his own thoughts, he confirms by the authority of the most illustrious philosophers, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato. He repeats with delight the confident words of Xenophon's Cyrus the Elder to his children, as he lay on his death-bed; than which nothing can be calmer, surer, or nobler. With a spirit kindling higher as he speaks, he finds himself borne away with desire to behold the inhabitants of that better land. He insists that he would not be detained on his way to join them, and would not accept the offer from a god to make him a boy again. He then breaks out in that beautiful strain which has been so often repeated: "O glorious day, when I shall repair to that divine council and assembly of souls!"

A recent writer, while he extols this piece as one of the most precious that antiquity has bequeathed to us, yet speaks of it as "a tissue of special pleading." We can by no means agree to this rather captious charge. The piece is as logical as it need be, to say nothing of its skill and beauty. It does not speak on both sides, that is true; and for that we like it the better. We wanted a brave word, and all brave, upon a desponding subject; and we have got it. Old Cato was not given to qualifying, whatever may be said of that too unsteady Cicero who here speaks in his character. And Cicero himself, who a few years afterwards stretched out his neck to assassins, and who hovers still between the admiration and the pity of the whole learned world, had no intention here to balance an argument, though no man could do it better, but to strike an elevating and cheering impression into the heart of humanity; and may God — his OPTIMUS, MAXIMUS, as well as ours — bless him for it!

In offering a few reflections upon the same subject, we do not think of following out his train of reasoning, and we propose to ourselves an entirely different plan. We wish to face the great fact of our decay, and of the ravage that the wear of time inflicts upon us, without seeking to make out a partial case on either side; without any fear of the worst that has been boded about it, and without any flattery of that poetic opinion which will hear only of its tranquillities, and see nothing but an Indian summer and a gently descending sun, when the frosts have come, and the short day is closing. We would look faithfully at its darker, as well as its brighter aspects.

And we must admit that the darker coloring is that which prevails the most in ancient and modern writings. Nor is this strange, when we consider how the sadder portions of that failing time force themselves upon the notice and the sympathies of men, while its more cheerful features have, for the most part, to be sought out and appreciated by the higher sentiments of our nature. In the Old Testament, the bent and wasted forms of the heroes of its history are apt to make but melancholy pictures. There is Isaac with his dim eyes; and Jacob with his gloomy retrospections; and Barzillai, in the midst of his joyless riches that could not restore to him a single one of his former delights, at only fourscore years refusing to go up with his triumphant king to Jerusalem because he could not taste his delicacies nor hear the music of his sweet singers; and that king himself, the great bard and conqueror, brought down to imbecility and the most pitiful dependence. It is not till we open the New Testament that there is any great change of the scene. There, on its first pages, stands Simeon, with the infant Christ in his arms, full of thankfulness and aspiration. "Paul the aged," far grander than he had ever been before, travels through with his marvellous mission. John, the last survivor of his brethren, breathes commandments of love with his faltering voice, and beholds with a better than any material eyeball his visions of God. Never was anything more mournful penned than that ninetieth Psalm, when it loads our poor, vanishing life with the wrath of the Almighty Bestower of it. In one of the least ancient books of the elder Scriptures there is a formal account of the infirmities of

age, comparing it to a tottering and crumbling house. It reads, the greater part of the way at least, like a ghastly riddle. What a blessed supplement to this was the language of the Apostle to the Gentiles: "We know that when our earthly house, this tent, is destroyed, we have a building of God!"

When we come to the literature which is called classical, we find it crowded with the same dreary views. The elaborately painful details in Juvenal's Tenth Satire furnish a striking example. Virgil places "Sorrowful Old Age" in the gateway of the infernal regions, among the hideous company that belong to such a spot; and he makes one of his shepherds complain that it carries everything away with it, — even the mind itself. Modern poetry abounds with like representations, which it would be a disagreeable pedantry to repeat. Who can forget the concluding lines in Shakespeare's seven ages in the mouth of "the melancholy Jaques." A few persons may remember yet that wail of a perhaps mythic bard: "Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills." There are flouts, too, that it has to put up with; as in those ancient lines by an unknown hand, set to a wild glee, that begin with

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together,"

and go on to draw between the two the most unpleasant contrasts. Then there sounds along, from a Muse of the truest pathos as well as the keenest wit which these latter days have produced, that most mournful of refrains:

"What can an old man do but die?"

We cannot fail to perceive, however, that there is a marked difference as to the general tone between the modern writers and those of antiquity. This tone, in our Christian lands, has become more thoughtful, plaintive, and tender. If still sad, it avoids what is harsh and offensive. It touches the higher sentiments, and mixes kindly with human affections. We are tempted to translate an instance of this kind from the German of Friedrich Rückert. It sets forth the familiar idea of Moschus the Greek, that nature restores the growths of the ground, but not the objects of hu-

man love ; and adds to it this, that the spring birds find everything scanty and leave everything full, while the heart begins with abundance and leaves all waste.

FROM THE YOUTH-TIME.

From my youthful day, from my youthful day,
Comes a song with ceaseless tone ;
O how far away, O how far away,
What *was* my own !

What the swallow sung, what the swallow sung,
Bringing the harvests and the spring,
Village fields among, village fields among,
Does she still sing ?

“ When I left the plain, when I left the plain,
Heavy the bin and full the stall ;
When I came again, when I came again,
'T was empty all.”

O mouth of childhood gay ! mouth of childhood gay !
All unconsciously wise one !
You know what the birds say, know what the birds say,
Like Solomon.

O thou dear home-floor ! O thou dear home-floor !
Again within thy sacred bound
Let me yet once more, let me yet once more,
In dreams be found !

When I left the plain, when I left the plain,
The Earth to me was Plenty's hall ;—
When I came again, when I came again,
'T was empty all.

The swallow will come back ; the swallow will come back ;
The empty crib its store regains ;—
When the heart comes to lack, when the heart comes to lack,
Void it remains.

Back no swallow brings, back no swallow brings,
What thou sighest for so sore ;
Yet the swallow sings, yet the swallow sings,
Just as before :

“ When I left the plain, when I left the plain,
Heavy the bin and full the stall ;
When I came again, when I came again,
'T was empty all.”

This sigh of elegy, more expressive perhaps from its monotonous repetitions, has a pathetic charm about it. But it is in direct contrast, and not a favorable one, with "The Old Man's Song" by the same poet, whose braver strain may be found in a former number of our work;* and we cannot help adding on this point, that it reminds us, sorrowful as it is, of the drollery of an old man of our acquaintance, who did not agree with our rugged Cato in denying that he would accept, if it were offered him, the magic caldron which would boil him back into his cradle again, but who complained that one could not begin with being old, and find his way by degrees into the pleasures of childhood. A grotesque thought, but suggestive of some wisdom, if we would but ponder it.

We do not mean that the most repulsive features of this subject which have ever been drawn are wholly untrue. But they are never all true of any one person, and they belong only to extreme cases. The whole may form an odious caricature, though we may not be able to point to any particular part, and say that it can have no place in the description. Neither do we contend that the silver tongue of the Roman orator did not pass over some things in silence, which it was not his object to relate, and which we do not love to anticipate. But we do say that it is the part of wisdom and of our better humanity, to leave off harping upon possible or even inevitable discomforts. We do say that the most animating views we can take are not only the worthiest of a rational mind, but the most real that can be presented to it.

*"Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas."*

We deny altogether that there is the slightest exaggeration, or any unwarrantable coloring, in what Cicero has depicted. On the contrary, the progress of refinement and the influence of the Christian revelation have given new sanction to his words, and brought into notice and effect other considerations of a like cheering character. We wish to avoid all the ground which he has so beautifully covered and so well sustained, and to set down, perhaps in a rambling way, what further reflections may be suggested.

* For November, 1851, at the 419th page.

Doubtless, the penalties of continuing to live are multiplied upon us as we go onward. Losses and diminutions, infirmities of body and pains of thought, wearinesses and oppressions, are likely to come thicker along in the retinue of many years. Some ills and ails, that may possibly attack the earlier seasons, are pretty sure to besiege the last. We have no care to look away from these things. We would rather call attention to them, but only in a Christian manner, that so we may concede to them their sad place without levity or defiance or the least misgiving. We will go further than they go. We will add to bodily defects and injuries of fortune the harms with which the mind is threatened. Age comes in here also, and makes its despoilments, and leaves some things worse than they were before. In saying this, we are not thinking chiefly of the memory. That is the power that begins first to fade; and let it fade. Its light lingers longest on the little receding hills of childhood and youth, that may as well now sink out of sight. It relaxes its hold of many things that are not much worth preserving, or that would be revived with a pang; and it is not impossible that it may gain as much in peace as it parts with in power. It may be thus but taking gradual leave of what has performed its office and is needed no longer. We think of the effect on other faculties and habits of our being; and they are not very composing thoughts, we admit. The eye of the intellect grows filmy, like that in the head. The unbraced inward ear becomes as little receptive of further instruction as the outer one of musical sounds and human voices. The solid nourishment of truth has to be mumbled; and better savors than belong to the palate become vapid; and alacrity is enfeebled in the purpose as well as in the limbs; and a slow callousness creeps as easily over the perceptions of the spirit as over the delicate feelers of the skin. Habits may become mechanisms, and dispositions diseases; lamentable to see, oftentimes. And then it is not among our comforts to consider, that the confidences of the mind are not likely to be strengthened, and they are not for the most part strengthened, by the hastening, but not brightening, suns of our revolving life. Experience does not teach us trust in events or men. The tendency is not to believe more as we observe more. We rather

learn to doubt, from frequent surprises, disappointments, and delusions, and the variations of what once seemed to be settled truths, and the strife of opinions. Mysteries do not diminish and thin away, but increase and deepen, as we look up at their airy shapes, which we could never reach high enough to touch, and which we now survey with a cooler, more timid, and more suspicious gaze. The time is getting late for pleasant credulities, and many a beautiful vision of hope is less clear than it used to be. Grant all the disabilities and discomforts that have been named from first to last to be real and strong facts; though to admit them all is a large concession, and to allow all that they claim against us would be an unjustifiable cowardice. Add even to these whatever anybody has ever charged upon the debtor column of the books of Time. We will shrink from no computations, — no, not the severest. After we have admitted the worst, there is another page on the opposite side; and we have not dealt fairly, or reckoned at all, till we have brought that into the account. Let us look honestly, sensibly, religiously, at this brighter part of God's apportionments to his time-worn children.

It would be strange indeed if He who "knoweth our frame," for He made it, and who "remembereth that we are dust," for "the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy," — if He whose care is so gracious over our infancy that his beloved Son described it as the guardianship of angels, — if He who so trains us up to manhood, filling our ripe days with his goodness, strengthening, instructing, defending us, all the way and in methods invisible and innumerable, and making the infirmities of nature and the injuries of fortune ministering servants to the souls of his elect, — if He should have no blessing left when his poor earthly child has the sorest need of it, and, as if the stores of his help were exhausted, or his concern for us clean gone, should turn over the last steps of our course to incurable sorrows and dark fates. But no such anomaly in his Providence, no such disheartening exception to his paternal attributes, is found to exist. The angels that hover over the childhood of man remain in watch at the side of his old age, though with a more serious aspect and a browner wing. That last term of his existence here is not neglected, not unprovided. We

see that it is not; and see it in ways as beneficent and as admirable as those that accompanied the first flowers and the richest fruitage of life. The great law of compensations, running through the whole course of the heavenly appointments, is not allowed to fall through now. Satisfactions of a calmer kind glide into the place of ardent pursuits and noisy pleasures. The delights of excitement, the hurry of business, the crowding of cares, are followed by a season of repose. If less can be done than formerly, there is less to do; and troubles are rather of another kind than more numerous or more severe. If a man must dispense with some things, he has achieved others, and is put in quiet possession of what all the strivings of his contentious days could not acquire. We should reflect that the changes which come approach gradually and in company, and converse together, and are often a kindly match for one another. We mistake entirely when we imagine any of its peculiar features fastened upon the face of a younger experience. Each of them has something that fits it to its place, and prevents it from being either a wretchedness or a deformity. As for the sufferings that the body is heir to, they are not particularly connected with the circumstances of either its growth or decay; they visit it at any time. Nay, the bills of mortality show in a most striking manner how the diseases that sweep away this precarious breath of ours deal far more with the immature and the seemingly strong, than with those who are further advanced. Decay does not burn and ache as our proud fulness does. The power of sensibility languishes with the rest of the forces. More than we can appreciate or count is done here, as everywhere else in the arrangements of the Divine compassion, forbidding the thought of a withering exception now to all its former benefits. Whatever the sensual eye may see, or fail to see, it is still conspicuously there. There is a loosening from the earth, when we must let it go from under foot and hand. The old figures are still good of the easy dropping of what is mellow enough to fall, and of the shock of corn fully ripe bending toward the sickle under the length of its summer and the weight of its wealth. You may once in a great while see a man in nature's honest decrepitude. He has gone as far as a faithful use and care of himself could

carry him. But he can go no further. He cannot lift his head, or easily shuffle his feet along the ground that is waiting for them both. And you say, and say truly, How sad a spectacle is that of living on the earth too long! But you must be careful not to transfer that case of imbecility to your own present condition and feelings. Look at his countenance and see how tranquil it is. Listen to his words. He is talking with the past, and not with you; perhaps with the dreams of his vague expectancy, but not with you; and he does not know what weak words they are. His capacity of enjoyment is shrunk up to the very smallest measure; and so a few drops of God's cordial pity make his little cup to run over. Close the scene. It is one not often beheld, and is blank of all joy. But even here there is a painting of love upon the falling curtain, and the last tone is a gentle one.

Age is venerable. "Thou shalt rise up before" it, said the ancient law; and long before that precept took the form of a statute, and for ever since, human hearts have found it written on their imperishable tablets. The rudest minds pay instinctively some homage to its sacredness. Age is venerable. Its white hair is "a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness"; and it imparts something of its honors to the most moderate deserts. Macbeth speaks in his despair of "that which *should* accompany" it,

"As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends";

and they naturally do accompany it, if no discreditable points of character forbid them to appear. It is well worth observing how a reputable man, though with no qualities or services to give him any special consideration, by merely continuing to live, adds every year to the estimation with which he is regarded. His kind looks are the more prized. His wise counsel, if he has any, is more respectfully waited for. The information furnished by his longer experience is gathered up and remembered. If he is put to trials, there is an unusual sympathy with him. If he bears himself stoutly, and shows a cheerful brow, a feeling of admiration stirs in us, and we welcome as peculiar sunshine the smile that comes to us from over so long a journey of years. His dignity, if he has any, has acquired new rights. His commendation, if we can

obtain it, seems to borrow the power of a blessing. We are not surprised at the Hebrew idea of a prophetic endowment imparted to the patriarchs; for his very time of life is of itself a sort of holy office. He has not improbably outlived some things that were less worthy in him, and lived down others that once rose against him. If he has done this, it is an excellent achievement. If he has had no occasion to do it, that is more laudable still. He may speak of himself as upon the downward slope of the hill. It is common to speak in such a figure. But he does not appear so to his younger companions, who only look up to him the more. And unless our churches are a vanity and our faith a pretence, unless we have been deceiving others and ourselves with unreal promises, we ought to say rather that he is higher up on that mount of testimony which has God's cloudy glory at its top.

And now we touch upon death, which we believe to be the black ground-color of all the dreary pictures which have been drawn of this subject. We are persuaded that the dread of this has contributed more than anything else to sadden the scenery of what we call the vale of years. The grave is in its hollows; and it is that which makes men speak out against it with such gloomy complaints. It is not that the body is less competent, but that it must drop. It is not that no more can be enjoyed, and no more brought to pass, than there is; but that the end of both is so close at hand. This is the last accusation to which Cicero's piece undertook to reply; and reserved to the last, doubtless because it was the gravest; and without the advantage of revelation he made in the character of his Cato a magnanimous and beautiful, though it could not be a full reply. And now let us ask how it happens that we, who call ourselves after the name of a higher discipleship than that of the sages of Greece, concede to that mysterious phantom even more than its ancient despotism, and allow it to domineer as it does over our imaginations and our timidity. It is a scandal to Christendom, that on this point its popular impressions are less worthy and more appalling than the views of the best heathen philosophy. But they are so. In spite of its risen Lord, and its triumphal Easters, and its immortality brought to light, and its jubilant repetitions

of the language of Paul without the spirit of his confiding and thanksgiving heart, they are seen to be so by all its shrinking apprehensions, and by the figures under which it has chosen to portray, whether in speech or in the representations of art, the necessity of our dissolution. And truly, when we reflect what horrible doctrines began early to overspread the Christian world, and hang upon it still, like a pall embroidered with demons, we cannot much wonder that such an effect should have been produced. Ideas of penalty, and sovereign anger, and vengeance, and fiery torture, alarmed the most innocent, when they thought of their time to depart. The monstrous dogma has not been driven out yet, of an eternity of woe suspended over the actions of such frail beings as we; — so governed by the organization and place which God ordains for us, so dependent on the circumstances that begird and press us, so long in the cradle and so soon in the grave. Whether from this cause or not, the usual expressions of Christian persons are infected with a panic and gloom that are strangely at variance with a Gospel of grace, peace, gladness. King James's translators of the Old Testament, in one of their many mistakes, spoke of a "King of terrors," who had no existence in their text; and this phrase has been eagerly caught up, and stereotyped, and thought to image forth Death in his truest aspect. Truest? Look at him again: — Death, the civilizer; Death, the deliverer; Death, the indispensable provider and seneschal at the feast of our generations; Death, the younger brother of sleep, and as much an angel as any other; Death, who prevents error and wrong from being perpetual, and who alone makes life possible, either this life or a better; Death, who sweeps away the wicked from troubling, and opens a way for the righteous into their joy. Somehow or other, Christian opinion even among ourselves is not cheery enough, is not manly enough. It is too apt to be doleful, and to go cowering and cowering through the midst of its privileges.

Look at the emblems which it has employed; and see how painfully they contrast with those that belonged to the world's less favored days. There is a pleasant dissertation of Lessing's, bearing the title, "How the Ancients depicted Death." It shows that their figures, if looking serious and even sorry, are always graceful,

kindly, tranquil, and not without hope. Our eyes really repose upon their beauty. We see a reversed torch or a funeral urn, but they are held in the hands of celestial spirits. There are images of slumber and dreams. Flowers woven into a garland show that they have been cut from the earth to be made memorials for the heart. A winged genius stands in the most composed of attitudes by the side of the dead, and on his wrist a butterfly, the symbol of renewed existence, spreads his fresh enamel to the light. Lessing has selected the motto for his piece, with great felicity, from Statius's description of the Cave of Sleep in the tenth book of the *Thebaid*: — "*nullique ea tristis imago.*"

"Deep, deep within, Death his half-brother lay;
His face was void of terror"; —

a translation, we must add, every way inadequate to the original.

And now what is the kind of symbolizing that Christian fancy, or rather the fancy of the mob of Christians, has substituted for these lovely forms? We are ashamed to think how coarse and revolting it is; startling, as if it would frighten children; and material, as if man was not a soul. A skeleton stands in the place of them; especially if there is a javelin, or a scythe clutched in the bones of the hand. A naked skull answers the purpose, especially if it has a few accompaniments as hideous as itself. This is according to that figure of design, as well as of rhetoric, which puts a part for the whole. We have walked under the covered bridge at Lucerne more literally than with Prince Henry of Hoheneck and his sweet Elsie, and looked up with no feeling but of disgust at the "*Danse Macabre*," the Dance of Death, in colors as bad as the taste that directed it; — that Dance which the genius of Holbein defiled itself with, and which has been piously daubed again and again upon the walls of Christian church-yards. "*Memento mori*," written over or under two bones setly crossed! We share in honest Charles Lamb's resentment at it, and answer back as he does: "I am alive; I walk about; I am worth twenty of thee; know thy betters." We are not thinking now of the deplorable scratches that afflict us upon grave-stones. In Westminster Abbey itself there is an elaborate group of statuary, — "very interesting," say the guide-books, —

where Death is represented as a huge skeleton rushing out of a cavern and brandishing his dart against a Lady Nightingale, whom her husband is vainly attempting to defend. There are many tasteless things in the Abbey still, even since the removal of the wax-work and other trumpery; but we remember nothing there quite so displeasing as these sculptures by Roubillac. In the church of St. Thomas at Strasburg stands the funeral monument of the Maréchal de Saxe, with its many allegorical figures and its full pomp of art, one of the most celebrated in Europe. But beside its other offences against a pure taste, it represents the hero as marching proudly down the steps of his tomb in full regimentals, while a skeleton is holding up the lid of the sarcophagus that is to receive him. The form of France tries to keep him back, and looks extremely discomposed because the thing cannot be done. We are afraid that the Christian representations of mortality have not gained much in courage or cheer since our religion crept out of the Catacombs, to connect itself with tragical histories and a thousand superstitions.

We cannot but believe that this weak dread which has been thus expressed, this faithlessness to the pure Christian idea, has had much to do with our shrinking from old age, which unjustly suffers through such apprehensions. There is nothing peculiar and essential to it that we need to deprecate. It is a part of human condition standing in benevolent order with every other part. If it has trials of its own, it has exemptions and heart's-ease of its own also. Within itself it carries nothing which forbids it from being the best portion of a man's days upon the earth. We have all known venerable persons who have declared that to them it was so. It will depend upon the man, and not upon his years, whether he shall be found at last shaking like a convict, or bearing himself like an obedient child; oppressed with mournful shadows, or still lifting his forehead and eyes to the blessed light; crying out desperately with the defeated Emperor, "Give me back my legions," and with many an abject spirit of repining, "Give me back my youth," or else using the power that is left with fidelity, and the time that is left with manhood, till the hour comes for saying, "Into thy hands, O Lord!"

ART. VI. — FISHER AMES.*

THE publication of the Letters of Fisher Ames, with a reprint of his speeches and writings contained in the volume issued soon after his death, is timely. The volume referred to has long been out of print; and, to say nothing of the historical value of many of the pieces included in it, something was due, we think, to the memory of the author, who ranked high among the patriots, orators, and statesmen under whose guiding hand our Federal Constitution and government took form in the days of Washington. The fame of such a man should be cherished as a legacy to future times. His name can never be blotted from history; oblivion can never creep over it. But his brilliant qualities and eminent worth were becoming, if we mistake not, matter of rather vague and shadowy tradition, with the younger portion of the community especially. We have heard the question asked, Who was Fisher Ames? To those whose memory extends back to the earlier part of the present century, that seems a strange question, and shows the need of this reissue of his works along with the fresh matter contained in the Letters.

The present volumes are edited by Seth Ames, Esq., a son of Fisher Ames, a lawyer by profession, and well qualified by discriminating judgment and taste to execute the task prescribed by filial love and reverence. He has been somewhat sparing of notes and comments, a few only occurring here and there to explain some allusion in the text. His reticence in this respect, some may think, from an over-scrupulous delicacy, carried to an extreme. It is better, however, that the reader should be left to desire more, than be wearied by piles of note, discussion and comments, which too often encumber works of this kind, serving no end but to gratify editorial vanity.

In an exceedingly neat and appropriate Preface the editor gives an account of what he has attempted, and the principle which guided him in his labors. The old

* *Works of FISHER AMES. With a Selection from his Speeches and Correspondence.* Edited by his Son, SETH AMES. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1854. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 406, 452.

collection, of which it is now difficult to procure a copy, was published in 1809. His first thought was to issue a reprint, with the addition, as we are led to infer, of little or no original matter. This project slumbered, and was in "some danger of a general and indefinite postponement," when, having the good fortune to receive a large number of his father's letters to the late Governor Gore, his purpose was revived, and he was led to set about his work in good earnest. Inquiry in the proper quarters brought to light many other letters, which induced him so far to change his plan, as to give a greatly enlarged edition, in two volumes, the first containing the Letters, and the second, with a slight change of arrangement, the Speeches and Essays published in 1809. To the volume of Letters is very properly prefixed the "Notices of the Life and Character of Fisher Ames," by President Kirkland. This is a gem which could not be spared. No other memoir or reminiscences are added.

The following extract will show the views of the editor in his own language : —

"The editor flatters himself that the new volume, containing a collection of his father's letters to his political and personal friends, will be found to be a valuable addition to the original work. It is well known that Fisher Ames was considered by his contemporaries quite as remarkable for his colloquial gifts, as for the eloquence and vigor of his public speeches and written essays. His letters were very numerous, and generally as unpremeditated as his spoken words. They approach, in some degree, to the energy and vivacity of his conversation, and partially supply the want of those personal memorials which have unfortunately perished. He kept no letter-book, and, with only three or four exceptions, no copies of any of his letters, and undoubtedly a large portion of them is irrecoverably lost. None of them appear to have been written with any view to publication, and only two or three seem to have been intended to go beyond the persons to whom they were immediately addressed. Some of them were of an exceedingly delicate and confidential character, and some were accompanied with an injunction that they should be committed to the flames. But the reasons for privacy have long since ceased to exist, and there is nothing in the whole correspondence that will not bear the light of publicity. In some instances names have been suppressed ; and occasionally a paragraph has been omitted, which might give annoyance or uneasiness in some quarters if imparted to the public

at large. In the letters to his brother-in-law, Thomas Dwight of Springfield, there are of course many domestic details, too trivial and minute to be of any public interest, which are for that reason omitted. No letters to his excellent and most intimate friend, George Cabot, are contained in this collection, because none could be found. Whatever written correspondence may have passed between them has disappeared, and is lost. The letters to Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury under Washington and Adams, published in Gibbs's History of the Federal Administrations, are omitted, because Mr. Gibbs's absence from this part of the country has rendered it inconvenient to obtain that gentleman's express consent to their republication here.

"The editor hardly considers it necessary to apologize for not attempting to connect these letters together by a thread of biographical narrative. He was but three years of age at the time of his father's death, and he has absolutely no materials for such a narrative, except such as are furnished by the letters themselves, and the public history of the country. He may be pardoned also for saying that he cannot remember a time when he did not feel entirely satisfied with the beautiful and touching Memoir by the late Dr. Kirkland. The most that he has attempted to do has been so to arrange the letters as to make the writer of them tell his own story, and act as his own biographer. For this reason, a few are included which are important only as furnishing some matter of fact, or going into some detail as to his daily life and occupation, which may not be found in Dr. Kirkland's brief and general sketch." — Vol. I., *Preface*, pp. iv., v.

Fisher Ames was born in the old parish of Dedham, April 9, 1758. His father was Dr. Nathaniel Ames, who came to Dedham from Bridgewater in 1732, and was much employed in the affairs of the town and parish. "He was," says Dr. Kirkland, in his Memoir of the son, "a man of acuteness and wit, of great activity, and of a cheerful and amiable temper. To his skill in his profession he added a knowledge of natural philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics. He died in July, 1764, leaving four sons and a daughter." His almanacs, which he published for a succession of years, were in great repute. He did not escape the reputation of being a "conjurer." He seems to have had a sort of faith in astrology, and talked of "dire wars" and revolutions in connection with certain conjunctions of the planets, especially Saturn and Jupiter.

In the line of Mr. Ames's ancestry President Kirkland places the Rev. William Ames, the celebrated theologian, author of the "*Medulla Theologiæ*." Antiquarian research proves this to be incorrect. The remote ancestor of Fisher Ames, the first who came to this country, was not William Ames, son of the theologian, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1645, and who returned to England, settled in the ministry there in the time of the Commonwealth, was ejected at the Restoration, and died in 1689; but a contemporary of the same name, who was born at Bruton, in Somersetshire, England, October 6, 1605, and who, coming over, settled in Braintree. John Ames, son of this William, born at Braintree, 1647, removed to West Bridgewater, and was grandfather of the Dr. Nathaniel Ames above mentioned, who came to Dedham in 1732.*

On his mother's side Mr. Ames belonged to one of the old Dedham families; among which were numbered the ancestors of the present Chief Justice Shaw, Governor Everett, and the late Presidents Wheelock and Dwight. She was a descendant of Daniel Fisher,—one of the primitive settlers in the place, a man of note in his day, Deputy to the General Court, Speaker of the House, and an Assistant, a patriot,—father of the second Daniel, who, once upon a time, at the head of a country party, led the royal governor, Sir Edmund Andros, pale and trembling, through the streets of Boston, by the collar of his coat. The descendant, Ames's mother, was a woman of great decision and energy, inheriting the high spirit of her ancestors. For many years, in her widowhood, she continued to keep the inn formerly kept by her husband, Dr. Nathaniel Ames, in the central part of the village of Dedham. Fisher was her youngest child, and though in straitened circumstances, his mother resolved to give him the benefit of a literary education. He seems to have passed his boyhood at home, picking up what Latin and Greek he could, from the teachers of the town school when capable of aiding him, and at other times seeking assistance from the Rev. Jason Haven, then minister of the parish. He entered Harvard College a little after

* Printed document on the genealogy of the Ames family, prepared with great care by Ellis Ames, Esq., of Canton, Mass.

he had completed his twelfth year, and passed through unscathed.

“His spotless youth,” says his biographer, “brought blessings to the whole remainder of his life. It gave him the entire use of his faculties, and all the fruit of his literary education. Its effects appeared in that fine edge of moral feeling which he always preserved; in his strict and often austere temperance; in his love of occupation, that made activity delight; in his distaste for public diversions, and his preference of simple pleasures. Beginning well, he advanced with unremitted steps in the race of virtue, and arrived at the end of life with peace and honor.” — Vol. I. p. 7.

Receiving his collegiate degree in 1774, he did not enter immediately on his professional studies. A portion of his time he passed in teaching. He read with avidity whatever books were within his reach, especially works on Greek and Roman antiquities, history, poetry, and the best novels. He made himself familiar with Milton and Shakespeare, “dwelt on their beauties, and fixed passages of peculiar excellence in his memory.” Virgil was his special favorite. This multifarious reading has its disadvantages, but he turned it to good account. It stimulated his imagination, and added to his intellectual affluence; and, constituted as his mind was, it may possibly have furnished the best preparation for his subsequent shining career. “It helped to supply that fund of materials for speaking and writing which he possessed in singular abundance; and hence, partly, he derived his remarkable fertility of allusion, his ability to evolve a train of imagery adapted to every subject of which he treated.”

He read law in the office of William Tudor, Esq., of Boston. He was fellow-student with George Richards Minot, to whom many of his letters were subsequently addressed, and for whom he retained a warm friendship till Mr. Minot's death in 1802. In November, 1781, he was admitted to the bar, and immediately commenced practice in his native town. He soon rose to distinction. The public showed its estimate of his worth by selecting him to fill places which involved no slight responsibility, and which opened a field for the display of judgment and eloquence. He was a member of the Convention for ratifying the Federal Constitution, in 1788, and his speech on Biennial Elections before the Convention at-

tracted much notice. But only an imperfect sketch of it has been preserved. As representative in the State legislature the same year, he took an active part in debate. He distinguished himself particularly by his zeal in the cause of town schools, the character of which he was the means of elevating.

The new Constitution was now going into operation, and Mr. Ames was selected as the first representative to Congress from Suffolk district. He arrived in New York in March, 1789, Congress for some time holding its sessions there. He continued to represent his district during the whole eight years of Washington's administration. At this period his correspondence, from which we shall presently offer our readers a few extracts, commences.

We shall not follow him through the several steps of his Congressional course. We have not space, nor does it suit the character of our journal to enter into any discussion on the political questions and party controversies of the day. Mr. Ames, it is well known, belonged to the old Federal party, the principles and measures of which he defended, in speech and writing, with the whole force of his vigorous intellect, and all the charms of his glowing and varied eloquence.

His great speech was on the appropriation for the British Treaty, delivered April 28, 1796. His health had already begun to decline, and his physician had laid an injunction on him not to speak. He was sinking under weakness, but when the time came, he could not resist the impulse to let his voice be heard on a subject on which he felt so keenly. His speech produced a deep sensation, and as he finished with touching allusion to his feeble hold on life, the opposition, alarmed at the anticipated result, should the vote then be taken, immediately moved an adjournment. At the close of the session which terminated Washington's administration, he declined being a candidate for re-election, and H. G. Otis, Esq., was chosen to succeed him. He now made a resolution to retire from public life, and devote the little remains of his strength to the duties of his profession. We believe that he was afterwards in public employment only one year, when he was member of the Governor's Council.

Having commenced the practice of law, as we said, in

Dedham, in 1781, he had subsequently, in the spring of 1791, in connection with his classmate, Joseph Hall, taken an office in Boston, in State Street, "next door to the custom-house." The next year he was married to Frances, daughter of John Worthington, Esq., of Springfield. The wedded pair took a small house, long since demolished, pleasantly situated, as Mr. Ames says, "on the hill next to Governor Bowdoin's"; a house they could have had at the North End, though "a place for a public man to make influence," being not to be thought of, for a reason, as the editor observes, which would not "occur to the mind in 1854";—it was too "fashionable" and "expensive."

Their housekeeping in Boston, however, was of short duration. Mr. Ames was passionately fond of the country and its occupations, and could not be happy when long away from it. He loved his native village, and in the spring or summer of 1793 he returned to Dedham. There he amuses himself during the recesses of Congress in farming and gardening, builds a house, still standing, and attends to professional duties. In August, 1796, he writes: "The weather is now very hot, and clients are coming in. They and I sweat under the weight (and more with the length) of their tragical stories." He was never fond of the drudgery of his profession. Some years later he writes to his friend Gore, "I hate the application that requires drudgery. Impulses command me; I cannot command them. . . . Absolute poverty exacted of me, four years ago, that I should go to the bar and truck off reputation for cash. I am now, with the aid of Mrs. A.'s portion and my own good management, which is better than you think it, rather better off. My farm will be soon productive; my India adventures turn out well; and though it pleases God to fill my house with children, yet beef and pork abound, and bread and milk and butter. I will not therefore work hard at the bar."

The failure of his health dated as far back as 1795. His letters to his familiar friends from that time forward contain many melancholy notices of his debility, but not one word of selfish repining. In September, 1795, he writes: "I am told my case is nervous, bilious, a disease of the liver, atrophy, etc., as different oracles are consulted. I am forbidden and enjoined to take almost

everything. I prescribe, and take meat, some cider, a trotting horse, keep as warm as I can, abstain from excess of every kind, and I have still faith I may recruit; although more than half of those who complain without being able to tell what ails them, go to their long home." In June, 1797, he thus describes his manner of life: "I rise rather early, put on my Germantown stockings, though it is June, ride a few miles, return very weary, lie down to recruit, take a biscuit and a glass of wine when I can no longer endure the lowness I am subject to, walk a little in the garden, read as much as I can, eat as much as I dare at dinner, ride again towards evening, and at nine o'clock go to roost. This is my life." When he could not ride on horseback, on account of the weather, he sawed wood. Yet he fought on, and his cheerfulness forsook him not. "I am, in health," says he, "a man of straw." Yet all this time he was performing no small amount of intellectual labor, if writing could be called labor, in his case, as it hardly could be, for such was the fulness of his mind and his facility of expression, that composition cost him seemingly no effort.

His zeal for farming, for "cattle and fruit-trees," continues. Nor does he neglect ornamental and shade trees. Many of the beautiful elms which now adorn his native village, in the summer months giving a peculiar charm to the spot, were planted by his hand. Nor does his interest in politics in the least abate. Much the larger portion of his political essays, contained in the second volume of the present publication, was written after his retirement from Congress, and during the period of which we are speaking. The downfall of the Federal cause deeply affected him. He saw, as he thought, the rapid deterioration of our institutions and government. It need not surprise us that habitual ill-health, in one of his peculiar temperament, should have lent a coloring to his thoughts, and rendered him morbidly sensitive on a subject which so deeply interested his feelings. His patriotism took the alarm, and he desponded, where others less wakeful, or less alive to consequences, were inactive, or hoped. Nor does it reflect any dishonor on his memory to admit, that time has proved some of his opinions to have been erroneous, and his fears to have been ex-

aggerated. If his imagination occasionally seduced his judgment, the rectitude of his principles, his sincerity, and unquestioned patriotism, should mitigate our censure.

In 1804 he was chosen President of Harvard College. But the sad state of his health, distaste for the duties of the office, and other reasons, induced him to decline the honor. His wife indulged in a little pleasantry on the occasion, and declared that she would not go to Cambridge, nor "learn Greek"; that if he insisted on going, he should take old Hannah Adams with him to talk learnedly to the University Professors.

Through long years he bore his sufferings with equanimity, and, sustained by a Christian trust and hope, calmly sunk to his rest on the morning of the 4th of July, 1808. The intelligence of his death deeply affected the public mind. His funeral obsequies took place at King's Chapel, in Boston, his friend Mr. Dexter pronouncing the eulogy. It has fallen to the lot of few to die more honored and lamented. His remains were deposited in the old burial-ground in Dedham, where within a few years a simple and chaste monument has been erected to his memory by filial affection. His wife, who possessed a superior and cultivated intellect, and bright conversational powers, and was altogether a lady of great worth, survived him many years, and died August 8, 1837.

We shall attempt no analysis of Mr. Ames's intellectual character, or the peculiar traits of his eloquence.

"As a speaker and as a writer he had the power to enlighten and persuade, to move, to please, to charm, to astonish. He united those decorations that belong to fine talents to that penetration and judgment that designate an acute and solid mind. Many of his opinions have the authority of predictions fulfilled and fulfilling. He had the ability of investigation, and, where it was necessary, did investigate with patient attention, going through a series of observation and deduction, and tracing the links which connect one truth with another. When the result of his researches was exhibited in discourse, the steps of a logical process were in some measure concealed by the coloring of rhetoric. Minute calculations and dry details were employments, however, the least adapted to his peculiar construction of mind. It was easy and delightful for him to illustrate by a picture, but painful and laborious to prove by a diagram. It was the prerogative of his mind to discern by a glance, so rapid as to seem

intuition, those truths which common capacities struggle hard to apprehend; and it was the part of his eloquence to display, expand, and enforce them.

"His imagination was a distinguishing feature of his mind. Prolific, grand, sportive, original, it gave him the command of nature and art, and enabled him to vary the disposition and the dress of his ideas without end. Now it assembled most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful; and now rose in the storm, wielding the elements and flashing with the most awful splendors.

"Very few men have produced more original combinations. He presented resemblances and contrasts which none saw before, but all admitted to be just and striking. In delicate and powerful wit he was preëminent." — Vol. I. pp. 17, 18.

Mr. Ames was distinguished for his social qualities. The ardor of his feelings, his thick-coming thoughts, and easy and graceful play of imagination, gave a charm to his discourse. His mind teemed with ideas and images, and words came unbidden. There is no point of his character on which tradition is more uniform, than in its testimony to the fascination of his sparkling and brilliant conversation.*

* The article on Ames in the "Homes of American Statesmen," prepared by Mr. James B. Thayer, presents some lively and graphic descriptions. We give the following extract on his conversational powers:—

"His friends were frequently invited out to partake of his 'farmer's fare,' and rare occasions those must have been, when such men as Theophilus Parsons, and Pickering, and Gore, and Samuel Dexter, and George Cabot, were met together, with now and then one from a greater distance,—Hamilton, or Gouverneur Morris, or Sedgwick, or Judge Smith; while at the head of the table sat Fisher Ames himself, delighting every one by his humor and his unrivalled powers of conversation. In conversation he surpassed all the men of his time; even Morris, who was celebrated as a talker, used to be struck quite dumb at his side. His quick fancy and exuberant humor, his brilliant power of expression, his acquaintance with literature and affairs, and his genial and sunny disposition, used to show themselves on such occasions to perfection. His conversation, like his letters, was mainly upon political topics, though now and then agriculture, or literature, or the common news of the day was introduced. When dining with some Southern gentlemen in Boston, General Pinckney among the number, after an animated conversation at the table, just as Ames was leaving the room, somebody asked him a question. Ames walked on until he reached the door, when, turning round and resting his elbow on the sideboard, he replied in a strain of such eloquence and beauty that the company confessed that they had no idea of his powers before. Judge Smith, his room-mate in Philadelphia, stated, that, when he was so sick as to be confined to his bed, he would sometimes get up and converse with friends who came to see him, by the hour, and then go back to his bed completely exhausted. His friends in Boston used to seize upon him when he drove into town, and 'tire him down,' as he expressed it, so that when he got back to Dedham he wanted to roll like a tired horse." — pp. 292, 293.

Of his religion we have nothing to add, and nothing need be added, to the clear statements of President Kirkland, and much as we have quoted from the Memoir, the readers of the Examiner, we are confident, will require of us no apology for the length of the following extract.

“The objects of religion presented themselves with a strong interest to his mind. The relation of the world to its Author, and of this life to a retributory scene in another, could not be contemplated by him without the greatest solemnity. The religious sense was, in his view, essential in the constitution of man. He placed a full reliance on the divine origin of Christianity. If there ever was a time in his life when the light of revelation shone dimly upon his understanding, he did not rashly close his mind against clearer vision, for he was more fearful of mistakes to the disadvantage of a system, which he saw to be excellent and benign, than of prepossessions in its favor. He felt it his duty and interest to inquire, and discovered, on the side of faith, a fulness of evidence little short of demonstration. At about thirty-five, he made a public profession of his belief in the Christian religion, and was a regular attendant on its services. In regard to articles of belief, his conviction was confined to those leading principles, about which Christians have little diversity of opinion. Subtle questions of theology, from various causes often agitated, but never determined, he neither pretended nor desired to investigate, satisfied that they related to points uncertain or unimportant. He loved to view religion on the practical side, as designed to operate by a few simple and grand truths on the affections, actions, and habits of men. He cherished the sentiment and experience of religion, careful to ascertain the genuineness and value of impressions and feelings by their moral tendency. He insisted much on the distinction between the real and lively, but gentle and unaffected emotions of a pious mind, naturally passing into the life, and that ‘morbid fanaticism,’ which consists in inexplicable sensations, internal acts, and artificial raptures, that have no good aspect upon religious obedience. In estimating a sect, he regarded more its temper than its tenets; he treated the conscientious opinions and phraseology of others on sacred subjects with tenderness, and approached all questions concerning divine revelation with modesty and awe. His prudence and moderation in these particulars may, possibly, have been misconstrued into an assent to propositions, which he meant merely not to deny, or an adoption of opinions or language, which he chose merely not to condemn. He, of all men, was the last to countenance exclusive claims to purity of faith, founded on a zeal for peculiar dogmas, which multitudes of good men, approved

friends of truth, utterly reject. He was no enemy to improvement, to fair inquiry, and Christian freedom ; but innovations in the modes of worship and instruction, without palpable necessity or advantage, he discouraged, as tending to break the salutary associations of the pious mind. His conversation and behavior evinced the sincerity of his religious impressions. No levity upon these subjects ever escaped his lips ; but his manner of recurring to them in conversation indicated reverence and feeling. The sublime, the affecting character of Christ, he never mentioned without emotion." — Vol. I. pp. 24–26.

The Letters are miscellaneous in their character, containing, besides a sort of running commentary on politics and allusions to public men, pleasing notices of the author's every-day life, tastes, and habits. They are all of them strictly off-hand productions, — effusions of the moment ; yet, however common or even homely the topic, there is in them a playfulness of fancy and warm coloring of the affections, which will induce the reader who has once dipped into the volume to wish to take it up again. A few extracts, selected chiefly for the interest of the subject, must close our article. In a confidential letter to Mr. Minot, dated Sunday, May 3, 1789, soon after his arrival in New York, and three days after the inauguration of the first President, Mr. Ames thus speaks of his appearance : —

" I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you, that, after making all deductions for the delusions of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspire to keep up the awe which I brought with me. He addressed the two Houses in the Senate-chamber ; it was a very touching scene, and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect grave, almost to sadness ; his modesty, actually shaking ; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention ; added to the series of objects presented to the mind, and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. I, Pilgarlic, sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which virtue was personified, and addressing those whom she would make her votaries. Her power over the heart was never greater, and the illustration of her doctrine by her own example was never more perfect." — Vol. I. p. 34.

His first impressions of Madison are thus given in the same letter:—

“I made two speeches, the latter in reply to Madison, who is a man of sense, reading, address, and integrity, as 't is allowed. Very much Frenchified in his politics. He speaks low, his person is little and ordinary. He speaks decently, as to manner, and no more. His language is very pure, perspicuous, and to the point. Pardon me, if I add, that I think him a little too much of a book politician, and too timid in his politics, for prudence and caution are opposites of timidity. He is not a little of a Virginian, and thinks that State the land of promise, but is afraid of their State politics, and of his popularity there, more than I think he should be. — Vol. I. pp. 35, 36.

Once more, in a letter dated May 29, 1789:—

“Upon the whole, he [Madison] is a useful, respectable, worthy man, in a degree so eminent, that his character will not sink. He will continue to be a very influential man in our country. Let me add, without meaning to detract, that he is too much attached to his theories, for a politician. He is well versed in public life, was bred to it, and has no other profession. Yet, may I say it, it is rather a science, than a business, with him. He adopts his maxims as he finds them in books, and with too little regard to the actual state of things. One of his first speeches in regard to protecting commerce, was taken out of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. The principles of the book are excellent, but the application of them to America requires caution. I am satisfied, and could state some reasons to evince, that commerce and manufactures merit legislative interference in this country, much more than would be proper in England.” — Vol. I. p. 49.

In regard to the value of the Union Mr. Ames expresses himself in strong language. “I am displeased,” says he, “to hear people speak of a State out of the Union. I wish it was a part of the catechism to teach youth that it cannot be. An Englishman thinks he can beat two Frenchmen. I wish to have every American think the Union so indissoluble and integral, that the corn would not grow, nor the pot boil, if it should be broken.”

We can afford but one more extract. It is from a letter to Christopher Gore, then in England, but proposing soon to return. Mr. Gore had asked his advice about resuming the practice of law. The letter contains, along with other matter, notices of some of the eminent law-

yers of the day, and Mr. Ames's opinion of the principles of the profession, and the requisites to success in it. We give only a part of it: —

“Great law knowledge is sure to gain business and emolument. The splendid eloquence that displays its treasures may hasten the popular judgment to decide that a man possesses them, but ultimately the learning of the lawyer decides the measure of his fame. Now, I pronounce that you are well fitted by nature and study, as well as practice, for such eminence, and by a practice that evinces your extensive learning and sound judgment as a lawyer, I cannot conceive that you will submit to an unfavorable test of character, or that you will be degraded from the place your friends wish to see you take.

“I will therefore assume it as a point proved, that by practice in great causes, and where law learning will be chiefly sought for, you will not impair the dignity of your standing by resorting to the bar. But you will reply, that by returning to open shop you cannot choose your customers, nor refuse to sell ordinary wares; — to harangue a jury about the flogging given to a sailor, or to mingle in the snipsnap war about admitting a witness or a deposition, will often vex and humble the liberal mind; — business of small value will not lie in your way. I reply, your share will be made up by insurance cases, and questions which our bankrupt law is sowing for the harvest of 1804. I observe that the little contests and litigations are engrossed by the junior class of the profession, and by those who never advance beyond mediocrity. This is, I think, a different position of things from what existed in 1786. You will not calculate on the small fees, nor the vexatious litigation which concern sixpenny interests and sixpenny passions. Mr. Parsons practises on this large scale that I recommend; and I will add, fees are infinitely better than they were in 1786.

“Who are the rivals for this business with whom you must divide the booty? Parsons stands first, but he is growing older, less industrious, and wealth, or the hypo, may stop his practice. Otis is eager in the chase of fame and wealth, and, with a great deal of eloquence, is really a good lawyer, and improving. He however sighs for political office, — he knows not what; and he will file off the moment an opportunity offers.

“Dexter is very able, and will be an Ajax at the bar as long as he stays. You know, however, that his aversion to reading and to practice are avowed, and I believe sincere. His head aches on reading a few hours, and if he did not love money very well, he would not pursue the law. Sullivan, who seems immortal, is admonished of his decay by a fit every three months, and will not be in your way.

1799 Mr. Ames speaks, with no equivocal allusion, of "Judge *Ursa Major* R. T. Paine," to which the editor appends the following note: — "Judge Paine was somewhat deaf, and not at all distinguished for suavity of manners. After an uncomfortable scene in his court, Mr. Ames said, that no man could get on there, unless he came with a club in one hand and a speaking-trumpet in the other."

There is a great deal for politicians to glean from these volumes, and much we would extract, did our limits permit. We conclude with expressing our gratitude to the editor for rescuing from dust and oblivion the Letters of one so "distinguished among the eminent men of our country." We think that he has done well, too, to reprint the Speeches and Essays. We have now the works of Fisher Ames in a form approaching to completeness. Some further gleanings may hereafter be made from his papers, but none probably that will add essentially to the lustre of his name, or throw further important light on the history of parties.

We must add one word of thanks to the publishers for the very creditable style in which the work is executed. The appearance of the volumes is pleasing to the eye; the type and paper are well chosen; and we congratulate the public on possessing the works of one of so elevated a genius and so pure a fame, in a form which must satisfy the most fastidious taste.

A. L.

ART. VII. — THE SCIENTIFIC CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"THE Bible is the religion of Protestants." If this famous saying means anything, it means that the Bible contains all saving and essential truth, which every person, learned or simple, may, by honestly using the proper methods, understand. Now unless we suppose, as no good Protestant does or will, that several differing forms of religious faith are to be found in the Bible, how comes it that all the eager study expended upon this

little book has produced no more uniformity of result? We should think that by this time Protestant scholars might have discovered some harmonious sense in Scripture, might have come to a substantial agreement upon the essential points of Christian belief therein contained, or might at least be approximating thereto. Is this the case? So decidedly is it not the case, that all the broad original diversities remain unreconciled yet, and about many an old proof-text, that ought to have been long ago carried from the field, the contest rages hotly as ever. We are as far from any scientific conclusions as we have been, yet still we go on repeating that the Bible is the religion of Protestants, that it contains but one consistent form of doctrine, and this so plain as to be cognizable by all. Why then is it not discovered? Why, after so many centuries of investigation, — perfectly conscientious, if we may credit each party speaking for itself, — must we be still gazing with amazement at the spectacle of conflicting scholars and divines, appealing with equal confidence to the same book in defence of opinions radically dissimilar? Andover and Cambridge annually send forth their classes of young men with two distinct Gospels, both claiming to be the Gospel of Christ, revealed in Scripture. These young men preach essentially opposite and contradictory views of the Divine Being and Providence, — of human nature in its origin, constitution, and destiny, — of the character and offices of Christ, — of man's mortal and immortal existence in all its relations, — and each party maintains that his doctrine is taught in the letter of the Word. There must be some mistake here. Scholars cannot be so ingenuous as they think they are. If the matters in dispute were great and fundamental questions of criticism, which had been broached of late years, and were thus comparatively new, our surprise would be less. But men are debating to-day the purport of books, and the import of texts, which have exercised learning and ingenuity ever since exegesis came into being, and which are settled so far as such things can be. Passages that offer the least possible difficulty are taken in two different senses by men of equal learning. Words even, whose meaning is plain enough to an intelligent mind, are not yet removed from controversy. We are still breaking forth upon the exclamation of Thomas. The case of the demoniacs is not decided.

What does all this mean? Is not the critical apparatus large enough? Are there not grammars and dictionaries in abundance, books of antiquities, books of philology, thesauri, commentaries, treatises on hermeneutics, and all sorts of learned helps? Undoubtedly; there is no lack of erudition: and of late years it has been put within the reach of all scholars, so freely, that the plea of ignorance cannot be admitted any longer. What then? Are scholars and divines guilty of neglecting or of misusing these materials? Yes, of both. We boldly say, that the difficulty consists, not in any want of ability to understand the Bible, but in a want of will to understand it, or, to speak more exactly still, in a want of power to apprehend what an understanding of it means. The explanation of the riddle lies in a single word. There is no scientific method of interpretation, and, without a scientific method, we can expect no scientific results. It was simply the introduction of a method which gave such a fresh and even impulse to the study of nature. Previous to Bacon, the philosophers had searched the material world for facts that supported their theories. They investigated nature with a foregone conclusion. They started with some antecedent notion respecting the laws and phenomena of the earth, some hypothesis of fire, water, or air,—some metaphysical idea of creation, production, life, and the relations of life,—some *a priori* conception respecting mind and matter, axioms of philosophy brought from the schools, astrological and alchemistic dreams, chemical theories, mystical fancies about number, signs, forms, the eternal significance of three and seven, the occult power of the curve and the triangle. With an abundance, in short, of fictions, physical and metaphysical, which they were anxious to find correspondence with in the outward world, which furnished the clew to all their investigations, and which it was the aim of their researches into celestial and terrestrial phenomena to confirm. From these whimsical hypotheses that never brought men an inch nearer to the truth, Bacon called men back to the careful, severe scrutiny of actual facts about them, bidding them postpone all conclusions upon the forces and objects of nature, until they knew what those objects and forces were. It needs an unprejudiced mind to study usefully the appearances in

the visible world. Observation must precede theory : otherwise many facts will be overlooked altogether, and of those which are recognized most will be misconstrued.

The same work which Bacon executed in the service of natural, is yet to be done in the service of mental and moral philosophy. It is yet to be done in the narrow domain of Biblical criticism. Until we apply the inductive method to the Bible, the oracles will never cease to rave, and the interpreters will be as those who "speak with tongues" and are the authors of confusion. We go to the written word with prejudiced minds, each student putting his own thought into the book, and then wondering that his neighbor can read without discovering what is so obvious to himself ; — each inquirer straining the record to his own theory, and then casting reproach on his fellow for doing the same thing. We have a theory of the Bible which renders all candid examination of its contents impossible, and we have a theory of belief which distorts the vision and trammels the movement of the understanding ; so that we cannot find the truths contained in the Scriptures if we would, and we will not find them if we could. Every sect, by discovering in the literal Scripture what it wishes to discover, or thinks it ought to discover, produces its own expurgated Bible ; and, in order to secure itself more completely against conviction and self-reproach, raises delusion to a science, invents optical instruments to suit its diseased vision, or, to speak with more plainness, deliberately justifies its perverse dishonesty by producing its own critics and commentators. Philology is prejudiced ; history is bribed ; archæology is committed ; dictionaries are denominational ; our very grammars are unveracious. We never consult a lexicon without making allowance for its author's creed. We never open a translation without asking the theological sentiments of the man that made it. Even the concordance hardly conceals the prepossessions of its compiler. It would be impossible to enumerate all the signs which betray the radically unscientific character of the popular method of dealing with the Bible. But we can exhibit the method itself in its principle and in a few of its results ; we can lay down some of the conditions which are necessary to the scien-

tific interpretation of the New Testament. This it is the purpose of the present article to do.

To begin at the beginning. No proposition can be simpler than this; — that, in order to be rightly understood, and fairly explained, the Bible must be taken up like any other book, and read with an unbiased mind. This is an axiom in criticism; a fundamental rule, whose faithful observance would, beyond question, bring all honest inquirers ultimately into accord. But plain as this principle is, openly as it is professed by all scholars, without distinction of sect, the truth of history compels us to say that it never has been observed; that at this hour it is obeyed by a very small minority, and that fidelity to it brings men into disrepute. The rule is not even comprehended yet. Nay, it is expressly repudiated. The very persons who most impetuously affirm it, submit it, unawares perhaps, to limitations that render its action powerless; or accept as equally true other principles that are wholly inconsistent with it. This is too large a subject to be treated much in detail, which, however, is not necessary. One or two broad considerations will make the whole matter clear.

The Church of Rome bases its faith upon tradition, not upon Scripture. It claims to have received the mind of Christ and the Apostles through their unwritten words, mysteriously preserved, imparted, and interpreted by the Spirit, which perpetually enlightens the consciousness of the chosen community, not only saving it from error, but leading it into all truth. The inspired Church, therefore, is the judge in all matters of doctrine. This being the case, the Scriptures necessarily occupy a subordinate or secondary place; and we might suppose it possible for a Roman Catholic critic to deal with them honestly and freely. His faith being secured elsewhere, there would appear to be nothing which could warp his mind, or tempt him from the way of truth. Richard Simon, a Catholic, sometimes called the father of Biblical criticism, in his "*Histoire Critique de l'Ancienne Testament*," a noble work, writes thus: —

"The Catholics, who are convinced that their religion depends not alone on the text of Scripture, but full as much on the tradition of the Church, are not confounded when they see that the

enmity of time and the carelessness of transcribers have occasioned in the sacred writings the same corruptions that disfigure the profane. None but prejudiced or unwise Protestants are disturbed by this."

And in the Preface to his critical history of the New Testament text, he says, in a similar strain:—

"In the present book I propose to follow the simple truth, and bind myself to the judgment of no man. A true Christian and believer in the Catholic Church must not accept as his guide Augustine, or Jerome, or any other church father, for his faith is founded upon the teaching of Christ contained in the writings of the Apostles, and upon the unbroken tradition of the Catholic Church. Would to God that modern theologians were of the same mind! For then we should hear nothing of these useless controversies which introduce disorder into the state and into religion."

In another passage of the same work, Simon, provoked with the Protestant doctrine of the Scriptures, affirms that the Bible by itself was to him good for nothing; that the Christian religion would have sustained itself by tradition alone, without any Bible. And the declaration from him sounds reasonable enough. A Catholic scholar ought to be free to apply a scientific criticism to the writings of Scripture.

Nevertheless, he is not free: and here is the reason why he is not. The Catholic Church holds to the full inspiration of the Scriptures. They are not the sole or the chief fountain of faith, but they are one fountain of it. They do not contain all truth, but they contain nothing but the truth. They are nothing without tradition, but viewed by the light of tradition they are full of wisdom. The Bible is inspired, and, being inspired, cannot of course be understood by mere human reason. The Spirit which dictated must also explain it; and that Spirit still lives and communicates with men, in the living tradition which contains the arcana of faith. The Biblical student, therefore, must examine the Scriptures by the light of the Church doctrine. He may study them as much as he pleases, but he is forbidden to find anything in them inconsistent with the Catholic belief. He may defend, explain, illustrate, but he may not doubt on any point deemed essential. From this, however, it must not be

inferred that the Church descends to any detail of criticism, offering interpretations of the text, or settling disputed points of history, philosophy, and evidence. All such external questions are freely conceded to the critics. The expositor may have to himself the whole domain of hermeneutics, archæology, and philology; to him belong questions concerning the authorship of doubtful books, the order of their production, the motives that prompted the author to write them, their bearings one upon another, and the arguments and illustrations they contain; in short, he may study the Bible freely, so long as he discovers naught therein that conflicts with the moral and spiritual doctrines entertained by the Church. These doctrines and principles come by inspiration, independently of Scripture, and are infallibly true. To find anything that contradicts them, is to say either that the Bible is not inspired, or that the Church is in error, the first of which would be heresy, the second, infidelity. "Accordingly," says Moehler, "the scholar has the conviction, that the Scripture, for example, doth not teach that Christ is a mere man; nay, he is certain that it represents him also as a God. Inasmuch as he professes this belief, he is not free to profess the contrary; for he would contradict himself. To this restriction, which every one most probably will consider rational, the Catholic Church subjects her members, and consequently also the learned exegetists of Scripture." Now we submit that such liberty as this is no liberty at all. It is not liberty to determine what the Bible teaches; it is not liberty to determine what the canon of the Bible is. It is not liberty to subject the Bible, like any other book, to the laws of reason. The scholar may defend, explain, illustrate, and amplify; he may exercise his critical skill upon matters indifferent; but he must, on all doctrinal points, on all moral principles, defer to another interpreter, however much against his learning and understanding. Richard Simon himself, bold as he was, and suspected as he was too, bowed like others to the traditions of the Church. Upon this he rests the authenticity of the Greek version of Matthew. He does not venture to depart from it by questioning the genuineness of the Epistle to the Hebrews, or of the last twelve verses of Mark, which even Jerome looked at with suspicion. Simon did not touch the substance of the

New Testament at all. His attention was not called to the character of the Gospels, their connection with one another, their internal structure and purpose : he exhibited no subtlety in analyzing the Epistles, nor the least discernment of the many shades of doctrine they contain. That would be trenching on dangerous ground. Radical as he seemed, and to some appears even now, his criticism was thoroughly conservative, as it must have been so long as he remained a Catholic. For the Catholic scholar must never decide against tradition. If he does, he exalts his reason above the inspired Church, and drifts far away from saving truth.

The Catholic scholar best known among us is perhaps Hug. His Introduction to the New Testament was published in 1808, and has been several times translated from the German into English. But Hug is in every respect a good Catholic. In spirit his book is conservative and apologetical to the last degree. His freedom is only in his manner; his bravery is confined to his style. And while he makes a show of handling the subject with great daring, his confidence is evidently the result, not of his rational conviction, but of his implicit faith in the Church.

If the Roman Catholic scholar cannot follow a scientific method in the interpretation of the New Testament, as little, or even less, we may say, can the Protestant. For the Protestants brought forward more prominently the inspiration of the Scriptures. Repudiating the Catholic traditions entirely, as an illusion or a pretence, yet recognizing the necessity of having an infallible rule of faith and a divine receptacle of truth, they laid the more stress upon the Bible, and endeavored to give to it the authority at once of Scripture and tradition. It was the literal word of God to them; the only source of truth; its inspiration was plenary, embracing, not spiritual doctrines and moral principles alone, but the very letter, the written text, from Genesis to Revelation. This position the Protestants felt compelled to assume. Believing that God had expressly revealed a saving doctrine, they must acknowledge a standard of doctrine supreme over human reason. Since this standard was not the Church, it could be no other than the Bible. And if it was the Bible, then the Bible must be supposed infallible, the absolute state-

ment of God's absolute thought, the perfect articulation of the perfect reason. This inspiration must be plenary, covering completely the ground of Scripture; otherwise space is left for the caprice of the understanding, the reason may occasionally stand erect and look down upon the Word, and judge a little of its inspiration for itself, and then the spell of infallibility is broken for ever. The dogma of inspiration, without any abatement or concession whatever, is the corner-stone of the prevailing Protestant theology. It is partially accepted even by the Unitarians. But how is it possible that a liberal study of the Bible can exist under this dogma? It is inconsistent with the very idea of scientific method. The interpretation it demands is positively and perversely unscientific. A moment's consideration will make this plain. Inasmuch as the Spirit of God cannot be otherwise than consistent with itself, the Word of God must be free from contradictions. The Bible is the articulate Word of God; it can, therefore, contain but one continuous line of history, one homogeneous form of doctrine. It must be of a single piece throughout. There must be a correspondence between all its parts. Gospel and epistle, chronicle and psalm, history and prophecy, allegory and fact, poem and philosophy, vision and dogma, commandment and beatitude, law of blood and promise of mercy, must all bear one burden, and answer to each other like the several tones of the same voice. Jesus must teach among the apostles, and Paul must dogmatize among the evangelists. The frenzied prophet, battling with the moral evils of his time, must be supposed to look forward with prescient gaze into the historical events of an unknown future; the sweet psalmist, in his exalted season of prayer, in the depth of his complaint or the passionate grief of his self-reproach, must be made to speak the language of evangelical theology, and enunciate the dogmas of metaphysics. It is an imperative duty to reconcile one thing with another. To doubt is infidelity. To fancy ever so slight a discrepancy is unbelieving. Of course this inspired uniformity can be brought about only by violations of truth, and sins against knowledge that are almost monstrous. Under this dogma of plenary inspiration, the student of the Bible is compelled to show his ingenuity in wresting its words, his skill in dis-

guising its imperfections, and his audacity in apologizing for its errors. It becomes his critical duty to misinterpret texts, to keep awkward facts from view, to trifle with history, to excel in false constructions, to sublimate revolting chronicle and passionate love-song into mysterious doctrines, to pervert evidence, to refine away the significance of intractable phrases, or to supply meaning where it is needed, and to cover up mistakes and misdemeanors and immoralities with a sophistical casuistry that is able to make the worse appear the better reason. We are only confounded by the effrontery that pretends to investigate books whose inspiration is taken for granted. To investigate in such a case is merely to corroborate and indorse, and work out a foregone conclusion. You must see no difference, for that would be making God inconsistent with himself; you must find no discrepancies, for that would be making God contradict himself; you must discover no diversity of doctrine, ever so trifling, for then you break the unity of the Spirit; you must detect no error in fact, for that would cast an imputation on the Divine Omniscience; you are forbidden to come across any flaw in moral principle, for in so doing you arrogantly set up your conscience against the perfect rectitude of the Most High. To offend against veracity in defence of Scripture argues nothing but a suitable humility of mind. If in obedience to veracity you detect an imperfection in Scripture, your very truth is an impudent falsehood.

Such are the inevitable consequences of the dogma of plenary inspiration. An inspired book cannot be criticized. However free it be offered to the public eye, it is veiled from the public gaze. It passes among the multitude like an Oriental prince among his subjects, moving with condescending pomp through the streets, but too holy to be intruded upon with unsanctified looks. The book is surrounded by a guard of mystery which forbids inspection. But this is not the only reason why much Protestant criticism must needs be unfair, and its method unscientific. To impose fatal conditions upon the Bible is bad enough; but to impose equally fatal conditions upon the mind is hopelessly bad. Yet this is what the Protestant does; and it is precisely like telling a man that the outward creation he looks on is not at all what he

takes it to be, and that in order to see it better he must injure his eyes.

An inspired book must have an inspired expositor; otherwise how shall its inspired meaning be discovered? To say that the Scripture contains one infallible sense, and then in the same breath to affirm that every man is to interpret the Scripture for himself, is weak and illogical to the last degree. How can the vulgar understanding apprehend as infallible this inspired word, or be sure that its pearl of truth has been found? The Roman Catholic is right here, granting the doctrine of Inspiration. He says, the Church is the interpreter of Scripture, and the sole interpreter to unillumined men. And what says the Protestant? When he rejects Church and Tradition, does he put nothing in its place? While he professes to pluck the Bible from the clutches of a priesthood, and to submit it without note or comment to the judgment of the human mind, does he really do this? By no means. He never has done it; he cannot do it. He is not willing that each man should interpret the Scripture for himself. He must interpret it in a special way, or bear the reproach of infidelity. The Protestant substitutes the inspired Creed in the place of the inspired Church, and demands that all who search the Scriptures shall search by the aid of an infallible dogma. It is true that the Protestant in theory transfers the gift of unerring interpretation from the Church to the individual soul, and, as he distributes his infallible book among fallible men, justifies the strange proceeding by the assurance that all who seek humbly, honestly, and prayerfully will be guided by the Holy Spirit into all truth; but at the same time it is privately given out, that the Holy Spirit conducts only to certain conclusions; and if the inquirer misses these, he must regard himself, however learned and candid, as unillumined from above, and must renew the search with fresh zeal for the "truth" and with reiterated prayers for wisdom.

The Protestant, we said, looks upon his Creed as inspired. Certainly he does; for he holds that belief therein is essential to salvation; and this is all that the Roman Catholic says of his Church. He is bound to maintain, therefore, that the Bible contains nothing inconsistent with his system of dogmatics. That is the

unerring expositor of the Holy Word. What the method and process of interpretation are likely to be under circumstances like these, a simple man can be at no loss to surmise. The Protestant goes to the Bible with a foregone conclusion. He knows what he wants to find, what, under penalties, he must find there, and of course he finds that, nothing else. Standing forward in defence of free investigation, and carefully collecting about him his commentaries and scientific apparatus of one kind and another, he secretly decides that no investigation is free that proceeds from a carnal love of knowledge and is directed by unevangelical doubts, — and that critical and learned helps are no helps at all, but only hindrances, if they do not aid in extracting from the Scriptures the orthodox Confession of Faith.

Astonishing is the facility with which the regenerate critic, under the guidance of the Calvinistic "Spirit," detects the saving articles in every portion of the Scriptures. Even in the allegorical garden of Eden, Jehovah foreshadows the coming fact of redemption in the bruising of the serpent's head by the woman. Job, all question of his own corporeal existence among men being set aside, in the passage, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," evidently predicts the coming of the Messiah, and is inspired to announce the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Is it not manifest that Isaiah is defining the nature of Christ when he says, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Universal Father, Prince of Peace?" The eye anointed by grace is able to read a plain confession of total depravity in the Psalmist's words of agonizing shame. The ancient Passover is heavy with sacrificial meaning; the mystery of the Cross underlies the sin-offering; unaccountable Melchizedek becomes significant in view of Christ; the awful doctrine of Atonement is not indistinctly taught in the sad language of prophetic complaint, "He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities." Paul makes unexpected revelations of "hidden wisdom," declaring the godhead of Christ in Philipians ii. 6, where a simple mind would suppose him to be asserting precisely the reverse, and suggesting the same doctrine in Romans ix. 5, under the pious guise of a doxology. Great is the power of inspired exegesis! The orthodox critic possess-

es private sources of information in regard to manuscripts which authorize him to read, in 1 Timothy iii. 16, "God was manifest in the flesh"; in Acts xx. 28, "The church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood"; and with unwavering faith to insist upon the genuineness of the words in 1 John v. 7. We were not astonished the other day, in reading a thin anonymous volume upon the "Law of Tri-Personality," to come upon a page wherein the author, under the miraculous leading of the infallible creed, and in the true spirit of orthodox criticism, claims this latter text as genuine, on the ground that he has *demonstrated* it upon the principles of theological reasoning.

That no carnal understanding with abundance of profane learning is able to make such wonderful discoveries in the Bible, only proves how needful is the spirit of orthodox illumination, which is independent of grammars and dictionaries, and knows, by having the private ear of God, what the esoteric meaning of a text is, and what it ought to say. We venture to affirm, that, to any clear and fair mind, the Protestant method of interpretation would seem dishonest throughout, treacherous in principle, and shameless in operation, having no justification in reason or in lore, in logic, language, or exposition, — false even when it happens to be true. But alas poor human nature! How easily are we deceived! This perverse unverity, we must be assured, is but the sanctified submission of weak, mortal reason and conscience to the wisdom that cometh from above! This obstinate disregard of the results of study is not the fruit of sectarianism and bigotry, but the inevitable product of that meek spirit which is ever willing to say, "Let God be true, and every man a liar!"

The *evangelical* Protestant is compelled to recognize everywhere in Scripture the presence of his creed. He must believe that passages like Matt. viii. 2, John v. 23, Phil. ii. 10, and Hebrews i. 6, teach that Christ is an object of divine worship. It is natural enough that he should explain John x. 30 and xiv. 9, 10, as teaching an identity in nature of Christ and God. He cannot but see the Five Points pricking out from psalm and chronicle, from poem and prophecy. And if he does not find them there already, he considerably puts them in.

Moreover, this same evangelical Protestant must needs discover in the Bible nothing at all inconsistent with his creed. His power of extracting sense from the Scripture is as great as his power of inserting it. Orthodoxy, which allows him to retain a convenient error, forbids his recognizing an awkward truth. He has his own way of disposing of passages which clearly set forth the unity of God, the humanity of Christ, and the moral capacity and ability of man. He contrives to escape the force of the parable of the prodigal son. He never quotes the declarations of Jesus respecting natural goodness and piety. He is careful not to search behind the letter of St. Paul. Who blames him for modestly declining to make the Spirit contradict itself? He is certain that the Bible can contain nothing inconsistent with the inspired dogmatics. And if impertinent Unitarian unbelievers bring forward passages that seem to contradict them, he must either explain them away or leave them alone. This point might be illustrated at very great length; but enough has been said to make it evident that nothing like a scientific method of interpretation is possible under the dogma of plenary inspiration, and the assumption of a creed.

The Unitarians entered a partial and feeble protest against both these positions. They denied the plenary inspiration of the Bible, the inspiration of the letter, but allowed its general inspiration, the inspiration of the thought. They rejected the doctrines of the *evangelical* creeds, but still maintained the necessity of having *some* creed. The Unitarians, consequently, — let us candidly confess the fact, — have never been free to adopt an independent, scientific interpretation of the Bible. They have not ventured to take it up like any other book; nor have they ventured to read it with wholly unbiased minds. They assumed that the New Testament, at least, taught but one substantial doctrine, and that Unitarianism; and, in their anxiety to make this appear, were guilty of sins against the truth of Scripture almost as flagrant as those their adversaries committed. Nothing could be more barren than the exegesis of some of the early Unitarian expositors in England, Dr. Samuel Clarke, for instance, and Newcome, Cappe, Priestley, Belsham, and the learned Gilbert Wakefield, men whom the Spirit of Truth, which was "Antitrinitarianism," led into

very devious ways. One rather doubts the calmness of the inquiry which from Matt. xxviii. 18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," gets only the declaration, "All authority is given me over Jews and Gentiles." Who would suppose that in these words of Dr. Lindsey, "Though Christ was so lately manifested, yet, in the destination and purpose of Almighty God, he was prior to all other powers and dignities," he was reading an interpretation of Col. i. 17, "And he is before all things, and by him do all things consist"? The editors of the "Improved Version" certainly escaped the doctrine of the Trinitarians, but they did not much elucidate the doctrine of the Evangelist, when; as an exposition of John i. 3, 10, they gave us the following: "All things in the Christian dispensation were done by Christ; i. e. by his authority and according to his direction; and in the ministry committed to his Apostles, nothing has been done without his warrant." What light is thrown upon Col. i. 16 by the suggestion, that "heaven and earth" means "Jews and Gentiles"; that the "things created, visible and invisible," may refer to the new "moral world" revealed by Christ; or that the "thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers" denote the highest offices and dignities in the Christian Church? Are we guided at all into the mind of the author of Hebrews by the hint that the "worlds" which were "made through Christ" are only the "different states of things which, in successive periods, would result from Christianity"? Into what platitudes do we convert such passages as Hebrews i. 3, "Who, being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power," by saying that the words are "applicable to the miracles of Christ, in which, by his word, he controlled diseases, stilled the storm, and raised the dead"! Here is a choice bit of interpretation by Belsham: the text is Eph. i. 22, 23, "the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all." "Christ, i. e. a resemblance to Christ, *is all*, i. e. is the only thing attended to; *in all*, i. e. in all believers, of whatsoever rank, profession, or country." Another: the text is Col. ii. 9, "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, bodily," the accepted explanation of which is as follows: "In him was revealed the whole

perfect dispensation of religious truth. To Christ therefore as their sole Master and Teacher his followers were to look." The Trinitarian exposition of the proem to the fourth Gospel is a complete and clumsy failure, but it does not err so widely as do some Unitarian expositions of the same passage. The boldness of Simpson's paraphrase is absolutely astounding. We quote a portion of it:—

"From the commencement of his public life Jesus was a preacher of righteousness, and a publisher of glad tidings. To him the Most High imparted extraordinary wisdom and power, and the privilege of speaking and acting in his name. As it was on account of similar divine communications that the Supreme Being himself called Moses a god; that Jewish writers called those men gods, to whom the word of God came; in the same sense Jesus was a god. All that regeneration of mankind which the Gospel produced was effected by his instrumentality; and without this, not any reformation was accomplished by it. He was publicly conversant with men; many were reformed by him; and he imparted the best means of renovating the human race; yet mankind in general did not believe in him. This teacher was a human being," etc.

The writer of the foregoing extraordinary free translation divides it into verses corresponding with those in the original. We omit these figures in copying, as they do not materially aid the reader in following the Evangelist. On perusing this exposition for the first time, we could scarcely escape the impression that the author of it was caricaturing the criticism of his brethren. But Dr. Lant Carpenter gives a paraphrase almost word for word like the above. Abauzit adopts the same substantial thought, only understanding by "the Word" the divine reason and wisdom, which was of course with God from all eternity. Most interpreters follow Abauzit. Professor Norton alone, we believe, propounds the view that the Apostle is refuting or repelling a Gnostic heresy.

These are fair specimens of some accepted Unitarian exegesis. We have not gone out of the way to find them. We believe them to be current interpretations now as given in some books of the sect. One who takes the pains to search will discover many instances of "exegetical sleight of hand," quite as remarkable as either of these, and perhaps even more so. A generation has not

elapsed since a learned professor and eminent divine offered to his class, as an exposition of John vi. 62, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" the following: "What if ye shall see the Son of Man resuming his former positions? that is to say, What if we take up again the argument we have left? or, in other words, To return from our digression!"

Now we submit that no candid, simple-minded person would ever hit upon interpretations like these. They are ingenious and far-fetched: they indicate a premeditated purpose to gather a particular sense from the Scripture. No doubt such critics were perfectly honest, so far as this; they were convinced of the truth of their opinions, and were persuaded that the Bible was equally so: they cordially disliked the Trinitarian scheme, and heartily believed the Scripture to be as hostile to it as they were. Their honesty, therefore, made them unintentionally dishonest; and without the faintest wish to falsify the New Testament, they nevertheless did it grievous injustice, as ere long will be confessed. In the mean time, it is hoped that this friendly criticism will not be taken amiss. None certainly can better afford to acknowledge mistakes than the Unitarians, whose principles release them from the bondage of the letter, and forbid them to recognize the authority of any creed.

It is extremely difficult to adopt a purely scientific method of interpreting the Scriptures. In fact, until of late years it has been impossible, owing to the traditional reverence for the Bible, and the dogmatical bias that warped insensibly individual minds. Criticism has ever been apologetical or sectarian, and has started therefore with unwarrantable assumptions. From the days of Origen and Dionysius who pronounced the Apocalypse un-genuine and uncanonical because its doctrine of the Millennium did not accord with their own, until now, scarcely a point is decided upon its own merits, even by scholars reputed to be the most free. Erudite Wetstein followed the example of passionate Luther in deciding against the Epistle of James, because, in direct opposition to Paul, it teaches justification by works; and while Luther calls the Epistle an "Epistle of straw," Wetstein calls its author an amiable, feeble man, who picked up and reduced to writing some of the sayings of apostolic disciples.

De Wette's critical mind is not supposed to have been trammelled by any undue reverence for Scripture, or any strongly restraining predilections of faith. In America he passes for one who was even captious in his doubts, who exaggerated boldness to recklessness. Yet even De Wette confesses the constraining power of tradition, and justifies himself as one who never goes to extremes. His fate, as he himself acknowledges, has been peculiar. At one time he stood in the front rank of independent investigators, and was by very many regarded as a dangerous innovator and assailant. Now he occupies a place among conservative critics, though his private position has not been changed. De Wette talks very hard against the orthodox theologians who will not go so far as he; but he talks with equal severity against the unbelieving critics who will go further, and he is evidently withheld from pushing his own inquiries to their legitimate results more by a certain scrupulousness of faith than by any presumed finality in his conclusions. In the preface to one of his last works, referring to Dr. Thiersch, an orthodox scholar, he writes:—

“I invite Dr. Thiersch to descend from his high horse, and to mingle with the rest as a modest laborer going to work at the beginning. It is nothing to the purpose that he is a believer, and we belong as it were to the race of Antichrist. Dr. Thiersch and Company have a faith in the Canon as now existing, such as neither the early Fathers nor the Reformers had, which is altogether unworthy of an evangelical Christian, and would be ridiculous if it were not pitiable; and with their criticism they render service, not to the truth, but to this whim; with this, everything must be brought into accord. Of course the critic must have his starting-point and his faith, but his faith must be a real faith, faith in the historical truth of the Christian Revelation, not in men's regard and men's dictation; such a faith will not make him a slave, will not blind him to the truth, will not prevent his making a free use of the rules of grammar, exegesis, and criticism.”

And again, after wavering long in his decision upon the Gospel of John, weighing carefully the arguments for and against its genuineness, he concludes his researches as follows:—

“A critical decision which denies to John all part in this Gospel, and declares it to be a later production, has against it, not only the odium of the confession that its author was a defrauder,

but also the improbability that Christian antiquity would have adopted a Gospel which differed in such weighty respects from the evangelical tradition, without making sure of its apostolical authority."

Now a man who writes in this way is evidently influenced by a prejudice of some kind; he does not move with perfect freedom; he has not mastered his principle; he may be sagacious and thorough in details, but he is wanting in comprehensiveness of view, and in an entire fidelity to the light that is given him.

De Wette's method of interpretation failed of being scientific, because he did not yield himself up wholly to a love of truth. Schleiermacher's was positively unscientific, for he deliberately assumed a form of Christian faith by which he judged and explained the Scriptures. Schleiermacher's investigations into the substance and form of the New Testament were astonishingly fresh, independent, and original. He discovered new problems, and raised new questions. He treated the subject with great breadth and subtlety, and was completely emancipated from the despotism of the letter; but at the same time his own spirit was wayward and dictatorial, and whenever it led the way, criticism and proof had to follow. His veracity is stanch, fearless, and enterprising, so long as his intellect is free to follow the lead of pure scholarship; but no sooner does a question of faith come in, than scepticism begins to undo its own work. Schleiermacher, like Luther, appears to have adopted the principle, that no writing could be regarded as of apostolical authority which did not bear the impress of apostolical doctrine, and exhibit a peculiar religious character. Of course he must determine for himself what this doctrine is, and thus his system of interpretation resolves itself into a somewhat arbitrary justification by Scripture of his own speculative ideas. Schleiermacher, for instance, from theological predilection mainly, places the Gospel of John first among apostolical writings, and groups the others round it according to their religious and dogmatical import. The First Epistle of John and the First Epistle of Peter stand high in canonical authority; the Epistle of James and the Apocalypse, books as well and perhaps better authenticated, occupy a low place, their doctrine being less apostolical. Faith is a very uncertain

arbiter in matters of historical and scientific criticism. It is by turns radical and conservative. It accepts what it chooses, and sets aside unceremoniously whatever is inconvenient. At one time it exalts the fourth Gospel, at another the first; now it discards the Apocalypse and now cleaves to it; and whichever course it takes, its conviction will probably be an assumption and its argument an apology; a probability will outweigh a proof, and a single prepossession will more than cancel a hundred reasons.

A scientific method of interpretation is impossible so long as the mind is occupied by a chosen theory or a darling persuasion of any kind. For such theory will inevitably guide our investigations, and such persuasion cannot fail to influence our conclusions. It is simply out of the question even to attempt to search the Scriptures fairly, while our minds are at the outset virtually made up in regard to their character and contents. Whatever the books of the Bible may be or may teach, this can be discovered only by an examination as candid and strict as we should bestow upon any other books. And there should be no unwillingness to do this, since, by universal admission, it is the genuine sense of the Bible that we are seeking for. Sects and individuals say, We want to know what the Bible is, and what the Bible teaches; this, and nothing else. But to arrive at this, the mind must, we repeat, be absolutely free to accept the clear results of study; we must divest ourselves of all fear and of all pretence; we must be delivered from superstition and from bigotry, and must welcome every honest contribution to knowledge and truth. The one thing to be suspected is prejudice, however pious. The one thing to be honored is truthfulness, however "profane." Doctrine must be the result of study, not its guiding principle. How many sects occupy this truth-loving position? Does one?

Having thus defined what is meant by a scientific method of interpretation, and exhibited so far as our limits will allow the short-comings of Christian sects and scholars in respect to its demands, let us now proceed a step further, and indicate one or two of the positions which must be accepted in order that such a method may be embraced and pursued.

We listened not long since to an elaborate discourse upon Scientific Theology, in which the following ground was taken;—that the Bible is to the student in religion what the material universe is to the student in science,—his legitimate field of exploration. As the naturalist and geologist search the earth for facts to form the basis of knowledge in their several departments, so the scholar and the Biblical critic are to search the Scriptures for facts to form the basis of doctrine. To investigate, faithfully and fairly, the contents of the Bible, to combine its narratives and collate its texts, is, according to this view, the scholar's whole duty. He is not to take a few passages out of their connection, and overlook or misconstrue others; but, in the spirit of generous reconciliation, he is to take the whole together, make them explain one another, and thus, from the united testimony of all the parts, gather the sense of the entire word. This method seems very plausible at first sight. But it evidently assumes two points which are open to question; namely, the historical and doctrinal unity of the Bible, and the inviolability of the present Canon. It takes for granted, that is to say, that the books of the New Testament, for with the Old Testament it is not so much concerned, present one continuous and consistent line of history and one harmonious scheme of doctrine; and that their authenticity and authority are finally established.

But neither of these points can be regarded as axiomatic in its character. The historical unity of the New Testament has been doubted on the best of grounds, and in fact can no longer be maintained, save by arguments more specious than solid. There are discrepancies in the Gospels, which break the unity of their history. And the abundant ingenuity that has been expended in attempts to reconcile them, from the age of Celsus until now, is proof that they are neither few nor trifling. How many so-called "harmonies" of the Gospels there are, and no two alike! How widely they differ, not only in the arrangement of detail, but in their conclusions! One scholar supposes the public ministry of Jesus to have lasted but a single year, another extends it to three years, another to five; some of the older commentators lengthen it even to twenty; and it is impossible to say which view

is correct. Each critic in turn tries to bring into accord the accounts in Matthew and in Luke of the infancy and childhood of Jesus; to decide whether he was born in Nazareth or in Bethlehem; to arrange in chronological order the events of his birth, the visit of the Magi, the massacre of the innocents, the presentation in the temple, and the escape into Egypt; and to establish an agreement between the synoptics and John in regard to the scene of his labors, — whether it was almost exclusively in Galilee, as the first report, or almost exclusively in Judæa, as we are told by the last, and to show in what way both may be made to appear true. In this attempt the later chronologists have succeeded no better than the earlier, who did not succeed at all. In fact, one harmonist only sets aside another, and none leads us to a satisfactory conclusion; it is simply a question, which of the Evangelists is to yield. Winer,* a perfectly honest reviewer, after a brief summary of the various results, declares himself in these words: "Unquestionable as is the ingenuity that has been bestowed upon this department, none of the 'Gospel harmonies' hitherto constructed can be reckoned better than a tissue of historical conjectures; for the narrative of the first three Evangelists offers very little that can serve as clear guidance in making such an arrangement, and John himself does not appear to present occurrences in their chronological order."

Our space does not allow of any illustration of this point, and as regards the historical character and consistency of the other New Testament books, especially of the Acts of the Apostles, nothing at length can here be said. But every student who has bestowed particular attention upon the last-mentioned book, in connection with the genuine Epistles of Paul, must have noticed inconsistencies, contradictions even, which make any approach to complete reconciliation extremely difficult. In speaking thus, we have not forgotten Paley's argument in the "*Horæ Paulinæ*," a book written with admirable modesty, but wronged, we must think, by the false position that has been assigned to it by its mistaken admirers, and by an oversight as to the scope of its argument.

* In his *Realwörterbuch*, I. p. 569, art. "Jesus."

That argument, flourishing and honored in its day, would be deemed scarcely worth answering now. It claims tacitly the very positions it labors to establish, namely, that Paul is the author of all the Epistles ascribed to him, and that the Acts of the Apostles is in every *minute* respect an authentic and continuous history. Question either of these two points and the pillars of the argument crumble, for no chronological arrangement of recorded incidents, however skilful, amounts to a proof of the real facts narrated, whose certainty, however well established, reposes upon other grounds. No ingenious comparison of documents demonstrates the veracity of their contents. Paley illustrates what is already believed, but no one could find in what he says alone a reason for believing. The coincidences which he discovers between one Epistle and another, and between the several Epistles and the Acts, curious as they sometimes are, and surprising as one or two of them seem to be, are just calculated to please one who has never doubted. To a strong believer they afford a singular and delightful confirmation of belief: but they have no more power, as clamps, to bind these books together, than the spider's web has to chain the growing trees whose boughs it interlaces. They scarcely furnish presumptive evidence of the authenticity or veracity of the writings they connect; and before such investigations as those of Dr. Zeller, for instance, or even those of the apologetical Neander and the conservative, pains-taking Wieseler, the complacent criticism of the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" sinks almost to the level of trifling.

Without claiming that any of the graver doubts against the New Testament history have been sustained, without insisting that any serious discrepancy has been proved irreconcilable with a true and consistent narrative, it must surely be conceded, that the historical unity of this portion of the Bible cannot be *assumed* as one of the fixed data of criticism. The scholar's mind must not be hampered by any presumed necessity of reducing wilful and errant accounts to order, but must be ready to acknowledge discrepancies, if such there be, and to allow them full weight, accepting every fairly exhibited inconsistency as a contribution to the truth, quite as valuable as an instance of admitted accord.

If the minute historical unity of the New Testament

is a point no longer to be with positiveness maintained, far less to be arrogantly assumed, as little can we take for granted its doctrinal unity. The dogmatical consistency of the Gospels and Epistles, of the Gospels alone, or of the Epistles alone, has long ceased to be a postulate in generous Biblical criticism. The intellectual harmony of the Evangelists and Apostles has been terribly disturbed by the theologians of the last century. In the judgment of many able and truthful men, the Scriptural faith is no more "one." He must be either a very undiscerning scholar, or a very bold one, who denies the presence of incongruous elements all over the New Testament. We are well aware that such an assertion may have a strange sound to many ears. Why has not this fact been discovered before? some will ask. Why have the astute critics and deep theologians of an elder generation failed to detect the diversities of doctrine, if they were to be found? The reply is, that they have been found, but, for reasons easily assigned, have not been, and could not have been, recognized in their true character. The dogma of inspiration disposes in advance of the whole question. The Bible contained the word of God; and all its religious doctrine was, according to the most liberal view, the word of God; and the word of God must be accordant with itself. This was enough; the Bible contained but one doctrine, — Catholic doctrine for the Catholic, Lutheran doctrine for the Lutheran, Calvinistic doctrine for the Calvinist. If here and there what seemed different types of thought cropped out, it was easy, by an indistinct view of all, or by a misconstruction of some, to confound them together, and thus obliterate the distinctive lines which could not be blended. Or, if this method was unsatisfactory, a formula could be constructed, loose enough or self-contradictory enough to embrace every form of statement. The Logos Christ of John, and the man Jesus of Matthew, for example, were both accepted simultaneously by the dogma that Christ was at once God and man. Here is a plain acknowledgment of incongruous elements of thought in the New Testament. This formula of the Church makes outright confession that the Gospels contain two separate and peculiar theories respecting the nature of Jesus, which can be combined only by a third, which is sufficiently peculiar in that it is unintelligible.

The same confession is virtually made, when the humanitarians seek their Jesus in the first three Gospels, while the Arians find their Redeemer in the fourth. If Arian and humanitarian doctrines are dissimilar and discordant, as every person knows they are, and as they have been formally by council and synod pronounced to be, then do dissimilar and discordant doctrines lie side by side in the writings of the Evangelists. This fact, coupled with the assertion (which the readers of this journal wholly reject), that the dogmatical discord is apparent only to the human intellect, and is fully resolved in the mystery of the Trinity, is admitted, not by the unbelieving critics of modern Germany alone, but by the entire Church, Catholic and Protestant; it has been contended for by the orthodox theologians and scholars of more than a thousand years; it has been regarded as one of the fixed data of New Testament interpretation. It is impossible to deny it, or to call it in question, unless we say that John does not present Christ as the Logos, or that Matthew does not present him as a man; and if we say either of these, we lay ourselves open to the charge of confusing and misinterpreting language, thus doing violence to the sense of Scripture, or of entering upon the investigation with a preconceived theory, thus abusing our own reason. In either case, the scientific method of explaining the Bible is abandoned. The circumstance, that the results of recent criticism upon the relation between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptics are so nearly accordant with the opinions of the Church, would seem to place beyond dispute the existence of more than one type of doctrine in the New Testament. That the critic simply points to this diversity as a fact, while the theologian endeavors to make it disappear in a theory, is quite unessential. The diversity is there, and one instance of it is as good as many. It would be no difficult task, if called upon, to show as many as seven distinct representations of Christ's nature in the Gospels and Epistles, five of them filling up the chasm between Matthew and John. From the doctrine of the Hebrew Messiah to the doctrine of the Divine Logos is a long reach, which faith with its airy wings flies over quickly, but which learning, slow and toilsome, traverses painfully, going on from one landmark to another. No ob-

serving scholar will confound the several lines of thought which cross each other so curiously in Matthew and Luke; or mistake the lineaments of Paul for those of Peter; or miss the remarkable difference of coloring in the earlier and the later writings ascribed to the great Apostle; or fail to assign his own proper place to the author of Hebrews; or overlook the heavenly grandeur of the Johannine Christ; or lose the trail of speculation, as it cunningly winds away, under cover of subtle diction, through the mysterious passages of the Johannine Epistles. No fair expositor will interpose his flimsy wand of Atonement between the majestic champion of a world-wide Christianity, and his apostolic foes of Jerusalem; nor, to insure the peace of his sectarianism, attempt any weak mediation in the fiery controversy that convulses the unity of spirit, as it breaks the unity of faith, in the books of the New Testament. Such mediation will be as useless as it is feeble, and as unwise as it is useless; for though it may to appearance establish a superficial harmony among the several parts of Scripture, it will inevitably throw into confusion the sublime order of historical thought, and make a fatal breach in the succession of divine truth.

Thus to snatch the New Testament from the sweeping current of human speculation, as we would rescue a treasure from an engulfing tide, is to do it an immense injustice, as well as to cast a bitter affront upon the literature of the world. We should say, in advance, aside from all consideration of its intrinsic character, that the Christian Bible could not be understood unless it were taken in connection with contemporaneous thought. To regard it in the light of a peculiar phenomenon; to keep it sacredly aloof from all profane learning; to contrast it, instead of comparing it, with the wisdom of its own generation; to explore it like an uninhabited and previously undiscovered island, whose natural scenery and native fruits we are determined to find wholly unlike those of any known region, and whose geological structure we decline examining lest it should betray a common origin with the adjacent continent; in one word, to consider this Bible as a singular production, complete by itself, and submitted to its own scientific, artistic, and literary laws, is to put it beyond the reach of knowledge,

and even of investigation. Did the book declare itself upon inspection a prodigy, we should still distrust the wisdom and challenge the right of withdrawing it from the sphere of recognized law, thus excluding the only light capable of disclosing its character to us. But when the book declares itself, upon examination, to be no marvel at all; when it is shown to be endowed with no exceptional attributes of substance or of shape, to possess no formal unity of history, no stiff harmony of doctrine, but to be nothing else as we have it than a very precious collection of documents altogether human in method and construction;—there is no longer a shadow of excuse for preserving its holy isolation; and instead of looking upon it as a separate field of exploration, we must regard it as but a portion of a larger field to be explored; ceasing to resort to it as the receptacle of an entire class of peculiar facts, we must classify it as itself one fact, or one group of facts, among many.

The New Testament writings occupy their own place in human literature. The doctrines they contain take their station in the line of human thought. The recognition of this point is of the very first moment, if we would have a truly scientific method of interpretation. To understand the Gospels and Epistles, we must read and explain them by the light of Eastern and Western lore. We must put them in communication with the Oriental wisdom which came into Palestine from Chaldæa, and mingled with the sterner traditions of the Hebrew race; we must link them with the Occidental wisdom which came from Greece to Alexandria, there to coalesce in Philo with Judæan moralism and Persian theosophy; we must see what hues they borrow from the Jewish mysticism of the Ebionites, and from the imaginative philosophies of Asia Minor. Disregarding the bigotries of early apologists, and the prejudices of the primitive Fathers,—abolishing the invidious distinctions of orthodox and heretic, which party disputes originated and perpetuated,—the scholar will not shrink from investigating the Gnostic systems, or at least will be ready to allow their influence upon the writers of these ancient books; and will conscientiously attempt to discover the causes and the methods that produced the singular junction of Jewish and Gentile thought of which the result was the Bible and the Church.

A difficult problem this to be discussed at so late a day, when so many solutions are offered, too, in a tone of authority. No more difficult problem presents itself to the historical and philosophical student than this. Rightly, fairly, to interpret the New Testament, one must be thoroughly acquainted with the thought and with the spirit of the first three centuries,—not as a Christian apologist, but as a liberal, philosophic scholar. He must comprehend the whole speculative tone and character of that remarkable age. Few minds are competent to engage in a task so arduous and so delicate, requiring that rarest combination of intellectual gifts, the power of analysis and of synthesis, more than common capacity for laborious investigation, and extraordinary sensitiveness to the distinctions of abstruse thought,—a genius for history and for metaphysics,—a talent for minute criticism, and a habit of broadest generalization,—learning the most accurate and profound, and insight the most spiritual and keen. Who shall accomplish this important work? Perhaps no single scholar; perhaps no single generation of scholars. Certainly, no generation or generations of sectarian scholars of any name whatsoever. For these the Bible has presented a problem of greater and more intricate perplexity each century past. Nay, for these, this New Testament problem is hopelessly and for ever insoluble. No half-way scholarship of the evangelical, or even of the apologetical stamp, no self-committed criticism, need undertake a labor like this. Lardner and “consorts” have had their day. Bunsen remarks:—

“The systems of Lardner and such as he were built upon the worst parts of Eusebius’s History and the conventional sayings of Jerome. Their view centres in the unhistorical and unreasonable assumption, that every canonical book must be supposed to be written by an Apostle in order to possess apostolical authority. This gratuitous and untraditional assumption was supported by as much false evidence as the forged works of the second and third centuries could afford, by the distortion of the best and most primitive traditions, and by the total neglect of trustworthy and important assertions of the parties condemned by the Church. It was not difficult to demolish such a system, of which Lardner is the most respectable representative, and to establish the basis of a critical and truly honest one.” — *Hippolytus*, Vol. II. p. 133.

It is vain to revive methods of inquiry that passed for sound and sure fifty years ago. The old-fashioned way of talking about the Fathers, apostolical and other, must be abandoned; some of the ancient judgments on the books and men of the primitive Church must be reversed; and many an established and authoritative opinion respecting sects and heresies will have to be reconsidered. It will no longer answer to repeat at second and third hand the commonplaces of evidence which laborious men have selected here and there, and have pieced together in a kind of orderly series that wears an outside appearance of connected strength. We must learn at length to do justice to that wonderful period which bare and nurtured Christianity. And this will never be done by those who love Christianity more than truth, the Bible more than Christianity, and their creed more than the Bible. An intellect at once reverent and free, wholly devoid of pretence, and delivered from fear by its love of wisdom, calm, generous, and believing, can alone powerfully seize and faithfully pursue a method of Scriptural study purely scientific in its character.

We commenced this article by stating a fact; namely, the want of accord between Biblical students and expositors, — asking at the same time for its cause and its remedy. We have answered both questions according to our ability, and so far as our limits will allow. The cause is a bias of mind proceeding from assumed theories of the Bible, or from assumed principles of belief. The remedy is in intellectual freedom, and larger intellectual view.

In conclusion, it only remains to say, that the few scholars who do adopt and pursue a scientific method are very rapidly approaching each other in their conclusions; always ready to correct, always prepared to reconsider, giving a welcome to each new suggestion, waiting for light from all quarters, they are of course, as we should expect, if guided by the "Spirit of Truth," nearer and nearer to the truth. Riddles are resolved; difficulties vanish; contradictions disappear; the old stumbling-blocks of centuries are removed; passages that seemed hopelessly dark explain themselves; and by the restored union between the Bible and history, the word of Scripture and the world of human thought and life, new light is thrown upon both.

O. B. F.

ART. VIII. — ON THE MEANING OF A PASSAGE IN
JUSTIN MARTYR.

[Two of our contributors, in articles recently published in this journal on subjects relating to the genuineness of the Gospels, are at issue in regard to a question which incidentally involves a matter of importance. Having received a communication on this point from one of these contributors, we submitted it by his consent to the other, in order that the merits of the case might be presented to our readers by both parties at the same time. The communications which follow will explain themselves. —
EDS.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER:—

In your number for January (page 63), an assertion of Mr. Norton is reaffirmed, that Justin Martyr quotes the Gospel of Mark under the appellation of “Memoirs by Peter.” The following is the passage referred to, Dial. c. Tryph., § 106, Otto II. p. 356:—

“Καὶ τὸ εἰπεῖν μετωνομακεῖν αὐτὸν Πέτρον ἓνα τῶν ἀποστόλων, καὶ γεγράφθαι ἐν τοῖς ἀπομνημονεύμασιν αὐτοῦ γεγενημένον καὶ τοῦτο, μετὰ τοῦ καὶ ἄλλους δύο ἀδελφούς, υἱοὺς Ζεβεδαίου ὄντας, μετωνομακεῖν ὀνόματι τοῦ Βοανεργῆς, ὃ ἔστιν υἱὸς βροντῆς, σημαντικὸν ἦν τοῦ αὐτὸν ἐκείνον εἶναι, δι’ οὗ καὶ τὸ ἐπώνυμον Ἰακώβ τῷ Ἰσραὴλ ἐπικληθέντι ἐδόθη καὶ τῷ Αὐτῇ ὄνομα Ἰησοῦς ἐπεκλήθη,” κ. τ. λ.

Which may be translated as follows:—

“*Its being said that he changed the name of Peter, one of the Apostles,—for that circumstance also is written in his Memoirs,—besides changing the names of two others, brethren, sons of Zebedee, giving them the name of Boanerges, which is sons of thunder,—was an indication or proof that it was he by whom the name Jacob was given to Israel,*” &c.

If, as it will probably seem to every reader, there could be no question, in such an English sentence as this, to whom the pronoun “his” refers, the whole march of the sentence, as well as the preceding “he,” making it plain, there can be less question in the Greek. The more ancient language affords an ample variety of pronouns, so that all ambiguity could easily have been avoided. And a reader but little conversant with the language can see,

that, if the writer had intended to refer the Memoirs to Peter, he would, and indeed must, have written *ἐκείνου*.

Moreover, the fact for which the "Memoirs" are here cited is, not that Jesus gave James and John the name of Boanerges, but that he gave Simon the name of Peter. And this circumstance, far from being peculiar to the Gospel of Mark, is mentioned by all the Evangelists (Matt. x. 2, Mark iii. 16, Luke vi. 14, John i. 42), and is circumstantially narrated only by Matthew (xvi. 16-18).

Still further, if by *ἀπομνημονεύματα* Justin intended compositions several, which can hardly be doubted, since he speaks of them as *γεγράμμενα*, *συντετάγμενα*, and as *ἀ καλεῖται εὐαγγέλια*, it is a question whether one of those books could be signified by him under the plural number. Of the narratives referred to, the supposed work of Peter would have formed but one, singular. Had Justin, therefore, intended the reference imputed to him, he would have written *καὶ γεγράφθαι ἐν τῷ ἀπομνημονεύματι ἐκείνου*, κ. τ. λ.

Finally, it may be remarked, that, though Justin does not in any other place speak of the "Memoirs of Christ," there is nothing in that phrase at all unsuitable; and that he had the example of Xenophon, from whom he borrows the title, for using in it the genitive of the subject. That he should have used eight times or more the genitive describing the authors does not make it improbable that he should use, the ninth time, the genitive of the subject. And brevity was here his justification.

Your contributor further remarks, that, having always felt that, in Mr. Norton's translation from Tertullian, quoted on page 60, the phrase "*according to their copies*" savored rather of Cambridge than of Carthage, he has taken the trouble to refer to the Latin, and finds, according to his surmise, not "*secundum illarum exempla*," but "*secundum illas*," sc. ecclesias. (Adv. Marcion. IV. 5.)

Permit it also to be suggested, with respect to the controverted interpretation of John xviii. 28, that the thing to be explained is not merely the term *πάσχα*, but the phrase *φαγεῖν τὸ πάσχα*, which, since there was but one common *repast* connected with the "feast (festival) of unleavened bread," could to a Jewish ear mean only partaking of the paschal supper.

G. F. S.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER:—

THE writer of the article alluded to at the beginning of the above communication would say, that the interpretation of the passage from Justin Martyr is of very little consequence in its bearing on the argument for the genuineness of the Gospels. No great stress is laid upon it, either in Mr. Norton's work or in the article in the Examiner. It is a matter of some interest to scholars as a question of interpretation; but borrows its principal interest and importance here from its having been brought forward in such a way as to discredit the trustworthiness of the most conscientiously painstaking, thorough, and exact treatise on the genuineness of the Gospels that has been written in the English language since the publication of Dr. Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel History*, a century ago. The good name of such a work cannot be injuriously affected without a serious loss to the whole Christian community. But in this case the writer is satisfied that, the more thoroughly the subject is looked into, the stronger will be the conviction of Mr. Norton's scrupulous fidelity and exactness.

As to the word *αὐτοῦ*, we have the authority, as we suppose, of all the best grammarians (e.g. Crosby, § 733. 2, note; Kühner translated by Edwards and Taylor, § 302. 4, 5) for saying, that, though, as implied in its derivation, it was originally used as a reflective pronoun, its meaning was gradually extended, till it came to be often and familiarly used in the oblique cases as the common pronoun of the third person, like our *he*, *she*, *it*, without any trace of its original reflexive force. Passages may easily be adduced to show that, when used in different clauses of the same sentence, it may, like our pronoun *him*, refer to entirely different persons. (Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Lib. II. Cap. vi. § 27; Mark viii. 22; Justin Martyr, *Dial. cum Tryphone*, c. 102.) So far, then, as *αὐτοῦ* alone is concerned, it may, with grammatical propriety, refer either to Jesus, the subject of the paragraph, or to the nearest personal noun, "Peter, one of the Apostles."

It is said that *ἀπομνημονεύμασιν*, being in the plural number, implies more than one writing, and would, therefore, be in the singular number, if it referred in this case,

as Mr. Norton supposes, to a single Gospel. But, according to the best authorities, the word, though sometimes used in the singular, is mostly used in the plural, even when applied to a single composition. (See Pickering, Donnegan, and Liddell and Scott.) This argument, therefore, can have no weight, and the grammatical construction of the passage allows either reference of αὐτῶν.

The interpretation, then, must depend on other considerations. The reasons why the present writer accepts Mr. Norton's interpretation are these:—

1. If αὐτοῦ refers to Christ, it is the only instance in Justin where the genitive in its application to ἀπομνημονεύματα expresses the *subject* and not the *author* of the work. It is, therefore, very improbable that it should be so used here; and, as the grammatical construction is not such as to require it, it would be doing violence to Justin's language to interpret it in this way. For not only does he, in every other instance, use the genitive to denote the author, but, lest there should be any doubt about the matter, he both in the Dialogue with Trypho (c. 103) and in his First Apology (c. 66) has distinctly defined his meaning: "The Memoirs which I say *were composed by the Apostles* and those following with them," that is, their companions. "For the Apostles in the *Memoirs made by them* (γενομένοις ὑπ' αὐτῶν) which are called Gospels." In the face of this uniform use of language and this double explanation by the author, of the construction which he put upon his own words, it is rather hard that Mr. Norton, and, as will be shown hereafter, many of the most eminent scholars and grammarians of Germany, should be accused of doing violence to Justin's words, because they will not, in this instance, adopt an interpretation which implies a use of language directly opposite to the frequent and uniform habits of the author and to the distinct and repeated explanation which he has given of his meaning.

2. The term "Memoirs" is of constant recurrence in Justin's writings, usually with, but sometimes without, the addition "by the Apostles," or "by his Apostles." We say *by*, to avoid the ambiguity of the English *of*. Now Peter is here designated as one of the Apostles, and therefore "Memoirs of the Apostles" may have been referred to him as to an author. But nowhere is

there any mention of Memoirs of or by Christ. The term "Memoirs" occurs six times within hardly more than a page of the controverted passage, and in this very section, only six lines before the disputed *αὐτοῦ*, we read, "as is shown in the Memoirs by the Apostles," and twelve lines after it we read, "as is written in the Memoirs by his Apostles."

Now, bearing in mind these two considerations, first, that "his Memoirs," according to the uniform usage and the express explanation of Justin, means "Memoirs by him," and secondly, that he often mentions "Memoirs by the Apostles," but never elsewhere "Memoirs by Christ," or any term which would admit Christ in such a connection; and, moreover, bearing in mind the fact that the grammatical construction of the language allows *αὐτοῦ* to refer either to Christ or to Peter; it may be left with any scholar to decide which interpretation of the passage is the more probable of the two, and whether Mr. Norton's good faith or his scholarship can in any wise be called in question on account of the interpretation which he has given.

The following is a very literal, and, as the writer believes, an exact translation:—

"Its being said that he [Jesus] changed the name of Peter, one of the Apostles, and its being written in *his* [*αὐτοῦ*] Memoirs that this was done together with having changed the name of two others, brethren, sons of Zebedee, to Boanerges, sons of thunder, is a proof that he is the same person by whom the surname was given to Jacob, surnamed Israel, and Auses [Joshua] was surnamed Jesus."

G. F. S. in his translation has made a singular mistake in the surname which he represents Justin as applying to the father of the twelve patriarchs.

It is, moreover, difficult to understand for what reason, or by what authority, he makes the second clause of the sentence parenthetical, and introduces it by the wholly gratuitous assumption of the word *for*. Without this forced change both in the language and construction, the second clause of the sentence ("its being written in his Memoirs that this was done") is bound by the preposition *μετά*, *besides*, or *together with*, to the next clause, thus attributing to "his Memoirs" the statement of a fact to be found only in the Gospel of Mark, which was

anciently regarded as proceeding in some way from the Apostle Peter. It would, perhaps, be difficult to say why the fact of Jesus having changed the name of the two sons of Zebedee is not as much to the point which Justin has in view, as the change in Peter's name; or why "the Memoirs" are not cited for that fact as much as for the other, since both have an equal bearing on his argument.

Critics are divided in their opinion on the subject. Lardner refers the *αὐτοῦ* to Jesus; Jones, on the other hand, to Peter, understanding the Gospel of Mark to be intended, of which the ancient Christian writers generally regarded Peter as virtually the author. The opinions of the principal German scholars are stated below in a note, for which we are indebted to a friend, whose accuracy in such matters is as little liable to be impeached as any one's.*

* Olshausen, as G. F. S. observes, refers the *αὐτοῦ* to Christ. But the reason which he assigns for so doing is founded on a gross misapprehension of the construction of the passage. He says that "*γεγράφθαι* cannot well be regarded as otherwise than parallel with *μετωνομακεῖναι*," and that "the *αὐτοῦ* can with reason be referred only to Christ, which is the subject of the two infinitives, and, therefore, as the central point of the whole proposition, requires the *αὐτοῦ* also [as well as the *αὐτῶν*] to be referred to it." — *Die Echtheit der vier canonischen Evangelien*, pp. 290, 291.

But an inspection of the passage will show that the subject of *γεγράφθαι* is *γεγενημένον* [εἶναι] καὶ τοῦτο, not *αὐτῶν*, referring to Christ. The argument of Olshausen is therefore baseless, and his authority in this case without value.

"But DeWette's true philological sense," says G. F. S., "sees the inadmissibility of the interpretation" given to the passage by Mr. Norton and others. (*Christian Examiner* for May, 1853, p. 375, note.)

This statement, I suppose, rests upon the fact that De Wette, in the fourth and earlier editions of his Introduction to the New Testament, in quoting the present passage of Justin, inserts in parentheses, after *ἐν τοῖς ἀπομνημονεύμασιν αὐτοῦ*, "I. Xp., nicht, wie A. wollen, Πέτρον," that is, "referring to Jesus Christ, not, as others maintain, to Peter." — *Einleitung*, 4te Aufl. (Berlin, 1842), § 66, note g. But in the fifth and last edition of his Introduction (Berlin, 1848), he has struck out this remark, and in the next section (§ 67 b, note a), adverting to the fact that Credner refers the *αὐτοῦ* to Peter, he observes, "Certainly this reference is according to analogy, since elsewhere the genitive dependent on *ἀπομνημονεύματα* is always a subjective genitive," i. e. denotes the author.

Of the two authorities, then, which G. F. S. adduces, one appears to be worthless, and the other to be against him. It is but fair, however, to state, that some very respectable scholars adopt the interpretation on which he insists so strenuously. So Gieseler, *Historisch-kritischer Versuch*, u. s. w. (Leipz. 1818), p. 58; Bleek, in the *Theol. Studien und Kritiken* for 1836, Heft IV. p. 1070; Lücke, *Comm. über das Evang. des Johannes*, 3te Aufl. (Bonn, 1840), I. 45; Semisch, *Die apostol. Denkwürdigkeiten des Mart.*

As to Mr. Norton's quotation from Tertullian, it would seem that your correspondent, who misquotes the passage he severely censures, is a little hypercritical. The reading in Latin is unquestionably as he represents it; but it would be difficult to extract any other meaning from it than that which Mr. Norton (and Dr. Lardner a century before him) has assigned to it. Tertullian is defending the orthodox copy of the Gospel of Luke against a mutilated copy used by Marcion. The controversy turns, not only on the authorship of the books, but on the correctness of the copies. "I say, therefore," he declares, "that not only with the Apostolical churches, but with all those in fellowship with them, that Gospel of Luke which we defend [as against Marcion's mutilated

Justins (Hamb. 1848), p. 150; Volckmar, *Das Evang. Marcions* (Leipz. 1852), p. 182. Gieseler and Bleek, however, do not express themselves with much confidence.

On the other hand, so far as I have examined, a large majority of the German critics who have had occasion to express an opinion on the subject, agree with Mr. Norton in referring the *αὐτοῦ* in question to *Πέρπον*. So Storr, *Ueber den Zweck der evang. Geschichte*, 2te Aufl. (Tübingen, 1810), p. 366; comp. p. 266; Bertholdt, *Einleitung* (Erlangen, 1813), III. 1213; Winer, who has been called "the prince of grammarians," *Justinum Mart. Evangeliiis Canonicis usum fuisse ostenditur* (Leipz. 1819), p. 18; Eichhorn, *Einleitung*, 2te Ausg. (Leipz. 1820), I. 107; Hug, *Einleitung*, 3te Aufl. (Stuttg. 1826), II. § 24, p. 104, or p. 373 of Stuart's translation; Schott, *Isagoge* (Jenæ, 1830), p. 86; Credner, *Beiträge* (Halle, 1832), I. 132; Mayerhoff, *Einleitung in die petrin. Schriften* (Hamb. 1835), pp. 234, 235; Otto, *De Justini Martyris Scriptis et Doctrina* (Jenæ, 1841), p. 121; Binde-mann, *Ueber die von Justinus d. Mart. gebrauchten Evangelien*, in the "Theol. Studien und Kritiken" for 1842, Heft II. p. 407; Schwegler, *Das nachapostolische Zeitalter* (Tübingen, 1846), I. 220, 221; Ritschl, *Das Evang. Marcions* (Tübingen, 1846), p. 135, note 3; Hilgenfeld, *Die clementinischen Recognitionen* (Jena, 1848), p. 120, note 1; Meyer, *Komm. über d. N. T., Abth. II. Evang. d. Johannes*, 2te Aufl. (Göttingen, 1852), p. 5; Reuss, *Die Geschichte der heiligen Schriften N. T.*, 2te Ausg. (Braunschweig, 1853), § 199.

These critics all "allow themselves the same violence with which Norton is chargeable." It is a little remarkable, however, considering their very various and opposite opinions concerning the origin of the Gospels and the "Memoirs," used by Justin Martyr, that their different "dogmatic biases" should have led them to such an agreement. It may also be observed, that most of them give a reason for their interpretation which none of their opponents has said anything to invalidate, namely, that it accords with the frequent and *uniform* use of the genitive after *ἀπομνημονεύματα* in other parts of Justin's writings, including two examples in the very section that contains the passage in question. The view of G. F. S., that the "Memoirs" are not cited by Justin in the present passage for the fact that Jesus gave James and John the name of Boanerges, appears to be entirely original. It is in opposition, I believe, to the opinion of *all* the critics who have expressed themselves on the subject.

E. A., jr.

copy] has been received from its first publication." "The same authority," he adds, "of the Apostolical churches will support the other Gospels, (*quæ proinde per illas, et secundum illas habemus*) which we have *through* them and *according* to them," that is, "conformably to their copies." The only way of taking the written Gospels from the churches, *according to the churches*, would seem to be having them "conformably to their copies."

If these are to be taken as fair specimens of Mr. Norton's inaccuracy, his work is not likely to suffer from any severity of criticism. Some of its reasonings may fail to convince us, and some of its conclusions we may not accept; but the exactness of its scholarship may be called in question with more ease than success.

The other topic suggested by your correspondent is one which needs not be entered fully upon here. The explanation given in the Examiner for January, of the apparent contradiction of the first three Evangelists by the fourth as to the time of eating the Passover, was offered as a solution which had been given by an eminent scholar. The writer does not think that Dr. Robinson has fully made out his case, though his view is the one which was taken by Mr. Norton, and is entitled to great consideration.

In the article on the Genuineness of the Gospels, p. 58, in the first line of the last paragraph *nativity* is printed instead of *maturity*, thereby giving in very bad English a misstatement of an important fact. On p. 63, "the Memoirs by Peter" should be without quotation-marks. In the note on p. 65, Papias and Irenæus are spoken of as both hearers of Polycarp, and *therefore* contemporaries. This, certainly, is very inconclusive reasoning, and ought not to have been admitted. Perhaps, also, in the same note, the conviction is expressed with too little qualification, that Mr. Smith, in the passage quoted from him, proves that the Mark of Papias was the same as the Mark of Irenæus. But the decided assertion of Eusebius, who evidently had before him the now lost works of Papias, taken in connection with the fact that Irenæus had been a disciple of Polycarp, the friend of Papias, leaves in the writer's mind no doubt on this subject, though he did not feel at liberty to introduce this conviction, as of an undisputed fact, into the

body of the argument for the genuineness of the Gospels. That argument has been often and sadly weakened by the introduction of irrelevant or doubtful matter.

Indeed, the great difficulty in the way of the argument, the one cause which perhaps more than all others prevents many intelligent and candid minds from feeling its force, is, that it is drawn from so many separate sources, and made up of so many independent parts, that the attention is occupied with the particulars, and the combined strength of all fails to be fully recognized. When we go back, through Origen, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Theophilus, Irenæus, Justin Martyr, Papias, the Epistles of Paul, and the Acts of the Apostles, to the very time when the Gospels were written, we are apt to think of each writer as standing by himself, and only adding to the length of the chain which connects us with the age of the Apostles. But, in fact, each of these writers is to be regarded, not as an additional link in the chain, but as an independent authority, having access to original sources of information reaching back to the beginning, and thus adding to the strength of the testimony furnished by all the rest. Justin Martyr, for example, constantly speaks of *Memoirs* by the Apostles, and quotes from them as original and authentic writings; and his quotations, though not always verbally exact, are such as to create a strong presumption that those "*Memoirs, called Gospels,*" which he says "were composed by the Apostles and their companions," were substantially the same as the Gospels which we now have. If he stood alone, a single voice from those distant ages, we should feel that there might be some mistake; that those early *Memoirs* might have been lost, and that the parts quoted from them by Justin Martyr might have been woven into other and more recent writings. But when, twenty or thirty years later, Irenæus — who, as the hearer of Polycarp, who had been the disciple of St. John, must have had access to original sources of information — gives to us particular accounts of the Gospels of his time, which leave no room for scepticism itself to doubt that they were the same that we now have, we have here evidence that goes to explain, confirm, and establish the earlier testimony of Justin Martyr. We see that his "*Memoirs by the Apostles and*

their companions" must be the same as the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, which are named, quoted from, and described by Irenæus. For how was it possible that those early Memoirs by the Apostles could, in the short interval that separated these two writers, have been so entirely superseded by other and later writings, that no trace of their existence should be left behind? On the other hand, the words of Justin Martyr, as of a witness entirely independent, writing nearly a generation earlier, by their informal and substantial agreement, corroborate the assertions of Irenæus. In like manner, Tertullian and Origen, reflecting back the light of a comparatively early period on the writings of still earlier times, and Papias and the author of the book of Acts, throwing forward their light from the very days of the Apostles, uniting and harmonizing, as they do, with Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and the rest, mutually explain and strengthen one another. And then the Gospels themselves, in the simplicity of their language, the grandeur of their moral precepts, the sublimity of their doctrines, and, above all, the character of Jesus, which they all sustain in its unparalleled combination of great deeds and words, shining like a new sun over the moral darkness of the world, furnish to us an adequate cause for the extraordinary revolution that took place in those days, and account for, illustrate, and confirm the assertions of subsequent writers. The Gospels, and the stupendous moral revolution connected with them, at their first appearance, are great monumental facts, which no reasoning can overthrow; and they must themselves be employed as essential elements in the investigation, giving its peculiar force and authority to all the other evidence.

But in the critical inquiries that meet us by the way, and the discussions on minor points that are constantly coming up, we are often diverted from the main argument, and fail to appreciate the combination of unquestioned doctrines, facts, and assertions which go to make up its force. For this reason, we should be careful to remember, in any small controversies like the present, that it is of little consequence which way they are decided. The fundamental principles of our religion, the integrity of the Gospel of Christ, and the authority of

the Evangelical writings, will remain wholly unaffected by such discussions. If any criticism were to be made on Mr. Norton's work, it would be, that he has sometimes, as in his note on the Old Testament, introduced matters which are not essential to his argument, and which, by diverting the thoughts or awakening the prejudices of the reader, turn him aside from the main argument, or create in him unnecessary apprehension and distrust.

J. H. M.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Relation between Judaism and Christianity. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 344.

It is a singular feature in the theological literature of the time, that several distinguished men, in the two opposite sections of religious opinion, have been the authors of very able works that are not likely to have the effect of convincing any person whatever. Dr. Bushnell, whose admirable power as a thinker and skill as a writer is admitted on all sides, takes up the whole orthodox faith for a reconstruction. He crumbles it in pieces with the dissolving logic, which he professes not to think much of, and the higher forces of his religious sentiment; and lo! the "substance of doctrine" collapses into quite an unsubstantial ruin. And yet it looked so strong, and was really so symmetrical as a mere system of iron and flint, and was tall enough to overshadow the world! Then he waves the magic wand of his rhetoric, and it reappears as if in a vision,—in the clouds and like a cloud,—with the highest splendor of coloring that mists can wear. He declares that it makes just as good a figure as it did before his incantation, and a great deal better. But he cannot persuade his brethren to think so. The liberal party smile; and the Calvinistic party shake their heads and bite their tongues, and say, This will never do. Dr. Furness, a fine and generous spirit, comes out with a biography of Jesus on an entirely new plan. His darling hypothesis, on which he has spent so much time and toil, is for ever before his eyes. He cannot forget it, nor let any one else forget it. But as we never heard of any convert to his theory, we suppose that he has the comfort

of it all to himself. Then we have Dr. Edward Beecher, with his "Conflict of Ages." He is an able child of a great name; a name to conjure with, and to keep the sea out, if that were possible, of unbelief and unrighteousness. And what does he do in his "Conflict"? He faces directly about against the ancient Augustinian camp. He whirls its canvas into the air before the flame of a just moral indignation, and the dark hosts that it covered are routed, horse and foot. But when he has accomplished all this, he says, Friends, I mean you no harm, but am only exerting myself to put you in a right position. Here is a contrivance, the only one that can save your intrenchments from the scorn and wrath of the human mind. Here is the grandest sketch of an army in the field that was ever heard of. It is better than barracks. Do but look at it, and believe in it, and you are all as you should be, and your defences are as good as new. The friends, however, look askance upon one another, and with an expression not particularly tranquil, upon him. His scheme is worse than anything in *Der Freischutz*, or *Robert le Diable*, and not a man will believe a word of it. These three accomplished and ingenious writers might whisper a caution, by their signal failure to establish just what they intended, to any scholar who should think he had discovered an original plan of settling "The Relation between Judaism and Christianity." We do not mean to say that Dr. Palfrey, in his last elaborate work, will make absolutely not a single convert to his opinion, though we have heard that thought expressed; but we seriously think that the converts will be few. Our learned friend attaches great importance to the Divine mission of Moses, to the supernatural character of the institutions he set up, and to his inspired prophecy of the Christ that was to come, "the Prophet like unto himself." At the same time, he maintains that none of the prophets who came between that prediction and its fulfilment had any such inspired foresight; but, on the contrary, that every man of them was misled on the subject, was not divinely guided at all, and whenever he said anything on the matter spoke erroneously. Now it is very easy to suppose either of these things to be true, but extremely difficult to imagine how they can both be true. We can run no such contrasting line between the lawgiver and the seers of the Hebrew nation. We cannot send one off with all the honors of his miraculously shining face, and leave none of that heavenly illumination, but gross darkness rather, for the long line of sacred worthies that came after him. We cannot interfere so roughly with the harmony of the Biblical notes of preparation for a supposed Messiah. We cannot so break asunder a series of Divine communications to man, putting all that is beyond the range of natural causes at the beginning and the end,

— on the supposition, we mean, that any such series really exists. The superhuman system would thus appear like one of those vessels with high poop and prow, which we sometimes see in old paintings, the ship parted and sunk in the middle, and lifting only its stem and stern above the water.

Dr. Palfrey's object is to show that, wherever the Evangelists and other writers of the New Testament appeal to the prophetic writings of the Old, as foretelling the coming of Christ, or his character, or his history, they do it only by a rhetorical figure, and in the way of accommodation, as the critics call it. Not merely are no such predictions there, which it would be no new or strange doctrine to assert, but these writers did not suppose that they were there. He undertakes to maintain this proposition by an examination of every passage in which such references to the Saviour are supposed to be made. He contends that, even in those cases where the argument as from prophecy fulfilled is stated as expressly as language can state it, no such argument was intended to be offered, or was even admitted into the mind of the writer who seems to offer it.

Now we are willing to admit that there is a great deal of loose quotation from the Old Testament in the New ; that very many of the frequent allusions to the ancient Scriptures are introduced merely for the purpose of general illustration ; that the phrase, "this was done that it might be fulfilled," was often only the pointing out of some striking coincidence. All this has been claimed and conceded long ago. But that neither Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, nor the author of the Acts, ever thought of adducing literal evidence from any of the Jewish prophets that Jesus was the promised Messiah in anything that they said, is a paradox which all the ingenuity and learning of this volume will hardly recommend to the belief of studious men. With every feeling of respect for this able scholar, we feel compelled to express our dissent from his main conclusion ; and shall venture a few strictures on this last publication of a gentleman who has done so much, and in such various ways, to honor himself in the service of the community.

In the first place, the form of the work, if convenient to the writer, and perhaps to a very limited class of his readers, is encumbered with heavy disadvantages. It obliges the author to keep repeating the selfsame things ; and it multiplies the references to former works of his which may not conveniently be accessible. The form is that of notes on the several passages, cited as they occur in their Biblical order. Of course this renders the work desultory, and deprives it of the interest of an independent and continuous treatise. If all the bare references that it makes to other volumes, and to other pages in the present one, were

omitted, and all the reiterations retrenched, there would be a very sensible diminution of its size.

We began with our fundamental objection to Dr. Palfrey's theory, that it makes an unwarrantable distinction between the lawgiver and the prophets of Israel in respect of inspiration. It seems to us that they range in one line. They belong to the same economy of religious instruction. The same Divine guidance, whether it were greater or less in its degree, whether natural or supernatural in its character, must be ascribed, we think, to both of them alike. Now, in denying this, in refusing to the Hebrew bards any share in the foresight with which Moses was favored, pronouncing them all in the wrong, and at the same time feeling bound to vindicate the New Testament writers from the charge of misapprehending the authorities they appeal to and the very language they quote, he is driven by necessity to put very astonishing constructions sometimes on what they say. They must be made true interpreters at any rate, and of course understand their texts as he understands them; and the unavoidable consequence is, that his performance is a specimen of special pleading, all the way through. Here are the words, and they must be bent to the pattern. It is quite impossible in such a case to keep one's critical judgment straight, whatever may be one's amount of candor. Our learned friend has failed only where there could be no such thing as succeeding. We will mention but a single instance to illustrate what we have now advanced. In the interview between Philip and the Ethiopian officer who was reading the fifty-third of Isaiah in his chariot, at the words, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter," &c., the direct question was put, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?" Then the Apostle "began at the same Scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." "That is, I presume," says Dr. P., "Philip explained the passage in the way that I have done. Believing that to be the true exposition, I must needs suppose it to have been Philip's, if he was a correct interpreter." This interpretation is, that the writer, whom he loves to style the "Pseudo-Isaiah,"—we think it a disagreeable title though it means right,—was referring to the expected Messiah, though without any real foresight or just opinion about him, and without the least idea of a suffering Redeemer like Jesus. He was under a mistake all the while, like the rest of his countrymen. Now we confess that it seems to us a very odd way of "beginning with the Scripture," to show that it was all wrong, and we should be glad to hear by what further argument the dark-colored nobleman was converted. The ground here taken we cannot but think utterly untenable. We must have more than this, or less than this. The truth cannot lie just here.

And now we may be fairly asked what are our own conclusions on this point. We would reply to such a question, so far as a subject so large and perplexed can be despatched in two or three sentences. We are inclined to agree with our learned friend, in considering the scheme of *Literal Prophecy*, as it is termed, embarrassed with inexplicable difficulties. We may not be able to place our finger upon any particular text, in Moses any more than in the great writers who followed him, and say, *The Christ of Nazareth* is here unequivocally foretold. We do not fear for our Christian faith in acknowledging this; and in acknowledging further, that we have no care to impose our exegetical views and canons of criticism on those who have compiled the treasures of the *New Covenant* for our best enriching. We do not believe that they reasoned just as we do, or that their habits of thought and stock of religious ideas had any considerable correspondence with ours. They were a peculiar generation, educated very differently from ourselves. If they could be brought into familiar conversation with the theologians of modern times, we are inclined to think that there would be a little astonishment on both sides. As for the connection of the ancient Scriptures with the Christian, we must "walk large," and not mincingly, over so wide a field. We can see their providential character in a better way than by picking at Hebrew roots and Greek particles, — a way that will be obvious to the most uncritical reader. We regard them as prophetic out and out, in that generous sense which all can understand. They are prophetic, because they clearly indicate a course of preparation under God for the great Religion to which they led gradually the way. They are prophetic from their deficiencies, which are continually anticipating something to complete and crown them at a future day. They are prophetic from the constant aspiring of that separated people, with their unique and unparalleled literature, towards divine consummations, which through them were to set a glory upon all the nations of the earth, — a moral and spiritual glory. They are prophetic from the very fact, whether we can understand how it was brought about or not, that the counsels of Heaven acted along converging lines of expectation, which met and centred at last in the Promised One. The Christ came in the fulness of time, when he was most looked and longed for, and took the form of a servant that he might reign the surer, and was rejected at first only that he might be received the better, and by what he taught and performed and suffered has changed the condition of mankind. So much as this must be granted on all hands. There may be more that ought to be granted. But this is already much. We are perfectly aware that, in the common opinion of our denomination, what has now

been advanced will appear unsatisfactory. It might appear so to us, if we believed that any further claim could be soundly established. There are some among us, however, who will be ready to say, Is not this prediction enough? and have we not here a sufficiently marvellous fulfilment?

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1. J. PAYNE COLLIER'S *Alte Handschriftliche Emendationen zum Shakspeare, gewürdigt von DR. NICOLAUS DELIUS*. Bonn. 1853.
 2. *Manuscript Corrections from a Copy of the Fourth Folio of Shakspeare's Plays*. Boston. 1854.
 3. "The Battle of the Commentators." North American Review for April.
 4. "Shakspeare vs. Perkins." Putnam's Magazine for May.

WE are not quite sure that we should have returned to this subject, which is somewhat foreign from the purpose of our work, if it had not been for a single passage in the first named of these publications. We are glad to find Dr. Delius almost entirely in accordance with us, both as to the sweep and tone of the remarks that we have already made.* The passage is this. We said that the old reading, "first complaint," is better than the forced one proposed, "thirst-complaint," in Menenius's humorous description of himself (Coriolanus, Act II. Scene 1), even on the supposition that continued reference is had to his convivial habits. Delius, however, contends, in this sharp German pamphlet of his, that no such reference is intended, and that the jovial patrician here changes the subject. He explains the words, "something imperfect in favoring the first complaint," to mean, over easy in yielding to the first complaint, or accusation, that might be brought against him. There is something very plausible in this interpretation. But it is singular enough, that the very passage pronounced to be inexplicable by Mr. Collier and his Edinburgh critic should seem so simple to a foreigner as not to need the least elucidation. Dr. D. announces his own forthcoming edition of "William Shakspeare's Werke." He may possibly promote into the text the eighteen inconsiderable readings, which are all that he approves out of the "20,000." But we hope he will not. Some of these, as "*niece* to England," instead of "*near* to England," and "*indent with foes*," instead of "*indent with fears*," we should refuse at once, and with some gesture of impatience. As for the rest of them, since they are

* Christian Examiner for November, 1853.

found in a mob, and have very little to say for themselves, we would not give our vote for the adoption of a single one.

We have not a syllable of ammunition to throw away upon the new "Manuscript Corrections." A set of readings that could perpetrate such feeble forays upon the great poet as several that we will not stop to name, we shall leave to be hunted down by any who may think it worth while to give chase to "such small deer." They are tame and lame, for the most part, after the manner of their tribe.

• As we came pretty early into this field, we cannot avoid striking one more blow in it. The writer in the *North American Review*, more in the spirit of polemics than of poetry, as it seems to us, steps betwixt the combatants, and boldly declares "for the larger portion of the emendations." We have no right to wonder at him for such an opinion. But we must be allowed to wonder at a canon of criticism (pp. 416, 417), which gives the preference always to the plainer and simpler reading, supposing the authority to be equal on both sides. We are quite willing that "the *blanket* of the dark,"—yes, *blanket*,—should hang as the test between us on this question. "Shakespeare vs. Perkins" shows urbanity and wit. But the *versus*, both here and in the former article, is far from being strong enough. At least, we claim to think so.

Purple Tints of Paris: Character and Manners in the New Empire. By BAYLE ST. JOHN, Author of "Village Life in Egypt," &c. New York: Ricker, Thorne, & Co. 12mo. pp. 446.

ST. JOHN might have produced an admirable book, after the style of Sir Francis Head's *Fagots* upon his favorite city; he could hardly have manufactured a worse one had he tried. In thirty chapters, he has collected a vast amount of personal anecdote upon the lower grades of Parisian life; but chiefly in illustration of that master-passion whose apotheosis seems taking place in the modern Babylon, yet whose details, given with the utmost nonchalance, never arouse his English detestation nor provoke his Christian conscience. "Hot Corn" found a brief acceptance upon the ground of modern philanthropy; but what will be thought of one who spreads over his page a thicker scum of sensuality, without any pretence of warning the tempted or recovering the fallen, nay, with the constant admission of a brotherly friendship for those who trample upon the most sacred laws of society, whose sin is without shame, whose fall is followed by no repent-

ance? He prefaces one of his worst stories with the declaration, that he "would rather be accused of laxity than excessive bitterness," and condemns in advance those who withhold sympathy from his self-abandoned heroine. We can hardly believe that this agreeable writer and extensive traveller perceived the spirit which his book will breathe upon others, nor the dishonor it must reflect, among those who do not know him, upon himself.

A Year with the Turks, or, Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan. By WARINGTON W. SMYTH, M. A. Redfield. 1854. pp. 251. 12mo.

THIS small volume is very readable, and entirely authentic. Among the crowd of books now issued on this subject, though less pretentious, it is more satisfactory and more instructive than the generality. Earnestly sympathizing with the assailed party in this great struggle, he yet has to admit that the boasted education of the country is all a sham, that the agricultural population is dying off through oppression and "want of security against marauders," and that the Turk himself is a very stupid, lazy, and useless sort of gentleman.

Smyth travelled through parts of the country very little visited, often with great danger and always under severe privation: and his report of what his free use of the native tongue and his remarkable activity brought to his knowledge, we value far more than the usual hash served up by Constantinople dragomans; half of which is commonly the blunders of ignorance, and no little of the rest is dressed up "for a foreign market." These gentry seem sometimes to measure their wages by their facility at falsehood: to see their stories reappearing as sober verities from the English and American press, is a sore trial of Christian patience; but so are books of travel made.

The Lamplighter. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 523.

WORKS of prose fiction have not usually been made the subject of critical comment in this journal. But the remarkable degree of popularity which the volume before us has obtained, and its own intrinsic merit, furnish a sufficient reason for a departure from our ordinary practice. An inquiry into the causes of this popularity in connection with the present state and ten-

dency of the public taste, would open many interesting questions, and exhibit some very gratifying facts ; but it can only be touched here in the briefest manner possible. That an increased demand for works of fiction of a higher character than had been previously popular has grown up within the last two or three years, must be apparent to every one. For several years the country had been flooded with novels singularly deficient in literary merit, and in which delicacy of sentiment and purity of morals had been sacrificed to the production of striking effects. As a natural consequence, the taste of a large part of the community was beginning to be greatly corrupted. But such a state of things could not continue ; and at length, disgusted with the feebleness, imbecility, and utter worthlessness of these works, novel-readers began to demand works of a higher order. The pernicious literature which had so long been popular began to disappear from the counters of the booksellers ; and the publication and sale of such books have sensibly declined. The extent, indeed, to which this change has taken place, can be justly estimated only by those who are aware how great had been the sale of such books.

Undoubtedly the popularity of *The Lamplighter* is in some degree owing to this change in the public taste. But this alone is insufficient to account for the sale of so many thousand copies of such a book by an anonymous writer ; and we must go behind this fact for the real explanation. Now, if we carefully analyze the impression which the volume leaves on the mind after a critical reading, we shall find that its popularity is owing to the harmonious blending of several different kinds of merit, rather than to any one prominent characteristic. Its tone is pure and elevated throughout ; and there is not a single image or incident to which the most fastidious can take exception. There is, too, a deep religious sentiment, never offensively paraded before the reader, but underlying and coloring every part. With no new social theories to recommend, and no theological dogmas or political doctrines to propagate, the book is entirely free from cant and partisanship of every kind, but is everywhere pervaded by a humane and liberal spirit. The whole tone of the volume, in fact, is unexceptionable, and as much perhaps as any other single cause has contributed to its success.

The plot is somewhat complex, but the incidents are natural, and skilfully managed ; and though the story is rather overcharged with them, they never exceed the limits of the probable. The scene is laid in this city and its neighborhood, and the action extends over the last ten or fifteen years. The heroine is drawn with a strong and steady hand ; and her character is one of great beauty and high moral excellence. Making her acquaintance

whilst she is yet a child, and the victim of cruelty and injustice, we trace the development of her mind and heart as she is gradually brought in contact with better influences, with much of the interest that we feel in one whom we have personally known. The other principal personages are delineated with spirit and ability, are free from exaggeration, and their characters are throughout consistent with themselves. The blind girl, in particular, is a beautiful creation; nor should we forget to mention the good lamplighter as equally well drawn.

The style is smooth, polished, and transparent; but it bears the evidence of rather too much art in the structure and balance of the sentences. In the narrative and descriptive parts it is generally excellent; but in the dialogue it is apt to become somewhat more stiff and formal than the usual tone of easy conversation. This defect is most apparent in the long conversation between Philip Amory and Willie Sullivan; and it may also be seen in Mr. Amory's second letter to his daughter, and in several other places. From what has now been said, it will be seen that the book is one of no ordinary degree of ability and excellence; and we cannot but congratulate the author — now known to be Miss Maria Cummings, of Dorchester — on the success which it has so richly merited by its high moral tone, the naturalness of its characters and incidents, and the graces of its style.

Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, the Pursuit of Truth, and on other Subjects. By SAMUEL BAILEY. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. xii. and 422.

THIS edition of Mr. Bailey's *Essays* contains the whole of the two volumes in which they were originally published, and comprises twelve distinct essays. Of these, the longest and most elaborate is the essay on the Pursuit of Truth, which fills more than a third of the volume, and presents a thorough and scholarly discussion of the various duties pertaining to the inquiry after truth. Next in importance are the two essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, which are briefer, but equally calm and thoughtful productions. The remaining essays are also upon metaphysical subjects, and are full of striking and suggestive thoughts, which need only to be followed out to produce important results. But in their present form they are too brief for a thorough and exhaustive discussion of the subjects to which they relate. No one, however, can read them without being struck with their freshness of tone and clearness and force of

statement; and there are few persons who will not find much food for thought in them.

Mr Bailey's style is smooth, calm, and lucid, and has that mellowness which comes only from practice and clearness of conceptions. But perhaps the best characteristic of his essays is their suggestiveness. His views are occasionally of doubtful soundness, or require qualification, and he rarely attempts a strictly original line of investigation, or presents a new aspect of old truths. His strength lies in the beauty and force of his statement of those truths, rather than in new discoveries. Yet in the ability to interest his readers, and excite in them an inclination to continue the inquiry along the path which he has marked out, he is surpassed by few metaphysical writers. This quality is perhaps best seen in the shorter essays, though it is also sufficiently apparent in the three longer discussions.

The Complete Poetical Works of SAMUEL ROGERS; with a Biographical Sketch and Notes. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 460.

MR. SARGENT has laid a new obligation on every lover of English poetry, by this cheap but elegant edition of one of the most polished poets of the nineteenth century. It is true that Rogers's poetry is inferior in freshness and vigor to the productions of several of his contemporaries; but there is an exquisite beauty and finish about everything that he wrote, which none of them ever surpassed. His versification is always smooth and elegant, and his choice of imagery is guided by the most perfect taste. There are, indeed, in his works many passages of almost faultless execution. Nor is he deficient in the higher qualities of a poet. His imagination is not lofty, nor capable of long-sustained flights; but within its special range it is both active and sustained; and his fancy is singularly sweet and delicate. Another striking characteristic of his poetry, and one which more and more wins on the reader with each successive perusal, is its calm, meditative tone. Though he lived in the midst of society, and wrote at a period when the great ferment of the first French Revolution had not yet begun to subside, his verse is scarcely colored by the fierce strife which was raging around him, or which was still fresh in his recollection. It is the product of a mind naturally susceptible to all beautiful impressions, but enriched by much culture, and looking at everything from an artistic point of view.

The edition of his works now on our table comprises both the

Poems and Italy, and is edited with the same conscientious fidelity and accuracy that were shown in Mr. Sargent's edition of Campbell. Its chief peculiarity, however, is an original biographical notice of the poet, exhibiting much research, and written in an easy and agreeable style. In fulness of detail concerning the poet's life, it is inferior to the sketch of Campbell; but it deals more largely with his works, and cites at length two of the best criticisms of them that have ever been written, — those by Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Jeffrey in the Edinburgh Review.

History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Beginning of the Reformation to 1850; with special Reference to Transylvania. Translated by the REV. J. CRAIG, D.D., Hamburg. With an Introduction by J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D., President of the Theological School of Geneva, &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. New York: James C. Derby. 1854. 12mo. pp. 559.

RATHER a large field to be comprehended within a *duodecimo*, albeit a thick one, and the result is an absence of details and personal incidents and delineations of character, of that filling up, in short, which distinguishes the history, properly so called, from the chronological table. On the whole, we must honestly confess that the book, though abundantly instructive, is somewhat dry. Anything about Hungary should be plentifully set forth with all the lights of discourse, at least for those who, like ourselves, confess to a sad confusion of the brain whenever a page sprinkled with Hungarian names is put before our eyes. If Kossuth had been called by the appellations of some of his temporary subjects, he never would have had the run of England and America. Only a very small class of persons could possibly have spoken of him.

We have no doubt that the volume before us contains an account, which was designed to be faithful, of a most important portion of Church history; we can hardly, however, fail to detect the Protestant partisan in the narrative, and are by no means ready to attribute to the Romish Church, as its peculiar and unshared sin, the persecuting spirit from which, as it would seem, the Hungarian Reformers have always suffered more or less, and still suffer. We wait, as ever, to hear the other side. In the Old World politics and religion are inextricably blended, and the dominant party in the Church is never very amiable: "*First pure, then peaceable,*" is its motto, with great emphasis on the "*first.*" By our historian's confession, the Protestants

were very ready to persecute the Unitarians for the sake of maintaining in view of Romanism an unbroken front, at least in appearance. Still we are inclined to believe that the genius of Romanism, more than that of Protestantism, favors persecution, and that this book, whatever qualifications may fairly be demanded of its statements, supplies many notable instances in illustration of this tendency. The work is of great value to the student of Church history, and will be read with interest by all who can pronounce Hungarian names and are willing to pardon a somewhat one-sided Protestant partisanship.

Discourses, by ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 426.

THIS volume contains twenty-four discourses, and whether the arrangement was or was not disposed by the author with a view to that result, the succession of topics is an admirable exposition of the progressive instruction and application of the Gospel. Beginning with a discourse on the Divinity, Sufficiency, and Perpetuity of the Christian Religion, — which presents in a most effective way the evidence of truth lying at the foundation of the Gospel, — we are led on through a course of pulpit instruction upon the method, the substance, the vehicle, the tests, the uses, the blessings and effects of Revelation. Occasionally a topic occurs in the treatment of which the personal history and example of Christ, or some incident in his life, is made the central object of contemplation. Indeed, the two striking excellences of the contents of the volume are the eminently Christian cast of all its lessons, as they are vitally centred upon Jesus Christ, and the constant appeal to experimental evidence as exhibiting the effects of his Gospel on individuals and on society. Throughout the volume we see tokens of the good influence wrought on the mind and heart of the preacher by the studies which he pursued for years in the preparation of his commentaries on the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. A study which has often resulted in producing a merely dry, didactic, and textual knowledge, or which, when dis severed from the actual application of Christian lessons to life in the performance of pastoral duties, has tended to nourish a critical scepticism, has wrought in Mr. Livermore a work of firm conviction and practical improvement. Occasionally a most felicitous illustration, beautifully set forth in appropriate rhetoric, covers the page before us. But for the most part, a calm, chaste, and unadorned style is made the vehicle of expression, plain speech and direct appeal and sober argument being left to do their own good

work. Had we received the volume in season for the preparation of a more extended notice of it, we should have been glad to have presented our readers with some extracts from it. We are already richly provided with books filled with the carefully prepared discourses of many of our brethren, among the living and the departed. This new contribution to the stores of sacred literature will be welcome alike to the personal friends of the esteemed author and to that large circle of readers who, in the quiet of Sunday at home, or under the chastening experiences of the sick chamber, are wont to turn to such volumes for spiritual nutriment.

Theological Essays and other Papers. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1854. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 311, 276.

WE have here the sixteenth and the seventeenth volumes of the series of collected writings of De Quincey. We are indebted to the excellent literary taste of Mr. Fields for the whole collection, and it certainly requires the exercise of no slight degree of judgment on his part to classify and give titles to the scattered and versatile papers of his author. The readers and purchasers of the volumes previously issued have not yet cried, "Enough!" nor are they likely to do so while such good matter as has been so profusely offered to them is put within their reach. Some of the very best papers of De Quincey are found in the volumes now before us. Acute, scholarly, elaborate, and, for the most part, intelligible to readers of general culture in common literature, they treat of serious subjects in a profound way. An admirable essay on the secretly working, but most potent, influence of Christianity on the great public interests of life, opens the first volume. This is followed by instructive papers on Protestantism; on the supposed Scriptural expression for *Eternity*; on the character of the sin committed by Judas Iscariot; on Hume's Argument against Miracles; on Casuistry, with some vigorous applications of the theme to modern instances; and on Greece under the Romans. The second volume contains papers on the following topics: The Secession from the Church of Scotland; Toilette of the Hebrew Lady; Milton; Charlemagne; Modern Greece; and Lord Carlisle on Pope. The author has prejudices and strong prepossessions of his own. He is a severe hater of Frenchmen, and of almost everything that belongs to their country and literature. He is no lover of Unitarians or of their views. We have noted some ungenerous or crabbed sentiments in each of the volumes of his writings, and the cases are such strong ones as to speak for

themselves very distinctly. Still De Quincey is in the main a most instructive and a very fascinating writer. He has all the figures of speech at his command, and knows the power of words and phrases as well as anybody that ever used them.

Protestantism in Paris: a Series of Discourses, translated from the French of A. COQUEREL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 195.

As specimens of the pulpit discourses of the most eminent preacher of views akin to our own in the city of Paris, the contents of this little volume will be read with interest by many persons. We have ourselves joined in the throngs that crowd to listen to the preacher, and were probably as much impressed by him as we should be by any French preacher. The eminent services of M. Coquerel in many great public interests beside those which bear directly upon the cause of religion, have given to him a practical skill and a directness of address which have their effect on his pulpit performances. Compared, therefore, with the usual style of sermons by his countrymen, Romanist or Protestant, his own are deficient in mere rhetorical adornments, and are distinguished by simple strength and plainness of statement. For ourselves we should have been glad if the volume were larger, and had embraced the contents of the volume which he himself published in Paris in 1838. The volume before us contains six Discourses on the following topics: The Second Death; Eternal Punishment; The Faith of Thomas,—an Easter Sermon; Christianity a Great Joy,—a Christmas Sermon; St. Paul, the Thirteenth Apostle; and The Two Promises to Piety.

Life in Abyssinia: being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country. By MANSFIELD PARKYNS. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 350, 355.

THESE two volumes are filled with the most entertaining and instructive information, from a field which we can hardly call inviting, but which is certainly untravelled and undescribed in any previous publications. Occasionally, as we have read some of the large or startling stories told by the author, the question has presented itself,—Is he perfectly reliable? Does he tell only the simple truth? We have seen his trustworthiness vouched for by respectable authorities, but still there is some-

thing rather equivocal in the author's own remark concerning his book, — "I believe most of it to be true." We have read, however, with an easy faith, and, though to our occasional disgust, with the confidence that we have obtained some desirable information upon matters about which we were wholly ignorant. The proclivities of Mr. Parkyns, shown in separating himself for so many years from the civilized portion of his race, and in so easy a conformance of manner and habits of life to those of the filthiest representatives of humanity, are marvellous indeed. His tastes as a sportsman offer but a partial explanation of the marvel. But whoever wishes to read of human life under some of its wildest aspects, and to acquaint himself with Nature and her productions in their unwonted forms, will find these volumes worthy of perusal.

The Elements of Character. By MARY G. CHANDLER. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 234.

THE topics under which many fresh and earnest thoughts are gathered in this volume, are the following : Character ; The Human Trinity ; Thought ; Imagination ; Affection ; Life ; Conversation ; Manners ; and Companionship. The brief and beautifully written essays on these themes give evidence of high culture, of a well-improved experience, and of a knowledge of much that has been said and written upon them by others. The Swedenborgian element pervading the volume is not introduced dogmatically, and may serve the purpose of a theory which all such essays need as the germ of their speculative portions. We believe that the book will minister to a healthful and happy moral and religious culture, and that is the highest service which an author of either sex can now render to the living generation.

Feathers from a Moulting Muse. By HENRY J. SARGENT, Residuary Legatee of the late "Walter Anonym." Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 270.

THERE is true poetic genius, with a various and versatile expression of itself, in this volume. The plaintive, the heroic, the humorous, and the fanciful, alternate with the solemn strain, and under each form of composition there are lines and images that ring upon the ear, and will fix themselves upon the memory.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

New Books.—Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have issued, in four very handsome duodecimo volumes, a reprint from the London edition of Motteux's Translation of *Don Quixote*. The edition is furnished with copious Notes, and with an Essay on the Life and Writings of Cervantes, by John G. Lockhart. The sumptuous look of these volumes, in their bold, clear type and fair paper, will tempt many persons to whom the pages are familiar to engage in a reperusal of them. Those who now for the first time read this charming romance, the great satire on the affectations and follies of chivalry, will heartily thank the publishers for putting them in possession of so enticing a work in so enticing a shape.

The same firm continue their elegant series of the British Poets by the publication of volumes containing the Works of Falconer, Churchill, and Campbell.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, whose publications are uniformly of the highest order, have reprinted, from the London edition, the Hulsean Prize Essay of Professor W. J. Bolton, on "The Evidences of Christianity, as exhibited in the Writings of its Apologists, down to Augustine." This is a work of thorough scholarship, and of a far-reaching and profound design. There are unbelievers in the Gospel at the present day who would persuade us that old Paganism was better, and that the disrepute which has been visited upon it has arisen from Christian slanders. Let such persons peruse these instructive pages, and then tell us how they will meet the facts here candidly presented. We commend the volume as worthy of high confidence and praise.

The same firm have published a Translation, by J. E. Ryland, of Professor Tholuck's "Guido and Julius: or, Sin and the Propitiator, exhibited in the true Consecration of the Sceptic." Many of our readers are acquainted with the Translation of De Wette's Theodore published in Mr. Ripley's Series, and they will find in this book an entirely different treatment of a very similar theme.

Messrs. J. P. Jewett & Co. have published "Photographic Views of Egypt, Past and Present, by Joseph P. Thompson." The esteemed minister of the Tabernacle Church in New York gives us here the fruits of his Egyptian tour last year. He holds an able and instructive pen, he mingles personal incidents with general information, and selects such materials for record and description as will give value to his book for those who visit the scenes of which he speaks, or who must remain at home and learn from the reports of others.

The Messrs. Harper, by the sheer energy of their activity and enterprise, are sending forth the fruits of their first stage of recovery from their disastrous conflagration. They have just published, with a Revision and an Appendix by George W. Greene, Dr. Smith's concise and elaborate "History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. With Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature

and Art." This classical work is richly illustrated with engravings, and will make its theme most attractive to readers of all ages. — "Armenia: a Year at Erzerum, and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia," by the Hon. Robert Curzon. This author, well known by his "Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant," gives us, with the help of some good illustrations, a book of graphic interest. — Another of the Harpers' publications is entitled, "The Knout and the Russians; or, the Muscovite Empire, the Czar, and his People. By Germain de Laguny. Translated from the French, by John Bridgeman." This is also an illustrated volume, and its subject will secure for it the attention which it seems to deserve. The same firm have reprinted the fourth volume of Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," it being the second volume of the Life of Mary Stuart.

Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., of New York, have published, in a handsome volume, "The Undying One; Sorrows of Rosalie; and other Poems," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; also, a new and much improved edition, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Spencer, of Pycroft's "Course of English Reading, adapted to every Taste and Capacity," a very convenient bibliographical manual.

Redfield, of New York, has ministered to the taste of three very different classes of readers in the three following volumes: "The Catacombs of Rome as illustrating the Church of the First Three Centuries," by Bishop Kip; "The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, with a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East," by Colonel Chesney; and "Calavar, or, The Knight of the Conquest, a Romance of Mexico," by Robert M. Bird.

J. C. Derby, of New York, has published, from a manuscript left by the author, the late Rev. Dr. Olin, "Greece, and the Golden Horn."

J. French & Co., of Boston, have published a brief work entitled "Turkey and the Turks," by Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the Mayor of this city.

Service-Book. — We have received a copy of the "Service-Book for Worship in the Congregation and the Home. Taken principally from the Old and New Testaments. Arranged for the Use of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C." (16mo. pp. 155.) An examination of the volume leads us to think it as well suited to its designed use as is any one of those which have passed under our notice. The fact that scarce any two churches of our denomination have adopted the same Service-Book as meeting the wish entertained by several of them for such an aid in worship, is significant of the great difficulty that besets the object had in view. The book before us leaves so much of freedom in its use, and is so eminently Scriptural in its contents, that it will be likely to meet with large favor among congregations dissatisfied with our prevailing customs of worship.

The Recent Difficulties in Columbia College, New York. — The friends of Columbia College have always claimed for that institution a reputation for classical learning higher than that of any other in the country. They have no doubt that her graduates, as a general rule, are much better Latin and Greek scholars, and that they not only are better philologists, but are more deeply imbued with the spirit of the classical literature than those of our other colleges. And they have little less

confidence in estimating their relative knowledge of modern European literature. But these advantages, it is allowed, have been secured by the neglect of many other branches by the public considered more important. The sciences have been but little insisted on, and no effort has been made to render the course of studies practical. Now the attention of the people of this age and of this country is particularly directed to the production of power, to the application of means, and the attainment of results, much more than to individual scholarship, and unless a college will furnish the facilities for developing the practical powers, its claim to classical excellence will gain it but few students.

In connection with these views, some of its graduates have undertaken to explain the fact that so few names of distinguished public men are found upon the Catalogue of the Alumni of that College. Carefully examining its lists from 1786 to 1844, we find the names of many men highly distinguished at the bar, of some few eminent physicians, of some who are known in literature; but we should be puzzled to name any one public man of great influence in the nation, except DeWitt Clinton. This may in part be explained by the unfavorable influence of a large city upon the development of character; but we must think that the influence of the twelve hundred and nine graduates on that Catalogue would have been much greater, if their training had been more practical and less classical.

The means of Columbia College have become enormous. The piece of ground granted by Trinity Church in 1754 is now in the most valuable part of the city. Much of it has been leased, and the remainder, through which the authorities have ordered a street to be cut, is about to be leased. It is supposed that this piece of property alone will immediately yield a revenue of \$60,000 *per annum*, and that it will yield at no distant day \$100,000. Besides this, the College owns two hundred and twenty building-lots in the upper part of the city, which were granted to it many years since by the Legislature, and which are said to be worth now, at the lowest estimate, \$400,000 more. This immense property will now become available by the necessity of removing the college buildings, and by the demand for city lots, and the responsibility will be thrown upon the Trustees of administering for purposes of education a larger fund than is held by any other institution of the same character in the United States.

In this point of view, the recent action of these gentlemen, which has brought them at this time in an extraordinary manner before the public, and which we think worthy of recording in our pages, becomes important and interesting.

In the course of the last winter, Professor Renwick resigned the chair of Chemistry and Natural and Experimental Philosophy in that college. Two gentlemen applied for the place, one of whom was Dr. O. Wolcott Gibbs, a graduate of the College, and who for some years had studied under Dr. Hare of Philadelphia and under the best chemists in Germany, and was at that time Professor of Chemistry in the Free Academy in New York city. His qualifications were vouched for by nearly every distinguished scientific man in the country, and no question was made as to his social position or moral character. His application, moreover, was sustained by the recommendation of about two hundred alumni.

The committee, however, to whom the applications had been re-

ferred, reported to the Trustees, among his testimonials, a correspondence between Dr. Gibbs and their chairman, in which the reverend chairman had inquired what the applicant's views were on the subject of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. The candidate had replied that he was a Unitarian, and on that subject believed as most of the denomination did, that there was no necessary discrepancy between the revelation by God's word and that by his works, and that, where they seemed to conflict, there was probably some misunderstanding of one or the other.

Upon the introduction of this report, one of the Trustees offered a resolution, to the effect that the Board was bound, in their selection of a candidate for the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural and Experimental Philosophy, to select the person best fitted for the place, without regard to his opinions in matters of religion. This resolution caused an animated discussion, in which some five clerical members of the Board asserted, more or less roundly, that, whatever might be his qualifications, they would never vote for any man for the Professorship who denied the divinity of our Saviour. The resolution was finally indefinitely postponed, by a large majority.

Several ballotings followed for the purpose of electing a Professor. The gentlemen opposed to Dr. Gibbs did not unite in his favor all of that side, and on some occasions blank votes were thrown sufficient in number to have elected Dr. Gibbs if they had been cast for him, showing that those who gave them were voting *against* him, and not in favor of any other person.

The several adjournments and many ballotings were duly recorded in the public papers. All Dr. Gibbs's friends except one or two were Episcopalian laymen. Those opposed to him were the clergy of the Board, other Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Dutch Reformed. The votes did not vary much, and for some three months there was a great excitement among the friends of the college. In the midst of it appeared a pamphlet by the Hon. S. B. Ruggles, entitled, *The Duty of Columbia College to the Community, and its Right to exclude Unitarians from its Professorships of Physical Science*. It is a letter addressed by the author, who is a Trustee, to one of his co-Trustees, and is a clear, able, eloquent appeal on behalf of education, freedom of opinion, and the claims of science. Written with enthusiasm, it is still courteous and logical, and though it betrays the warmth of a partisan, it is rich with generous appeals and home truths. It however did not avail, and after the Trustees had been obliged to call public attention through the newspapers to the fact that applications for the vacant Professorship would be received, another candidate of unobjectionable religious opinions came forward, and succeeded in gaining a majority of two votes over Dr. Gibbs, and thus ending that part of the dispute.

The matter, however, did not stop here. A short time afterwards the Trustees called the Alumni together, and proposed to them to unite in the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the foundation of the College, which will occur on the last day of next October. Immediately a spirit of discontent manifested itself among the Alumni, and objections were made to any concert of action with the Trustees. At an adjourned meeting some very severe resolutions were passed, censuring the Trustees for their course in rejecting Dr. Gibbs on account of his religious opinions. Among them were the following :—

"*Resolved*, That the spirit which would make a particular religious belief a test of fitness for a Professorship of Physical Science, deserves our severest condemnation.

"*Resolved*, That in our opinion the action of the Trustees in rejecting Dr. Gibbs is unjust to him, to the Alumni, and to the community, and evinces a spirit of intolerance opposed to the liberal intentions of the charter, inconsistent with the character of a public institution, and in the highest degree injurious to the best interests of the College.

"*Resolved*, That the people and the age demand the widest diffusion of knowledge; that education such as our College has at its disposal can neither be too liberal nor too practical in its character, nor too freely bestowed upon the public, by whose generosity the College was endowed, and that for these ends the management of the College needs new energy and reform.

"*Resolved*, That it is not expedient for the Alumni to join in the proposed celebration of the centennial anniversary of the College, until an understanding is had with the Trustees as to the spirit of the proposed celebration, and of the future governance of the College."

At the same meeting a committee of one from each class represented at the meeting was appointed to confer with the Trustees. This meeting was the largest ever convened of Alumni of the College, and consisted almost entirely of men of the orthodox faith. So far as known, there were not more than three professed Unitarians present. The majority were Episcopalians, with a large minority of Presbyterians and of the other orthodox denominations.

About the same time the State Senate appointed a committee to inquire whether any violations of the College charter had occurred, and to examine generally into its condition. Things certainly looked threatening. So far as the press was an index, public opinion was setting strongly against the Trustees, and great results were anticipated when they should have been examined before the Senate committee. At this crisis appeared another pamphlet, entitled, *A Defence of Columbia College from the Attack of Samuel B. Ruggles, by Gouverneur M. Ogden, a Trustee*. It takes the ground that the successful candidate had been elected because he was the best qualified, "and that the result would not have been different had Dr. Gibbs belonged to either of the Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, or Episcopal Churches."

The legal right, however, of Trustees individually "to take into consideration the religious profession of any candidate for a vacant professorship," is asserted, and maintained with great clearness and force of logic. The author holds that the restriction of the charter is against any corporate act, ordinance, or by-law, being a mere limitation of the power of making by-laws, and that an individual member is not forbidden to take the religious profession of a candidate into account as a motive governing or influencing his action in casting his vote for a person to fill a vacant office; and he compares the case to that of a candidate for a political office, from which no one can be legally disqualified on account of his religion, but who may yet be voted against by individuals on that account. His argument is directed to maintain the legal right only; the moral question is left untouched.

This pamphlet has been followed by a third, entitled, *Review of the Proceedings of the Alumni of Columbia College, and an Answer to the Pamphlet entitled The Duty of Columbia College to the Community, and its Right to exclude Unitarians from its Professorships of Physical*

Science. No author has been named. It takes this extraordinary ground, — that “the majority of the Trustees of the College refused to concur in his [Dr. Gibbs’s] appointment, being of opinion that it was not fit or expedient to elect an individual to an important professorship whose religious tenets were those of a Unitarian. That they had a right, nay, that it was their duty, thus to act, is and must of necessity be the opinion of all men who are believers in the Trinity, and of all men who duly appreciate and deeply feel the duty of supporting what may be called the religion of the country they inhabit, for that the religion of this country is Trinitarian cannot with truth be denied.”

The author’s great object, however, is to show, which he does very plausibly, that a general act of the State forbidding the application of any religious test to the affairs of any college or academy, does not in spirit apply to this case. But as the law itself expressly limits its application to colleges and academies not already incorporated at the date of its passage, which Columbia College was, the well-meant effort of the writer seems not to have been called for.

These pamphlets have been the Paixhan guns of the fight, but an irregular sharp-shooting has been kept up by the newspapers. The New York Herald is, we believe, the only secular paper that has supported the course of the Trustees, while almost all the other city papers have attacked them in great variety of argument, sarcasm, and squib.

In the mean time, the contest of measures goes on. The committee appointed by the Alumni to confer with the Trustees communicated to that body their readiness to do so. The Trustees laid the matter on the table for five weeks. In that interval the Senate Committee commenced their examination very courteously and pleasantly, and after two meetings adjourned until September next. The Board of Trustees then returned for answer to the Committee of the Alumni, that, under existing circumstances, they did not deem it advisable to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary. This of course is a refusal to confer with the Alumni, and is assuming a position of uncompromising self-respect.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Confession and Covenant of the First Church in Salem. — A discussion has recently been pursued in the columns of the “Salem Gazette,” in reference to a very interesting point in the ecclesiastical polity of the fathers of New England. It was introduced by a lecture before the Essex Institute in Salem, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Worcester, pastor of the Tabernacle Church (Calvinistic) in that city. A brief report of the lecture appeared in the Gazette of March 7. Dr. Worcester impugned the truth of a statement which has passed unquestioned for a long time concerning the primitive practice of the First Church in Salem, and of others in this Colony, and affirmed that that church from the beginning required of all whom it received to its communion the acceptance of a written *creed*, embodying the views of Augustine and Calvin; and that this *creed*, as well as the covenant into which church-

members entered with each other, was a distinct and unalterable standard of religious fellowship, intended to be of binding force upon the founders of the church and upon their successors.

The Hon. D. A. White, late Judge of Probate for the county, and a member of the First Church, denied the historical truth and the documentary authority of what was affirmed by Dr. Worcester, and asserted that neither the Salem church nor the other primitive churches of the Colony imposed upon their members a set formula of doctrines embodied in a written creed of human construction.

Upon the issue thus raised, the parties have respectively presented their arguments and authorities in the columns of the newspaper down to the date of our present writing. It will be observed that the issue does not bring into question the Calvinism of the founders of the first church in the Bay Colony. Of course both parties take this for granted. Nor does Judge White deny that the original church-members, persuaded as they were that Calvinism and Christianity were essentially the same thing, took measures, through the elders, to satisfy themselves that a candidate for communion was sound in the faith, and expected that their posterity would accept for truth what they regarded as truth. But the point in debate is simply this,—whether those suffering witnesses and those bold assertors of the sufficiency of the Bible and of the right of private judgment, under a responsibility to God alone, undertook to shape and fashion out a Calvinistic formula of their own devising, to be written in their records and accepted word by word as a positive test of fitness for church-membership. Dr. Worcester asserts and Judge White denies this statement. In our opinion the weight of argument and evidence is with the latter. We gather three prominent and distinct facts to sustain his position:—1. No such creed as is alleged is to be found on the records of the First Church, nor is its use or existence even recognized. 2. Cotton Mather and Secretary Morton, who had the best means of information on the subject, give a very particular account of the formation and some of the subsequent history of the church, and inform us that, when a candidate entered into covenant with the church, he was at liberty to make his own statement as to religious convictions and experience,—that he was sometimes questioned, that he sometimes read from a written paper, and sometimes gave an oral account of the matter, according to his pleasure; both writers speak distinctly of the delight which was derived from this liberty and variety of utterance. 3. What is called the Confession and Covenant of the First Church is on record; an admirable composition, partaking of the nature both of a formula of faith and of a bond of brotherly fellowship in the Gospel. This was drawn up by the pastor, by the request of the church, under the express condition that it should be in the language of Scripture,—a condition which could not have been complied with in the construction of a Calvinistic formula.

The conclusion to our own minds is obvious and irresistible. The founders of the Salem church were thorough Calvinists. Indeed, they believed that creed in its unqualified and literal terms and conditions with far more hearty sincerity than do many of those who in our time assume to be their successors and vindicators. The late Dr. Codman used to say that he was the only real Calvinist in the State; but we question whether Calvin would have thought he came fully up to the mark. Yet while the fathers of our Colony held Calvinistic opinions,

it is very evident to the reader of what they have left to us from their own pens, that they did not lay the stress of Christian discipleship and of the conditions of church-membership on a formula of Calvinistic doctrine. Calvinism, strange to say, was far less offensive in those who really believed it, than it is in some who *profess* to believe it. The fathers of Massachusetts believed something beside Calvinism. Only the shadow of Calvinism is left with their posterity. Every man of mark among the so-called *orthodox* Congregationalists is a heretic with a greater or a smaller number of his brethren. To a discerning and discriminating reader or hearer of their occasional discourses, the qualifications and abatements and concessions which they make as to the substance of old Calvinism are as obvious and significant as the light of the noonday sun. To unskilled ears or minds, they may appear to be of kin to the noble and venerated founders of our old churches; but such productions as Professor Park's Convention Sermon, — perhaps the most adroit and cunning discourse ever published, — Dr. Bushnell's "God in Christ," and Dr. Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," tell a tale about the present state of opinion among the *orthodox* which already involves the conditions of common honesty.

It plainly appears that in the church at Salem there was no written creed or Calvinistic formula imposed upon the members. The pastor, teacher, or elders satisfied themselves as to the faith of candidates for communion by a private examination, and when they came before the church to accept the confession and the covenant, they made such a statement of their views and experience as they pleased, either orally or by reading. If in the private examination or in the answers to questions put to them before the church it had been made to appear that they were heretical, they would, of course, have been rejected. But no set Calvinistic formula was administered to each and all. They expected more light to break from the word of God, and they left the doors and windows open to receive it. We have had to straighten many of their crooked and narrow streets in these regions, nor should we probably have been withheld from doing so if they had put prohibitions on record against it. In matters which concern our own freedom of soul and our accountability to God, we are glad to know that we can follow with reverence the *principles* of our fathers, even while we utterly reject some of their *opinions*.

Anniversary Week. — The interest of thousands of visitors to our city, as well as of the great mass of its inhabitants, during Anniversary Week, was for the most part absorbed in the intense excitement connected with the seizure, the trial (!), and the surrendering up of a fugitive slave to a man who claimed to own him. We might write largely upon this subject if we allowed our pen to express any measure of the indignation and the mortification excited in us by the incident connected with that disgraceful and iniquitous process. That it did not terminate in a scene of bloodshed is to be attributed, not, we believe, to the overawing aspect of a large military force, but to the conviction, entertained by thousands who witnessed the scene, that the moral effect of it, under the guiding wisdom of a good Providence, would aid with other irresistible influences to work to one of two results; namely, either a repeal of the law by which such insults are inflicted upon us, or a state of public sentiment under which no respectable man will consent to hold an office requiring

him to help in enforcing the law. The fearful excitement which convulsed our city for a week involves risks too perilous to be often encountered with impunity. The bare cost in money of reclaiming that one fugitive slave was more than fifty times his value as a piece of property.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Massachusetts Bible Society was held in the Winter Street Church, on Monday afternoon, May 29. Judge Fletcher presided; the Rev. Charles Brooks opened the meeting by prayer, and by reading selections from Scripture, and earnest addresses, engaging the attention of a crowded assembly, were made by the Rev. Rufus Ellis, Governor Washburn, and the Rev. Mr. March of Nashua, N. H.

An Address of great vigor and ability was delivered before the American Peace Society, on Monday evening, in Park Street Church, by President Allen of Girard College.

The Twenty-ninth Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association took place on Tuesday, May 30. The Business Meeting was held in the Freeman Place Church, in the morning, when the Report of the Executive Committee was read by the General Secretary, and officers were chosen for the next year; viz. President, Rev. Dr. Lothrop; Vice-Presidents, Rev. Dr. E. B. Hall and Hon. Stephen Fairbanks; General Secretary, Rev. Dr. Miles; Treasurer, Calvin W. Clark, Esq. The Report gave evidence of a continued and even of a strengthening interest and efficiency in the purposes of the Association. The opening of its new rooms, the establishment of its Quarterly Journal, the degree of success attending the project of the Book Fund, the appointment of a missionary selling agent, and the establishment of new societies of our faith, all indicated a success fully commensurate with the exertions which we make to deserve it. At the meeting in the evening, in the church in Federal Street, extracts were read from the Report, and two very interesting essays, by Rev. Dr. Newell and the Rev. Chandler Robbins, followed respectively by remarks from the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, of Fitchburg, and the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, of Springfield, gave a novel interest to the occasion.

The Collation.—This social festival, to which the ministers of our denomination, with their wives, are invited by the Unitarian laity of the city, was again held in Faneuil Hall, which was also occupied on two other days of the week for the same social purpose by two other denominations. His Honor, Judge Rogers, presided at our festival, with great dignity, urbanity, and felicity. Last year the devotional exercises at the table were performed by the Rev. Drs. Young and Thompson, both of whom were now commemorated as among the honored departed. Dr. Lothrop and the Rev. Ralph Sanger officiated this year. From eight to nine hundred guests were present at the tables. Remarks, interspersed with music and singing, were offered by the Rev. G. W. Briggs of Salem, the Hon. J. C. Park, Mayor Smith of Boston, President Allen of Girard College, Rev. F. W. Holland, Rev. S. Osgood, Rev. C. Lincoln, Mr. W. Crapster, a graduate of Princeton Seminary, Mr. J. H. Fowler, and Rev. Dr. Hill.

The Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Ministers held its Annual Meeting on Wednesday, May 31. The names of the recipients of the bounty of this excellent charity are not publicly announced. It is sufficient for us to be informed, that, under the judicious and kindly

services of its officers, efforts are made to increase its funds, and that the disposable income is distributed in proper proportions to worthy objects. The funds now amount to nine thousand dollars. The Treasurer, Rev. Dr. E. Peabody, has the friendly aid of John E. Thayer, Esq. in making his investments.

The Ministerial Conference held its two regular sessions on Wednesday, May 31, at the chapel in Bedford Street. The Rev. Dr. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., presided, and the Rev. A. B. Muzzey, of Concord, N. H., opened the Conference with prayer. The theological paper, which was read by the Rev. J. F. Clarke, in the morning session, will appear in our next number. A spirited debate followed, occupying the time until the adjournment. In the afternoon the Rev. B. Frost, of Concord, read an address on "The Relation of the Church to the various Reforms of the Age."

The Children's Mission held its Fifth Anniversary on the same afternoon, in Hollis Street Church. The Hon. Albert Fearing, the President, occupying the chair, and the Rev. Dr. Hill, of Worcester, opening the meeting with prayer. The Report of the Treasurer showed a small balance left in his hands, and the Report of the Directors indicated prosperity and efficiency in the work of the Mission. Addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Kneeland, Missionary of the society, the Rev. E. H. Sears, the Rev. T. S. King, and the Rev. Dr. Hill.

The Sunday School Society held its Annual Meeting in the Freeman Place Chapel, on Wednesday evening. The principal business of the meeting was to effect a reorganization of the Society, which is to be brought about by a convention appointed to be held at Worcester on the fourth Wednesday of September next.

The Annual Sermon before the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers was preached in Brattle Street Church, on Thursday, June 1, by President Hitchcock of Amherst College. At the meeting on the preceding afternoon, in the Supreme Court room, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop was chosen First Preacher for the next year, in place of the late Rev. Dr. Young, and the Rev. Seth Sweetser, of Worcester, Second Preacher.

The Lord's Supper was administered on Thursday evening, in the Federal Street Church, by the Rev. Mr. Bond, of Dover, N. H., after a Sermon by the Rev. John Parkman, of Staten Island, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Barre, May 14, 1854, deeply lamented by a very large circle of personal friends, not only in the scene of his ministerial labors and its vicinity, but in various parts of the country, the REV. JAMES THOMPSON, D.D., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born in Halifax, in the county of Plymouth, on the 13th of April, in the year 1780.

His parents were persons of eminent piety, by whom he was brought up with that strictness of religious discipline which characterized our Puritan ancestry; though, being an only son, with tender affection and care. "My parents," he says, in an anniversary sermon to his people, "of the common walks of agricultural life, were persons of humble and fervent piety; and being their only son, and, in the estimation of their

venerated pastor, having considerable aptness to learn, they sought in my childhood to impress on my mind an elevated sense of the dignity and sacredness of the office of a minister of Jesus Christ, and to awaken in my youthful bosom aspirations for its holy honors. And the voice especially of maternal piety and love which I then heard inculcating what were then believed to be the doctrines of our religion, I seem to hear still." The circumstance that his father, from an early age to the day of his death, was deacon of the church, contributed, in connection with his own promising talents, to attract for him the notice and gain the encouragement of the clergyman of his native town, the Rev. Ephraim Briggs, by whose personal instruction he was fitted for college. He entered Brown University at Providence in the sixteenth year of his age, and was graduated with high honors in the class of 1799. Having already chosen the profession to which he had been consecrated by parental piety from childhood, he went, after a year or two spent in teaching, to Andover, and pursued the studies preparatory for the ministry, under the direction of the Rev. Jonathan French; at the same time being an assistant teacher in the Academy.

Having completed his studies, he was invited, soon after he began to preach, by a unanimous vote, to settle over a very large congregation in the town of Barre, in Worcester County; a town distinguished for the excellence of its farms and the intelligence of its inhabitants. As minister of this society he was ordained by a council of Congregational ministers, selected without reference to doctrinal opinions, on the 11th of January, 1804.

At the time when he was ordained, he stood, like many of the New England clergy, on that indistinct and wavering line between Calvinism and Unitarianism, sometimes called moderate Calvinism. His acquaintance with the family of the late Judge Washburne of Raynham, one of whose daughters he married, a clear-minded, well-furnished, and excellent Christian of the school of Dr. Price, had great influence, as he said, in modifying his opinions, and confirming him in those views of religion which he afterwards so ably and eloquently vindicated and enforced. By the discussions attendant on the inauguration of Dr. Ware as Hollis Professor in Harvard College, by the influence of Dr. Bancroft of Worcester, and by the publications relating to the Unitarian controversy in New England, in connection with the study of the Scriptures, he became completely emancipated from the Calvinistic and Trinitarian theology.

Dr. Thompson, soon after his settlement, acquired a high reputation as a preacher and orator in the part of the Commonwealth in which he was situated. By nature and culture he possessed a combination of extraordinary qualifications for the ministry. A noble form, a commanding presence, a full, rich, and musical voice, a quick and clear apprehension of truth, strong good sense, deep sensibility, a fervid, earnest manner, and unmistakable sincerity, were his. By a quick and clear intuition he seized upon the prominent and important points of a subject, which, in simple, direct, and strong language, he impressed on the minds of his hearers. His discourses were full of weighty matter, solid and substantial, but not scholastic, critical, nor often argumentative. He very seldom discussed abstract subjects, but addressed as a friend the men, women, and children of his congregation on what most intimately concerned them, applying acknowledged and essential Christian princi-

ples to the various duties, changes, and trials of life. He had a certain sympathy with his audience, which taught him how long he might dwell upon a topic without being dull and uninteresting, and led him to a directness of appeal, which caused his hearers to say, "We love to hear Dr. Thompson, because everything he says seems to come from the heart."

Dr. Thompson was a great reader, and in respect to all kinds of information ever kept up with the times. But he was not given to laborious study or extensive research. Had his inclination, and the demands made upon his time by the active duties of a very large parish, allowed him to be a deeper and more methodical student, and to devote more labor to the composition of a single discourse, he might have produced greater sermons, perhaps more durable in their influence. But it may be doubted whether, taking all his duties into view, he would have been a more useful man. As it was, he was for many years accounted, by the most cultivated, as well as by ordinary minds, the best preacher in the county of Worcester. In logic and learning he could not be compared to Bancroft of Worcester. Thayer of Lancaster may have occasionally penetrated to a greater depth. But in his power of arresting the attention of an audience by his clear and strong manner of presenting a subject, in the elegance of his diction, in the aptness and beauty of his illustrations and the gracefulness and impressiveness of his delivery, he probably had no superior in his vicinity, and few in the Commonwealth.

As he advanced in life, he lost, in consequence of a stroke of paralysis, that confidence in his own powers which he had before enjoyed, and became more retiring, irresolute, and reluctant to undertake offices for which his apparently unimpaired abilities fitted him. His preaching, however, seems to have lost none of its unction or effectiveness. After forty years' service he was still preferred by the congregations to which he preached to almost any of the younger men. The published sermon preached at the end of a ministry of fifty years, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, affords, by its simplicity, beauty, and strength, a satisfactory indication of what he could do in his best days. In the year 1841, the government of Harvard University conferred on him the well-merited, and by him highly prized, honor of the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

The devotional exercises of Dr. Thompson were remarkable for copiousness, appropriateness, and fervency. They were truly the eloquent utterances of a believing soul, full of tenderness, full of reverence, full of tranquil faith and hope. Hence his services as chaplain on public occasions were much sought after throughout the county. And it is said that it was not uncommon for farmers to leave their work and ride five miles on purpose to hear him pray at a funeral.

Dr. Thompson was careful to exert his influence, not only in the pulpit, but in every possible way. When Lyceums began to be established in the country, some five-and-twenty years ago, he engaged in the large one of Barre with great ardor, delivered lectures, took an active part in the discussions, and exerted an influence over the large assembly, "like a king in the midst of an army."

He ever manifested a deep interest in the young, and a ready sympathy with their minds, which made him a favorite companion to them. He held the office of Chairman of the School Committee for forty years,

and employed in visiting the schools time which, as he said, would amount, in the aggregate, to the working days of four years. Respecting his influence in this department of duty, one of his former parishioners gave the following pleasing reminiscence at the celebration of the fiftieth year from his settlement: — “ You at the time could not have been aware of the full effect produced by your inspiring influence in these little nurseries of virtue and knowledge. I remember to this day with what admirable address and natural tenderness you brushed off the rough edge of a remark which had inadvertently fallen from another, and caused joy to beam from the bright eye which had just been clouded by a tear.”

Dr. Thompson's influence was felt in the association of ministers to which he belonged. His dignified bearing, the eagerness with which he welcomed, as well as the willingness with which he imparted, information, and the readiness with which he encouraged any measure having in view the interests of religion, contributed much to make the meetings of the association useful and delightful.

Dr. Thompson's character as a husband and a father may be inferred from what has been already said. Depending for his support on the small stipend of five hundred dollars a year, never free from debt until near the close of his life, he gave his large family the best education they could receive; and no sacrifice which he could make for them was ever withheld. He governed in the mildest way; but he did govern. His family were completely under the charm of his beneficent influence.

He was united in marriage, soon after his settlement, to a lady possessing every personal, mental, and Christian grace which could make his home a happy one, and attract towards him the favorable regard of his parishioners. By her he had eight children, three of whom are now living, and one of them the distinguished minister of Salem, Dr. James W. Thompson. The writer well remembers how desirable it was to exchange on Sundays with Dr. Thompson, not only to secure his valuable services for his pulpit, but to enjoy for one or two evenings the open-hearted hospitality and delightful society of his accomplished wife and daughters. In the loss of this most excellent of women, and of five children, Dr. Thompson was most deeply afflicted; but his was a piety that never murmured and never doubted. When most afflicted, it was most calm. Resignation was his habitual frame, — not induced by any spasmodic effort, but the natural posture of his mind and heart toward God.

In society Dr. Thompson ever showed himself high-minded, sincere, courteous, and cordial. No man could have more or warmer friends in proportion to the number of his acquaintances; and this was large. Of a dignified and commanding presence, as has been intimated, there was with him not the least appearance of assumption, but, on the contrary, much of retiring modesty and self-distrust. Yet so eminently social was his disposition, that in all social meetings where he was expected he was sure to be found, and never failed, sooner or later, to contribute even more than his share to the interest of the occasion. By a lively or instructive anecdote, by a vivid delineation of the characters of the deceased, on which his keen observation had been fixed, or by instructive remarks on the event or subject of the day, he riveted attention, and was in truth a most agreeable and valuable companion. He could sympathize with persons of every age. Those who were twenty

or thirty years his juniors always found him as young as themselves. A beautiful illustration of his sympathy with younger minds, as well as of his genuine liberality of sentiment, occurs in his last anniversary discourse: — "A generous toleration of opinions not derogatory to the Gospel, but at the same time differing to some extent from those which you have long been accustomed to hear, is the dictate alike of duty and expediency. It cannot be expected that the young, the ardent, the hopeful, with inquiring minds, will be content to walk in all the steps of their fathers, and never go beyond them in anything. And we ought not to wish it. Standing upon the foundation of the Gospel, let the largest liberty of thought consistent with its principles and authority be encouraged and maintained. This is the true Protestant theory. Let the Bible — the Bible — be open for study, for investigation from age to age; and let every new discovery, in its unsearchable depths, be hailed with joy, and freely proclaimed."

On the 9th of June, 1845, in the forty-second year of his ministry, his distrust of his own powers, which has been alluded to, the excessive jealousy with which he watched the encroachments of age upon his mind and body, and his disinterested regard for the welfare of his parish, led him to ask a discharge from the active duties of the ministry in Barre, still retaining his connection with the church, but relinquishing the whole of his salary. This request was accepted by the parish with the vote, "that the self-sacrificing proposition evinces that deep interest in the growth and prosperity of the society which has ever marked his conduct in regard to this Christian flock." It was well in the parish thus to acknowledge the self-sacrifice of their minister. To have imitated it, in some degree, by at least a partial provision for his support, after his forty years' service, would, in the humble opinion of the writer, have been better.

After this time Dr. Thompson continued to preach in several vacant pulpits, to great acceptance, till near the close of his life. In Cincinnati, Leicester, Hardwick, and Worcester his services were highly appreciated, and are remembered with respect.

On January 11, 1854, on the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement, there was a gathering of those who at any period had enjoyed his religious ministrations in Barre, and who had been scattered in various parts of the country. At this jubilee the most hearty tokens of respect and affection to the aged patriarch were manifested, and a valuable present made in money. It was an occasion to him of the utmost delight and thankfulness, and sweetened all his remaining days.

His strength seemed gradually to fail soon after the jubilee, but his serious illness was only for a week. It was old age, diminishing his ability to bear up against a chronic difficulty with which he had long been afflicted. His strength was exhausted. Enfeebled nature yielded, and he sank serenely, in the conscious possession of all his mental powers, and with a cheerful submission of his soul to God, into the arms of death, and was, as we trust, borne upward into the invisible realm of his faith and hope. Farewell, venerated, true, and faithful friend! Thine ever welcome form will no more meet our mortal eyes. But thine image shall remain engraved on our hearts; and the precious memory of former intercourse with thee shall refresh and strengthen us under life's duties and trials, till the summons, which calls to the higher home, shall come to us, as it has to thee!

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

ART. I. — POLEMICS AND IRENICS.

[An Address on Theology, before the Ministerial Conference, at Bedford Street Chapel, Wednesday, May 31, 1854, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.]

HAVING been requested to deliver the Theological Address at this annual meeting of the Ministerial Conference, let me commence by considering some of the theological defects and theological capabilities of our position as a body. If I speak rather of our capabilities than of our defects, it will be because I think our chief want is encouragement. We need faith, hope, courage. We need to see what we are able to do, what are the special advantages of our position. Our open fault is want of zeal; the hidden defect out of which it springs, want of faith in our own ideas.

I believe that we want, as a denomination, faith and hope; that we are for the time being a discouraged denomination. But the want of courage is a great want; the victory which overcomes the world is faith. This is especially the case with a sect holding views which differ from those of the majority. An old system can be carried on by the force of mere routine; but a new one is saved by hope, lives by looking forward and by going forward. When it ceases to be aggressive, hopes for no

new conquest, stands only on the defensive, its power is gone.

Now I see, as I think, some things in our position which may inspire hope. I think that God has something for us to do for the Church and for the world; that, if we are faithful, we may occupy an important position in the Church of Christ. Let me give some of my reasons for this opinion.

In the first place, then, we are an honest denomination. The basis of Unitarianism was honesty. It did not spring up out of a new zeal, out of new religious feelings and emotions, nor from any profound intellectual insight, but from honesty. The early Unitarians were willing to say what a great many others thought, but were afraid to say. While Paley, a man of matchless practical sense and worldly wisdom, taught that it was right for men to sign creeds which they did not believe; Priestley, a man of matchless honesty, abhorring this prudence and in love with truth, gladly accepted the consequences of truth-telling. The scourge of sharp tongues, the rage of the Birmingham rabble, maddened by dark lies, could not shake his solid mind. "Patriot, saint, and sage," (as Coleridge calls him,) he retired calm and pitying, and held fast his integrity at whatever cost. He was no profound philosopher, his system of belief was somewhat bald and cheerless, but he was a true John the Baptist, a genuine pioneer of progress. The work of an exploring party, wading through swamp and stream, and hewing its way through tangled underwood, is not agreeable. But the company which comes some years after, borne along over the same ground, seated in comfortable cars, the wheels of which cannot deviate from their iron track, may well forgive their predecessors if they sometimes lost their way in that wilderness. What Priestley was to us, we are to the rest of the Church. I think we have held fast somewhat to his integrity; I think that we are an honest denomination. We have not pretended to believe what we did not believe. We have professed no more faith than we had. There is nothing of sham about us, nothing of sectarian tactics, no outward show of activity or unity to impose on the world, no pretence of great piety or great solemnity wherewith to make an impression. We have shown the world all our faults, all

our differences among ourselves, confessed our discouragements, admitted frankly our uncertainty and doubt. If not wise as serpents, we have at least been harmless as doves. Now this honesty clears the ground, and the ground must be cleared before it can be planted. A field full of stumps or deadened timber is not as picturesque as the wild forest, nor as cheerful as the cultivated field, but it is necessary as a transition from one to the other, — it is a step onward.

Now that "honesty is the best policy" in the long run, is as true of sects as of individuals. Whoever plants himself on that instinct may be sure that, sooner or later, "the great world will come round to him." We are denounced and abused; the whole Church goes another way, and leaves us, and we think ourselves all alone; but presently we see the leaders of opinion — Coleridge, Moses Stuart, the Beechers, Bushnell, Maurice, Arnold, Morrell, Park, and I know not how many more — coming in our direction. Somehow we find ourselves all at once near the head of the procession, when we thought ourselves at the rear. The hunt has come round our way, and we are as likely as any one else to be in at the death.

In fact, some of our seeming discouragements are real advantages. The smallness of the body, for instance, is perhaps no great evil. All depends upon the end you have in view. If you regard your denomination as a tree on which all the birds of the air are to sit, or as a net which is to catch all the fish of the sea, then, of course, its smallness is a bad thing. But if it is the leaven which is to leaven the mass, then there might be too much of it as well as too little. As soon as a denomination grows large, it grows conservative, — it has to consider its denominational interests. Wealth produces timidity always. Wordsworth says truly that riches are akin

"To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death";

and this is true of all sorts of riches. A denomination possessing a great many churches and a great many communicants must necessarily be timid as regards innovation. Such a denomination can never be the pioneer corps of the advancing army, or the forlorn hope in the

attack on error. Now *we* are certainly in no immediate danger of such an *embarras des richesses*; but if our two hundred and fifty churches were all active and strong, and were scattered more equally through the country, they would perhaps be numerous enough for our work. A denomination, therefore, may sometimes be "conveniently small," as well as a political party. It is with the size of the denominations in the Church, as with the number of individuals in a denomination. If some benign power should permit us to choose the multiple with which to multiply each of our leaders, we might wish to multiply such men as the late Dr. Parker of Portsmouth, or the late Henry Ware, Jr., by a hundred, and such a man as the late Bernard Whitman by ten. But Dr. Channing we would not wish to multiply at all, nor Andrews Norton, for one of each is enough for a denomination. So two hundred Unitarian churches are perhaps as good for the Church at large as two thousand.

Another advantage of our position is, that we are confirmed and incorrigible heretics. I wish that some competent person would write an essay on the "Temptations, Dangers, Duties, and Opportunities of a Heretic." It would be an interesting and useful subject. No doubt, to be a heretic exposes one to temptation, and involves mental and moral dangers. But it also furnishes grand opportunities. An avowed heretic is behind the scenes. What is concealed from the orthodox, he hears and knows. Men come to him with their doubts, and he is able thus to throw light into many a perplexed mind. It was not without reason that Jesus chose the rationalist Thomas as one of his Apostles, nor that Providence has permitted in every age the existence of rationalizing and heretical sects. But one of our main advantages, as heretics, is freedom from the care of our reputation. How much time the orthodox lose in avoiding or rebutting the charge of heresy! How the fear of that charge hangs fetters on the freest limb, palsies the boldest tongue! Now we lose no time nor strength in that way. Our Yankees speak of *enjoying* bad health. We enjoy already as bad a reputation as we can. We are already infidels and deists in the popular esteem. The theologians have already prejudiced the public against us as much as possible; and no matter what we say, they

cannot make the matter worse. Thus we are saved from the necessity of watching our own shadow, and can go boldly forward, following truth. Moreover, a little sharp censure is like an advertisement, calling attention to our views. This advantage is so well known, that people for the sake of it sometimes court persecution, and carefully nurse and tend their martyrdoms. Thus the Roman Catholics are obliged to *pet* their only American persecution, the burning of their Charlestown convent, and to keep the ruins thereof, on Mount Benedict, in good repair.

The want of a doctrinal reputation having thus set us free from the influence of other sects, we are also set free as regards each other by the want of a common creed and a combined church organization. For while sects govern each other by their common wish for a good sectarian reputation, they govern themselves by means of their creed and their church organization. As Congregationalists, we are not constrained by a church organization; as Unitarians, we are not governed by a creed. The first freedom we have inherited, the second we have attained; and thus all questions in theology are to us open questions.

As a religious body, we have faith in God, but the ground of that faith is an open question. As a Christian body, we believe in Jesus as our head; but in what way he is our head is an open question. As Protestants, we accept the Scriptures as a source of faith; but all questions which concern the canon of Scripture, its inspiration and authority, are open questions. We neither have nor can have a creed in either of the objectionable uses of a creed; that is, either as a test of Christian character or as a bond of Christian union. For a creed has a threefold use and meaning. Its first use, as a test of Christian character, is to pronounce judgment on individuals in their relations to God and Christ, qualifying some as Christians, others as infidels. A creed, in this use and meaning of it, we should instantly reject, probably with unanimity. A creed in the second sense, as a bond of union, — which shall draw a line round those who may have Christian intercourse together, — may be desired by some among us, but is a manifest impossibility. Make it what you will, it will shut out more than

it will include, and probably would shut out the very persons whom everybody wishes to include; —

“ For he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has still a sterner task to prove ”; —

namely, to stem the stream of individualism in our body, and to fetter that free movement which makes every man determined to go his own way. So that there remains as a possibility for us only the third and very innocent use of a creed as a declaration of present opinions, held or supposed to be held by the majority of the body. I may write a sermon or an essay giving an account of the opinions of Unitarians, and it will be doubtless a very innocent affair. I may put it in the form of articles, and it is equally harmless. Half a dozen other gentlemen may accept it as *their* view of the matter, and print it, and still no injury will arise; for it is still a matter of private opinion; it binds nobody, excludes nobody, is a test of nothing, and may be rejected to-morrow even by those who accepted it to-day. The statement of opinions put forth last year by the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association was, I suppose, intended in this sense, and as such I can see to it no objection.

No doubt freedom has its disadvantages, and no doubt there are some among us who would therefore wish to dispense with it. There are some Unitarians so afraid of Naturalism that they would give up freedom to escape from it. There are some who, having run to one extreme, follow the oscillatory law of their nature by going presently to the other. There are some who tire of endless seeking, of the labor of thought, of the responsibility of self-direction, and who go to Orthodoxy, to Episcopacy, or to Rome, according as their strength is sufficient for a longer or a shorter journey.

But our advantages of position are manifestly those of freedom. We are suited for progress, for advance; not to man fortresses, but to lead the van. But this supposes that the Church is in motion, that it is not to remain where it is, either in its opinions, its ritual, or its life. If the Church is to remain permanently in its present form, or if any sect in its present form is to conquer and swal-

low all the rest, then there is not much for us to do. But this is impossible. That the Church is to remain always in its present divided and inefficient state is to disbelieve the promises of Christ, and to distrust the providence of God. How, for instance, can the Roman Church conquer Protestantism in the nineteenth century, when it could not hold its own in the sixteenth? And how can any one form of Protestantism conquer the rest, when each has its root in some special tendency or instinct of the human soul which the rest cannot satisfy? The nature of man, the instincts of the human soul, the unappeasable appetites of the mind and heart, forbid that we should either stay where we are or go backward. Therefore the only alternative for the Church is to go forward to a higher ground, to a larger synthesis, a richer life, a fuller activity, a grander union. And this must be preceded by new creeds and new ideas. Deeper thought must precede larger action. There is, then, a pioneer work still to be done in theology, — unapproached problems to be examined, and old problems to be re-examined.

Let us take a survey of this domain, glancing at some of these problems which need to be examined, or to be re-examined. We shall find that there is no department of theology which is not in motion; nothing scientifically and permanently ascertained; that there is a current of thought setting it all forward. We are not therefore called upon to do this great work of theological reform alone, or by main strength, and by the power of mere intellect. If we were, we might well despair. No great work of any kind is ever done so. There is a Divine power behind all human thought and action, setting forward the currents of human opinion; and we have only to suffer our minds to be borne forward without haste or rest, by that Divine Providence. Then the thoughts which come to us will come also to others. Without rashness on the one hand, or fear on the other, following the leadings of Providence, we shall find all things working together for good in the sphere of thought no less than in that of action.

And now I will consider with you, during the remainder of this address, the tendency of this Theology of the Future, and the form which some of its special problems will probably assume.

In one word, I would call past theology Polemic Theology, or War Theology; future theology I would call Irenic Theology, or Peace Theology.

For there is a certain process in human thought, a certain law by which it advances, which made it natural and necessary that the Polemic Theology should precede the Irenic in the historic development of Church doctrines. According to this law, first comes the THESIS, then the ANTITHESIS, and lastly the SYNTHESIS, or Reconciliation. The Christian intellect — earnest, honest, but limited and narrow — sees first the most obvious view of truth which presents itself. This constitutes the Thesis, — the positive view, the ground position in theology. This Thesis contains truth, but only one side of truth. At first it delights by its clearness, afterwards it dissatisfies by its narrowness. A want is felt, unsupplied by this view, and the opposite and antagonist elements of truth call for their rights. These assert themselves as the Antithesis, and almost necessarily in the way of opposition, contradiction, battle. The Thesis has possession of the ground, and claims the whole as its own; the Antithesis has therefore to fight for a place. Hence the great struggles in the Church, between the Trinity and Unity, Arianism and Sabellianism, Augustinianism and Pelagianism, Calvinism and Arminianism, Naturalism and Supernaturalism, Universalism and Partialism, the Catholic and the Protestant Church-systems. The theology of the Church has thus far been a polemic theology, originating in the heat of controversy. But if we believe in a Providence which rules the world of mind as fully as that of matter, we must suppose these antitheses to be moving forward toward a reconciliation in a higher synthesis. It were atheism of the worst kind to doubt it. To believe that all is left to accident and caprice in the world of thought, while in the world of sense not a sparrow falls without the Father, — that he numbers the hairs on the head, careless of the thoughts within, — is a very godless theory of human opinions, and one to which thoughtful men cannot easily subscribe.

But what will be the nature of this Irenic or Peace Theology? — what the character of the Syntheses which are to reconcile present antagonisms?

Peace Theology will be founded on the conviction that

every system which has been widely received and long retained must have within it a kernel of truth ; that men gravitate toward truth, not toward error ; that the error in a system comes rather from its omissions than its assertions ; that what is seen and said has truth in it ; that falsehood is mostly to be found, therefore, on the negative, and not on the positive, side of a system. But this Peace Theology will not be a neutral theology, — not weak, undecided, or shifting, — not a yes and no theology, which knows not what it would say, — not a medley of opinions taken from all quarters. But it will be a high, over-looking theology, which finds truth, not in the middle, but on both sides ; which is fed out of the large resources of a deep Christian experience, a wide observation of men, and a generous faith in human nature. The Peace thus founded will be deep and lasting ; not a compromise, but the joyful concord of different yet harmonious convictions.

Antecedent to all questions in theology is the question of the nature of theology itself. Here the conflict is between the dogmatist on the one side and the sceptic on the other. The first sees the immense importance of truth, but confounds the truth which he sees and feels with his own imperfect verbal statements of it, and so becomes necessarily a bigot. The other, revolting from these narrow statements, rejects all positive opinion, and makes his religion a matter of mere feeling or external action. The synthesis which shall reconcile this conflict will, I think, be found in the distinction between Religion and Theology, between Faith and Belief, between the internal conviction and the formal expression of it. This distinction, which is now becoming clear to most thoughtful minds, will enable men to place Theology where it belongs, as a progressive science, with a fixed substance but a varying form. This being recognized, men will neither fight for the letter nor doubt of the spirit ; will neither dogmatize nor despair ; will be fixed in central truth, yet move freely through the phases of advancing and enlarging knowledge.

I. The nature of theology being thus ascertained, the first great question of theology comes, concerning the evidence of the Divine Existence. Here, while the *Theist* asserts the existence of God, the *Atheist* denies the

evidence of it; and because he can find no proof which completely satisfies his intellect, he thinks himself bound to deny the fact itself. But perhaps this controversy may be reconciled when it is seen that the *knowledge of God* is one thing, and the *proof* of the Divine existence quite a different thing. And, strange as it may seem, the past has given us no satisfactory results on this fundamental question. Four of the greatest thinkers the world has known — Anselm, Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz — have professed themselves satisfied with the ontological proof of the Divine existence. But Kant pronounces this to be unsatisfactory, for reasons to which most thinkers now assent. But Kant's own proof, drawn from the moral nature of man, has given as little satisfaction. Dr. Clarke's argument from Necessary Existence has had no better success. The deepest thinkers have found fault with the argument for design drawn from the adaptations of the outward universe. Theology, therefore, has not yet furnished us with any proof of its fundamental proposition which theologians themselves will generally admit to be satisfactory. But this very failure prepares the way for a better success, showing us that God exists to us, not as we think, but as we live; that our faith in God is not a belief based upon arguments, but a knowledge wrought out of action. Theology is to show us that the pure in heart see God; that the righteous man dedicating life to his service, the martyr dying for his truth, the soul flying to him in prayer, the Indian mother calling to the great Everywhere to save her drowning child, — that these know God. Theology will thus base itself, not on dead speculation, but on living intuition and experience, on man's nature in its healthy exercise. The knowledge of God, it is to be seen, comes not *to* us, but *out* of us; not from without, but from within. One of our leading theologians has said: "We must start in religion from our own souls. In these is the fountain of all divine truth. The only God whom our thoughts can rest on, and our hearts can cling to, and our consciences can recognize, is the God whose image dwells in our own souls. The grand ideas of Power, Reason, Wisdom, Love, Rectitude, Holiness, Blessedness, that is, of all God's attributes, come from within, from the action of our own spiritual nature."

This statement of Dr. Channing makes the existence of God something to be known by the action of the soul itself, that is, an *Experience*. It is this view which is to become the basis of theology, and to overthrow both speculative and practical atheism.

II. Next to the question of the Divine Being comes that of Divine Revelation. And here, also, theology is moving forward. That she has as yet by no means uttered her last word on this subject appears from the disputes, as yet unreconciled, between the advocates of Natural and Supernatural Revelation. One class contends that all kinds of Divine Revelation are strictly natural, and identical with each other; that all proceed according to law, and without miracles; and that the revelation in Christ was the same in kind with the revelation in Socrates. The others distinguish Natural from Revealed Religion to such an extent as to make the first *no* revelation, and to make the second not only supernatural, but unnatural. But the best theology of our time seeks to reconcile the truths of Naturalism with those of Supernaturalism. It distinguishes God's revelations without dividing them, — shows that God speaks to us, not the same word, but different words, in Nature, in Christ, and in the Soul. It also shows that these revelations are in harmony and not in conflict with each other; that each is needed to complete the others. It accepts NATURE as a revelation of God; but as the God of the race rather than of the individual, God as a bountiful order rather than as a personal friend. In CHRIST, again, it finds the Personal God, acting according to freedom as well as according to law, — able, therefore, to pardon the sinner, to answer prayer, and to meet the occasions of Time by new incursions of a higher life out of Eternity. These incursions are miracles, which are not arbitrary nor lawless phenomena, but openings into a higher world, glimpses of a higher order. So, again, God reveals himself in the SOUL, adding greatly to the knowledge which we have of him through Nature and through Christ, — adding to it, but not setting it aside. And hence results the true doctrine of the TRINITY, as a threefold manifestation of God, a doctrine rooted in the nature of things, and which, when truly understood, will be the foundation of union; as hitherto, in its false form, it has been the source of division.

III. Christianity being thus accepted as one of the three great revelations of God, the next question which arises regards its SOURCES. Where are we to find Christ? Here, again, are several distinct and opposing answers which theology is to reconcile. The Churchman answers, "In the Church"; the Protestant says, "In the Scriptures"; the man of piety replies, "In Religious Experience"; and the Rationalist answers, "In the Reason."

Protestant theology must reconsider its famous statement, that the Scriptures are the only rule of faith and practice. This is a polemic statement, rising as an antithesis to the Roman Catholic statement that the Church and the Scriptures are the rule of faith; and, like all other polemic statements, it is a half-truth, not a whole one. For what does it mean? That the Scriptures are the only source of our knowledge of Christ and Christianity? But this is not true. The Scriptures themselves speak of another source, namely, the Holy Spirit. Jesus declares that this is to lead us into all truth. But this Holy Spirit, which is the source of the authority of the New Testament writers, is not limited to those writers, but is given to all Christians. The truth which is in the New Testament cannot be understood deeply, except by a similar experience in our own hearts, for spiritual truth must be spiritually discerned. Christian experience, therefore, in individuals, and in the combination of individuals which composes the Church, is a source of Christian knowledge no less than the Scriptures.

But the Protestant statement may imply that the Scripture is the only rule of faith in the sense of its being the final judge and arbiter of faith, meaning that, where there is a conflict, the final appeal is to the Scripture. But the question still remains, Who is to decide what the Scripture teaches? Admitting that, when the sense of Scripture in regard to any disputed point is ascertained, it is authoritative, the question still comes, Who is to ascertain it? The Scripture is not a judge, but a law. For a judge, we need, not a book, but a man,—a living tribunal which can meet the present question. This living tribunal must be either the Church or the individual; and the last decision must be

given either by the tribunals of the Church in its corporate capacity, or by the private judgment of the individual. Now, though Protestants assert in theory the right of private judgment, in practice they wholly renounce it. If a member of any Protestant church exercises the right of private judgment, and declares that the Scriptures do not teach the Trinity, or the Deity of Christ, he is excommunicated. And even among Unitarians, if a man professing to be a Christian, in the exercise of private judgment, denies the miracles, he is virtually excommunicated. Such are the inconsistencies of Protestantism, showing that its famous statement concerning the Scripture needs to be revised. The result of this revision will probably be that we shall receive the Scripture, Christian Experience, and the Faith of the Church, as coördinate SOURCES of Christian truth, and Private Reason or Judgment as the ultimate judge of Christian truth. That is, in seeking for truth we are to go to the Scripture, to our own Christian experience, and to the faith of the Church, as the three sources of knowledge. In deciding what these say, each man must finally use his own judgment, or reason. Thus Protestants will concede to Catholics that the Church is an authority as well as the Scripture, as a source of truth. Catholics will concede to Protestants, and Protestants to each other, that individual reason or private judgment is the final judge of truth. The Protestants will not concede too much in conceding this, for opinions which have been widely held and long retained must contain within them some important truth; that is, they are sources of truth. They are *placers* where gold is to be found, though perhaps mixed with earth and stone. Nor will the Catholic concede too much in granting private judgment, for it is a law of human nature, that, if men believe at all, they must believe with their own minds. Where private judgment ends, there individual belief ends also. The authority of the Church may cause men to assent, but cannot cause them to believe. It can prevent them from expressing their opinions, it may induce them to acquiesce in its own, but this is all. This is evidently only conformity, not conviction.

IV. The sources and standard of truth being determined, the next question concerns the Substance of Truth,

or the Doctrines of Christianity. Here the great controversy is between that general scheme of Orthodoxy, which we may call for convenience Calvinism, — since its culminating point and most logical expression is in Calvin's Institutes, — and those schemes of Heresy which we may call for convenience Unitarianism.

Now to me, as a Unitarian, it has long been manifest that Calvinism contained some most important truths, and that these must be seen, known, and extricated by theology, so that we may accept them before we shall ever be able to conquer Calvinism. Calvinism, as a whole, I reject, for its false views of God and of men; but its essential truths I feel to be profoundly needed for a full Christian development and a thorough Christian experience. What are they?

The essential truths of Calvinism I hold to be these: —

1. It asserts the necessity of a radical change in man before he can be capable of happiness, of holiness, or of usefulness. It asserts that mere development is not enough, that conversion is necessary; — that depravity is to be rooted out, as well as good taken in; — that education is not enough, that inner transformation is necessary, — a change of motive, a change of aim, a change of heart; — and that we cannot do this alone, or apart from God; that we must be depending on God, in order to draw in this new life, and that this life flows from God into the soul, — is not pumped up by our own manual labor out of any well within the heart, but descends, shower like, from the heavens.

In this statement, I conceive, is contained all that is essential in the Orthodox doctrines of Depravity, Regeneration, and Divine Influence. Total Depravity means only this, — that until we turn round, and walk in the right way, we are going wholly wrong; that until we act from a really generous and conscientious motive, instead of a selfish one, all our conduct is tainted with evil: and that is true. Hereditary Depravity means essentially this, — that we are born into a stream of impure and corrupt life; that the inward organization is tainted by the results of past ancestral sins; that outward influences, the atmosphere of thought and feeling which surrounds us, the social life and thought which feeds our mind and heart, are tainted by evil examples and habits: and that

is true. Regeneration means essentially that, beside an outward change of conduct, an inward change of motive is necessary ; that we must not only begin to do what is right from conscience, but love what is right, and enjoy doing it. And Divine Influence means that this new love must be poured into the heart by God, in answer to the sincere prayer of one who hungers and thirsts after goodness. And all this seems to me to be profoundly true.

2. Secondly, Calvinism, or Orthodoxy, asserts the possibility of this radical change by means of what Christ has done and suffered. It asserts that every obstacle, outward and inward, in the way of our becoming filled with love, peace, light, has been abolished by the work of Christ ; that every wall separating us from God, separating us from men, has been thrown down in Jesus Christ ; that his life and death have redeemed us, first from the guilt, and secondly from the power, of sin.

In this statement I find all that is essential in the Orthodox doctrine of Atonement. Disputing with Unitarians, the Orthodox assert more to be necessary. Discussing among themselves and attempting to reconcile their own differences, they are unable to take a single step beyond this.

And this I hold to be true. Christ has made satisfaction, that is, he has done enough. He has removed the obstacles, whatever they are. The practical faith in the Atonement is to believe that the obstacles are removed by Christ ; that the way to God is open ; that we can have pardon, peace, bliss, and holiness, no matter how sinful and impure we have been. When we can believe this, we believe the Atonement.

3. And thirdly, Orthodoxy asserts the union of the human and the divine in Christ ; asserts that in him God was man, and man God ; asserts that the fulness of the Divine nature was in him, and that thus he is the King of the world, the Head of the human family, the central figure of all human history.

In this statement I find all that is essential in the doctrine of the Deity of Christ, and of the Trinity, so far forth as based on it. Many of the Orthodox themselves would admit this to be an exhaustive statement of their doctrine.

And this statement, also, I find to be true. Christ I believe to have been the providential man, selected before all worlds, in the Divine decree, to be thus united intimately with God, and become a partaker of the Divine nature. Thus he is a manifestation of our Father; of the personal, loving Father, of the pardoning, life-giving Father, who draws us all up to himself in a tender embrace of love. This Father we see manifest in the Son; and the awful infinity and eternity, the terrible order of the universe, is changed into a friend in the face of Jesus. God takes personality in Christ. I am not a Pantheist. I believe in the personality of God because I believe in Christ. He who has seen him has seen the Father.

Here are the three essential doctrines of Orthodoxy. First, the Depravity of Man, making a true conversion necessary. Second, the Atonement, or the work of Christ, making this conversion possible. Third, the Deity in Christ, or God manifest in the flesh.

But if these are the essentials of Orthodoxy, and if these are all true, why was Unitarianism necessary, and in what sense can Unitarianism be a growth, a reform, and a system of truth also?

The essential thing in *Unitarianism* is, that it is the antithesis to Orthodoxy, — that it states another side of truth, and a side which had been omitted by Orthodoxy.

For the philosophy of progress in human opinion is as we have seen. The falsehood of all great systems of opinion is not in what they assert, but in what they deny or omit to assert. The mind of man is so made, that it sees and loves truth. Truth attracts it, and truth only. If it accepts error, it is for the sake of some truth mingled with it. But the mind of man is also narrow; it knows in part, and teaches only in part. It sees one side of truth; and thus a great system, like Calvinism, is accepted and earnestly believed because of the truth which it contains, which is found to be food and strength to the soul. But after a while its deficiencies come to be felt. It is found to be narrow, to be insufficient to supply all the wants of the soul. A hunger for something else arises; the long-stifled appetite can no longer be resisted; the want, long left unfilled, can no longer be neglected; and then there comes up another system, adapted to feed and satisfy this side of man's nature.

It was in this way that Unitarianism came. The thesis of Orthodoxy had omitted certain truths, and this omission, this negation, was the cause of the new movement forward. The attraction of a new truth, vaguely seen, but felt to be the thing needed, draws the minds of men onward, till it takes form in some leading minds, and then becomes the banner of a new reform.

Now Calvinism, in its strong statement of human depravity, omitted to state human capacity; in stating the sinfulness of man's nature, it omitted the goodness of man's nature. In demanding conversion, it neglected progress. In calling for a new life, it omitted *growth*, or development of that life. In stating that Christ was the only Atonement, it omitted the preparation for Christ in reason, nature, moral effort, and the beautiful tendencies of the original soul. In asserting the divinity of Jesus, it did not assert the divinity of humanity and the soul. In saying that God was in Christ, it forgot to say that God was also manifest in nature and the human soul. But God is in nature and the soul, and these are also revelations of Him. When these revelations were ignored and passed over, it became a necessity that there should be a movement to assert them.

For it follows of necessity that Calvinism, not recognizing God in nature or in the soul, takes religion out of the sphere of morality and into that of piety. Religion is divorced from morality, faith from works, revelation from reason. Hence its power to reform the world is crippled; hence it is thought man's business to save his own soul, and not to do good to his fellow-man. Hence social sins and wrongs and evils are suffered to remain unrebuked. Hence war and slavery and intemperance and debauchery have become part of the established institutions of Christian nations. All these things are considered to have nothing to do with the Gospel, nor the Gospel with them. And so it happens to-day, that if a man in the pulpit attacks these wrongs, and seeks to show their unchristian character, he is told that his business is to "preach the Gospel," and not to meddle with such matters. And thus only can it be explained, that all the Orthodox denominations in the land, with scarcely an exception, are at the South avowed defenders of slavery, and at the North silent and quiet in relation to it.

Hence Unitarianism; which is essentially the assertion of that which is divine in nature and man, and that the office of Christ is to save the soul in this world no less than in the other. Not that Unitarianism saw, or sees, all the work it is destined to do. No reform ever does see its own destiny, as no prophet can foretell his own fate. "Had I known," said Luther, "what I should have had to do, ten horses should not have dragged me to preaching the Reformation."

But why should Unitarianism spring up just *here*, and not in other places? It came *here* as a part of the Church, as a movement within the Church, because here the principles of Puritan freedom and Congregational independence made it possible. Elsewhere it has come up, but as a silent protest outside of the Church, and has been classed with worldly and irreligious tendencies. But here it was able to take form as a distinct religious protest, and so became a new denominational movement.

But Unitarianism, having to contend against a great and powerful organization, was obliged, not merely to attack doctrines, but to announce principles. By the grandeur of the principles which it declared, it was able to awaken an interest and enthusiasm. The breadth of the principle concealed the narrowness of the party.

And what are its essential principles?

1. First, that the test of true Christianity is **LIFE**, and not **CREEDS**. By this principle we unite all hearts who love the spirit better than the form, the essence better than the accident. The mere logical theologian will contend for his creed, but the spiritual Christian feels that there is something deeper and better.

2. Secondly, that Christianity is **Rational**, and thirdly, that it is **Progressive**. On the basis of Progress we contend against every attempt to limit and restrain inquiry. On the basis of Reason we contend against everything unintelligible, contradictory, and opposed to the instincts of the soul. So we have these three principles:—

Life, and not Creeds, the essence of Christianity;

Christianity a Reasonable Religion;

Christianity a Progressive Religion.

Standing on this basis of principle, we protested against the Scholastic theology, embalmed in the creeds

of the churches. We criticized the Trinity, the Vicarious Atonement, the doctrines of Election, Depravity, and Everlasting Punishment, and those criticisms remain in a great measure unanswered and unanswerable. And this protest has caused the creeds to be greatly modified.

But while this is doing, another movement arises among us. It seems that Unitarianism, too, has its defects. It has omitted certain truths, and this omission has made a third doctrinal movement inevitable. The TRANSCENDENTAL-REFORMATORY movement has come up here, and has taken form in a religious body, the child of Unitarianism, just as Unitarianism was the child of Orthodoxy.

What did Unitarianism omit in its statements. It was everywhere too negative, too critical, too much a system for the understanding, too little a system for the deeper heart. In its piety and its morality it has been equally narrow. It has too much denied the mysterious and incomprehensible; it has too often omitted the communion of the soul with God; and therefore it has been wanting in that deeper enthusiasm growing out of mysterious spiritual experiences. It has made religion too much a matter of expediency, prudence, calculation.

The principles of Unitarianism are positive and real; but the doctrines of Unitarianism are all too negative. Its own doctrines are not fully and forcibly brought out. It is too much a mitigated Orthodoxy. But every denomination, in order to live and advance, must have its own positive view of truth. This is the only justification of its existence as an independent body.

Has Unitarianism such a scheme of positive doctrine? It has,—developed imperfectly, and with not sufficient sharpness, in all its pulpits and writings. It only needs a sharp, clear theological development to make it a system supplementary to Orthodoxy; and in doing this, it would also take back into itself the Transcendental movement.

I can merely hint at this now; a full statement demands a volume. But these are parts of the positive doctrine which is to be developed:—

If man's actual condition involves hereditary and total depravity, his capacity is divine. There is in man's nature, in every man's nature, the seed of an infinite good.

Hence, while he is to be deeply humble in view of actual evil, he is to be greatly hopeful in view of his capacity.

This view has been developed by Dr. Channing, and it is the logical basis of human brotherhood and of all reform movements. It contains in itself the abolition of war, slavery, pauperism, the reform of criminals, and all the means for the suppression of social vices. The secret of the whole is, to regard every man as a true brother on account of the divine capacity now within him, and to treat him as such.

This is the first point of *positive Unitarian theology*.

The next is, Christ the Man, the Divine Man, — not only the fulness of Godhead, but the fulness of manhood; the type of the race, the prophecy of its future in all things, the first-born of many brethren.

Was he one with God? So shall we all be. Did he work miracles? So shall we all. Did he overcome evil with good? Did he reconcile the world to his Father? So shall we; that shall be our work also.

Did he read the future? Did he understand the present? Is he the Judge of the world? Did he rise on the third day? Did he ascend to heaven, and sit on God's right hand, and yet continue near to the world, advancing the cause of truth and love? In all these things he is our true precursor, elder brother, head. We are to follow him in the regeneration, to be made like him, to be one with God and him, to be filled with the fulness of God, to be partakers of the Divine nature.

Again, the work of Christ is to introduce heaven here, — heaven here first, immortality here first, — and that heaven to consist in love. Not to save the soul into a future heaven, but to save it out of selfishness and sin into life and love. This is the work of Christ.

Now, in making these statements of Unitarianism, I have stated all that is essential also, in my opinion, in the Transcendental movement. Its negations are not its essential part. Its denial of miracles, of the supernatural element in the life of Jesus, of the depravity of man, — these are not the things for which it is received and loved. No, but for its positive side, its claim of a present inspiration, its noble protest against all wrong done to man by man, its true Christian democracy, — these constitute its power. Its power is not in its INFIDELITY, but in its

FIDELITY. And there is nothing on its positive side which cannot and ought not to be accepted by the whole Unitarian body.

Thus our work, Christian friends, ministers of Jesus, brother students, opens before us. It is a great and noble work, a work to be done in thought and in action. Our business is the things which make for peace, and things by which we may build up each other. Let us leave to others all destructive controversy. Let us, while we criticize with the utmost freedom, always make criticism subservient to a practical Gospel, negation subordinate to position, denial to assertion. Let us be builders, reconcilers, mediators in the Christian brotherhood. God is with us, and a great field, white for the harvest, before us. If we are faithful to these great opportunities, we shall doubtless come rejoicing, and our sheaves with us. For we have great allies, in human instincts, human reason, the hunger of the immortal soul, the spirit of the age, and the great course and current of Divine Providence.

Pardon me for detaining you so long. Pardon me the imperfections of this statement. Accept it as a brother's contribution to the studies dear to us all; and may these hints be soon forgotten in the advancing light and increasing activity of our body in all good thoughts, words, and works.

[NOTE. — In the discussion which followed the delivery of the foregoing address, certain charges were urged against its contents and its form. It was accused of eclecticism, of being on "all sides of all questions," of vagueness and "mystical phraseology," of error in undervaluing the arguments for the being of God, and in declaring the main argument for the personality of God to be derived from the revelation of God in Christ. Also, I was charged with injustice toward Unitarianism in calling it a negative system.

A few words of explanation on these points, therefore, may not be inappropriate here.

The charge of being on "all sides of all questions," I should be glad to admit, if this were so; for, believing that there is some truth on all sides, I should rejoice in being able to discover it and receive it. But this requires the efforts, not of one, but of many minds. I therefore accept this charge as a proof that

my desire of seeing the truths in all systems has been recognized.

The charge of eclecticism, as it was urged and explained, I deny. It was said, that, instead of going to the Gospel to find the truth, I recommended going to different sects, and taking from each whatever opinion seemed agreeable. I recognize the living Church, in all its branches, as the best interpreter of the Gospel. Having taken from the New Testament that which can be seen by my own narrow judgment, and which suits my own peculiar mind, I go to the Christian Church, to find in each part the truths which I have not been able to discover for myself in the Gospel. Each denomination, each party in the Church, may teach me something. I do not go to them to pick and cull, but to receive whatever truth God has given them to say to me. This is a very different thing from eclecticism.

The charge of vagueness and mysticism I leave to be confuted or established by the address itself.

I recognize the great difficulty connected with the discussion of the evidences of the Divine Being and Existence. I mean here simply to assert that the fact of the Divine Being does not belong to probabilities, but to certainties. It is not something to be proved, but something to be known. The foundation of this knowledge is in ourselves, but it is by experience that it grows into certainty.

I believe that, without the revelation of Jesus, the belief in God tends either to Polytheism or to Pantheism. The Jews were Monotheists by means of what was to them a standing revelation of a Personal Will, and they only retained a conviction of a Divine Personality by faith in a succession of arbitrary acts. God was to them *out* of nature. But we are able to recognize fully the Divine immanence in nature, and also the personality of God by means of the full personality of Christ, who is in this respect the image of God.

I believe that the objectionable negations of Unitarianism have consisted in their seeming to be negations for the sake of negations, instead of negations for the sake of a new assertion. I think that when we appear to be destroying the old only in order to make a place for the new, the evil of denial ceases.]

ART. II. — MISS SEWELL'S NOVELS.*

WE have read some of these volumes with so much delight, that — like poor Lucy Snow, the impressible heroine of “Villette,” who was obliged to let her enthusiastic gratitude for the sensible, manly, commonplace letters of the compassionate Dr. Bretton exhale itself in a few pages sacred to her own perusal, before she could write to them answers which might with prudence be offered for that of another — we could almost find it in our heart to stuff one review of them, for our own satisfaction, with half or three quarters of our whole vocabulary of eulogy, and afterwards to prepare a second, more moderate in its tone, for the assent of our calmer readers. Resisting this temptation, and a no less inconvenient one, to reprint several of them in the form of extracts, we must at least be permitted to say, that, as we follow their simple, earnest narration of the bloodless, uncanonized martyrdoms of the nineteenth century, the trials, struggles, and triumphs of young, tender, high-souled Christian women, on the unmarked, untrophied field of daily domestic life, our eyes are opened, and we see it more glorious than any battle-field, and its humble offices, holy as the service of the temple; and our hearts burn within us, and we feel ourselves for one blessed moment — *heu, quam brevis!* — animated with something of the spirit of the apostolic age. Our enjoyment does not shrink before the test recommended by a mind kindred to that of their author: “Note in any common work, that you read such judgments of men and things, and such a tone in speaking of them, as are manifestly at variance with the spirit of Christ.” Their key-note is in harmony with the divine melody of the Gospels; and if we turn from them to those of most contemporary novelists, the shock is like that when Jullien follows up some sweet, solemn, and silence-guarded symphony with a crashing Yankee Doodle or Rule Britannia, accompanied by the ecstatic shrieks of the reawakened and appreciating mob.

* “Margaret Percival,” “The Earl’s Daughter,” “Gertrude,” “Amy Herbert,” “Laneton Parsonage,” “Walter Lorimer and Other Tales,” “The Experience of Life.” — Edited by the REV. WILLIAM SEWELL, B. D.

Their authorship is generally attributed to a relation of their editor, and they bear everywhere the nice traces of a feminine pen. They enrich an alcove in literature which has scarcely ever been able to boast of such treasures before. The heroines are emphatically

"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

The whole of Wordsworth's celebrated description might be applied to almost any one of them. Yet their individuality constitutes one of their chief attractions and merits, in more than one point of view. In conning over the sublimated, monotonous, and generic perfections of many of the worthy Sister Marys, Cousin Agneses, and Miss So and Soss of our *Sunday books*, their unfortunate little disciples can hardly fail to be impressed more or less deeply, according to the depth of their reflections upon the subject, with the idea that the communion of saints is organized somewhat on the principles of a community of Shakers, each one, on joining it, being obliged to give up his *peculium*, and take out of the common treasury of sanctified humanity just enough to keep him a live man, and to clothe him in the colorless uniform of his spiritual brethren. Margaret, Blanche, Amy, Beatrice, and grand old Aunt Sarah, on the contrary, are drawn with almost the distinctness of Miss Bremer and the delicacy of Miss Austen. If we saw them, we should know them. If we met them in the dark, we should be likely to recognize any one of them after hearing from her a few sentences. The fervor of their faith has not burned out nor melted away from their natures that distinguishing stamp which the Creator, in the wisdom and inventiveness of his mind, has seen fit to set upon each of his works. Each has her own peculiar temperament, tastes, pursuits, and habits. They bear to one another only the family likeness of children of light.

The inferior characters are many of them as well marked. The pretty, fascinating, guileless, and warm-hearted, though thoughtless and wayward, little wife, Laura, is no less real in story, and would be infinitely more endurable out of it, than David Copperfield's Dora; and the sickly, sallow Maude, with her glorious singing, her intense and generous love of art and of all that

appears to her beautiful and true, her cynicism forced upon her by her disgust at the hollowness and heartlessness of mere fashionable life, the only life she has seen, her very faults the unsunned seeds of virtues, is so original and interesting, even in its hard and bitter unripeness, that we cannot be contented with the few almost accidental glimpses afforded us of it, and long to know what it will become after its embryo nobleness has been, through Blanche's sweet influences, subjected to those of humility and charity. Mr. Dacre is not so special a favorite with us as he appears to be with his biographer; but the *sharp bluntness* with which he treats his fawning kinswoman and would-be heiress, Miss Forester, is not without its comic effect; and its inconsistency with his principles of benevolence and high sense of the importance of exerting an influence over others for their good, is a defect, though somewhat lamentable in a Christian, not unnatural in a man. Colonel Clive, and the obstinate mar-plot, Sir Hugh, with his gallantry, his grumbling, his science, and his gout, which last, as he justly observes, must be "especially trying to a man of active habits in the prime of life," once seen, or rather heard, are not to be forgotten. The two delicious old fools, Mrs. Courtenay and Miss Debrett, are portrayed, or made to portray themselves, (for our author, safe in the possession of true dramatic power, gets out of the way as often as possible, and leaves her creations to tell their own story,) with a quiet humor which challenges no dangerous comparison with that of the writer of "Pride and Prejudice." That unhappily ubiquitous personage, the selfish son and brother, figures in his various phases on her pages as frequently in proportion as he does in the world of reality, and as naturally. The types of the fine lady and of the dictatorial, *hard-headed* matron, too, are well produced and reproduced by her, each time with a difference; but though she conjures up about us speaking and breathing men, women, and children of very many sorts and many ages, we meet among them with scarcely the shadow of any despairing lover. It is her special glory, that, highly wrought and impassioned as her writings are, she has made them so with little or no assistance from those most *available* arrow-headed characters of the little blind god.

The idea of self-sacrifice is an instinct with her, as with most noble-minded women. She has embodied it again and again;—in the unobtrusive heroine of “*The Experience of Life*,” resigning the man who loved her, and whom, as she gently confesses to herself, she preferred to any one else she has ever seen, and consecrating herself with no unstified sighs to lonely and life-long toil for her mother’s sake; in Gertrude, turning with a sickening heart from the castle in the air of all her youthful day-dreams, the beautiful church which she was to build* for the neglected poor on her spendthrift brother’s estate, to persuade him, in spite of his anger and his reproaches, bordering upon insults, to save himself from dishonor and political dishonesty at the expense of her own little fortune; in Margaret, with her stately, lovely, and most beloved Beatrice Novera at her feet, imploring her with all the eloquence of agony to listen to the too powerful pleadings of her own breast, to return with her to her luxurious palace, to her too dear society, and to Italy, and forsake the faith of her fathers, — imploring her almost with her last breath, and imploring in vain; and last, not least, in the fair, soft girl, Lady Blanche, refusing, though her mind and enfeebled body threaten to sink alike under the struggle, to retrieve the domestic happiness of her bosom friend Eleanor by the gift of a church living to the weak and frivolous Charles Wentworth. The effect of the latter example upon young readers in a country like England, where church patronage appears to be so often disposed of by policy or mere whim, is incalculable.

It is but one, however, among many of no limited application held up for our imitation or avoidance, in a manner so natural and so little offensively didactic, that, soothingly etherized by it, and possessed with pleasing visions, we might scarcely suspect the wholesome operation performing upon our moral sense, if it were not for an occasional twinge in our awakening conscience. The fatal and irreparable consequences of Edward Courtenay’s concealment of the state of his pecuniary affairs from his wife, and of poor Edith’s blind zeal and hasty temper, deserve serious consideration. Mrs. Percival’s treatment of her daughter we take to be a very strong and uncommon instance of a very weak and common error. In

how many families is that most pernicious rule, "Give up to the youngest," confessedly or tacitly maintained, distorting the tender minds of the little elders, perhaps for life, with envy, and a smouldering, burning, perpetual sense of injustice, and those of the scarcely tenderer juniors with selfishness and the pride of tyranny, and implanting in both the seeds of domestic disaffection, jealousy, and hatred. In how many are the feelings, interests, and rights of some poor Margaret or Mary habitually and almost unconsciously sacrificed by her parents at five, ten, fifteen, and twenty, that Tom, Dick, "darling Grace," or a hopeless succession of such, may have his, her, or their own sweet will, at four, five, fifteen, and nineteen? How apt we are to forget that, however ready we may be, or suppose ourselves, to sacrifice ourselves to our children, we have no right to sacrifice any one of our children, or to require it to sacrifice itself, unduly to the others. When children are in other respects well brought up, the evils of this species of partiality are often, no doubt, to a great extent counteracted; and those who suffer its annoyances may learn, in enduring and forgiving them, some good lessons of disinterestedness and self-control. But why need they learn them at the expense of their brothers and sisters? This is as unjust to the latter, in one respect, as it is to the former in another. Why are they not all taught from the earliest possible moment to rely upon an equal share of their parents' kindness and sympathy, and to insist upon an equal one in the privilege of promoting, each in its turn, and according to its ability, the comfort and happiness of the rest? Mrs. Percival, though an unsympathizing task-mistress, is not intentionally a cruel one. Margaret is a dreamer. She needs useful occupation, and frequent admonition. No doubt she does. The tenderest and most judicious mother would agree to this. Yet no tender and judicious mother would confine her at seventeen, with her glowing imagination, ardent love of literature, unfinished education, and irritable nerves, through the whole weary day, with hardly an hour's undisturbed intermission, to the instruction and recreation of the younger children of her family, protect them in their misdoings against her complaints, and suffer her sister, the beauty, to leave her wholly unaided, and fritter away all her time in amusement and folly.

We have never seen the prior and subsequent miseries of a self-imposed *mariage de convenance* set forth with so dreadful a fidelity as in the case of Agatha; and a certain class of young gentlemen who, heroes in their own eyes, may reasonably flatter themselves that they are the developing cause of a great deal of heroism in others, may find some of the results of "merely doing what every one else does, what one is forced into, indeed," successfully demonstrated by her brother Craven, aptly so called.

The guardian goodness with which Margaret learns to treat her pupils is angelic; and some of the advice which she receives with regard to them from her uncle, the Reverend Henry Sutherland, rector of Alton, (the very *beau idéal* of an Uncle Henry in most respects, we must confess, though we are doomed to have a quarrel with him on certain points by and by,) is excellent; but we think it questionable, to say the least, where he recommends forbearing to discourage them from having secrets which are not to be told, and receiving letters which are not to be shown, to their parents, with no other restriction than that it shall be known who the writers are of the latter. Between children belonging to the same family these things may sometimes be suffered, and perhaps it is not always safe positively to prohibit them between playfellows and schoolmates. Still, we cannot believe that, "if not allowed openly, they will" very frequently "be had privately" by well-disposed children, under firm and affectionate management; nor, though we certainly do not undertake to uphold the inquisitorial zeal of the discreet Mrs. Percival, in insisting on the inspection of the epistles received by the grown-up members of her family, even from one another, can we help suspecting that the less there is of such reserves the better. Mystery is the very cast-off cloak of the Evil One, which he left behind him when he went to his own place, to weigh many and many a soul down to him; and the young should be taught to consider, before they put it on, what those have been and have become who have worn it before them.

Among these lessons, we give the highest place to the rule of retirement near the middle, as well as at the beginning and end, of the day, for prayer and self-examination. It may be said that few people have time for this.

Most people have or take time for their dinners, and those who do not find too often that they have lost more of it, in the loss of their physical health, than they have saved by their unwise economy. If they can or ought to find from thirty to sixty minutes for the refreshment of their bodies, they can or ought to find five or ten for the refreshment of their souls. They may look out of their windows a little less, or over their novels or newspapers, or into their looking-glasses; or, if it is no selfish occupation which detains them from the closet, but some imperative claim of their neighbor, they may, like St. Catherine of Sienna in the midst of her household cares, retire into the little oratory of the spirit. Regularly fed, the nobler as well as the baser part will not forget to claim its due with healthy hunger. Few as those five or ten minutes are, if no more are to be had, much may by practice be done in them. In them the forgotten duty may be remembered, and not put off to a morrow that may never come; and in them the inconsiderate error detected and abandoned before persistency in it becomes, as it were, a necessity or a point of honor. Their good resolutions will not, like those of the evening, too often be slept away, nor left behind in the first hurry and bustle of the morning. Those resolutions, by their morning, noon, and nightly repetition, will be burnt in, as if by the finger of an approving and watching God, with heavenly fire upon the heart.

If at the outset of his Christian course a man says to himself, Through all my future years I will keep myself free from anger, sloth, and all my besetting sins, he soon finds himself disappointed, and perhaps utterly at a loss. The work was too great for him; he could not do it. Why should he try again? But he can keep himself free from any outward excess of them on one particular day from morning till noon; and if at noon he looks within himself again, to uproot any poisonous inward weeds that may have germinated since the morning, before they can put themselves forth into action he can save himself from them once more till the evening, and again till the morrow. Self-examination, by showing him his success in these moderate attempts, gives him courage and hope, and a foretaste of that intense joy which offers itself to him at the close of the series of these little flying periods which will have so quickly

made up the sum of his life, — the joy of the sentence, “ Well done, good and faithful servant ” ; and when the same process reveals to him — as, if he perseveres in it, it too surely must — some *falling off*, he is no more, as in his former disappointments, utterly without resource, for it also reveals to him the secret causes of his failing, and the unnecessary want of vigilance which left open the door for it.

It would perhaps be speaking too strongly of this so generally slighted exercise, to declare that without it Christian progress is improbable, and with it, frequently, regularly, and *faithfully* performed, certain ; but almost any statement of its efficacy that falls much below this, falls below the truth. It gives us, for one term of probation, many. Instead of leaving us to be confronted with our accusing consciences for the first time on the threshold of the judgment hall, at the impotent hour of death, when reformation, the stamp and seal of repentance, has become in this world, and, for aught we *know*, in any world, impossible, it summons us there in spirit day by day, amid the affluence of our mighty hours of life, to settle our account with heaven's recording angel, and by immediate reparation of each offence, or, where that cannot be made, by sincere and childlike sorrow, to cancel the debt, and provide against its increase before time has made us bankrupt,

“ And leave a line of white across the page.”

It extricates us from the trampling crowd of earthly toils and pleasures, which seem to us so great because they are so near, and bears us upward to the foot of the throne of God, to look down upon them and see them betimes as disembodied spirits do, in all their dwindled littleness. Through its repeated discoveries of our frailty, it echoes to us again and again the solemn words of Christ, “ Verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt deny me. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.” And though the warning voice be often repeated in vain, it is believed and listened to at last.

To return. There is little in these books to satisfy those lovers of the “ knowledge of human nature ” with whom the phrase should seem to be a synonyme for an unshrinking familiarity with all that is fiendish in it, pur-

chased at the price of total unbelief and ignorance of all that is angelic. Those, on the other hand, who delight to study the seraph in the chrysalis, may find in them unwonted pleasure. They abound in details and conversations showing the natural growth of things from their apparently trivial causes, and strung like pearls on the thread of the story, and have at times a Düsseldorf distinctness of outline and vividness of tint, which gives us the very fac-simile of a recollection of having stood ourselves in the faded drawing-room at Henningsley, to gaze at the fine old portrait of the high-born girlish beauty over the carved marble chimney-piece; and almost makes the black-and-white page on which the description of the exquisite church of St. Owen is painted darken with majestic forms and glow with gorgeous colors. We have heard them censured as gloomy pictures of life. That they are in great part unvarnished pictures of gloomy life, we grant; but there is much of life that is unavoidably gloomy in its outward circumstances, and in the inward shrinking sensitiveness and timidity of those who are forced to act in it; and we cannot call those pictures of it altogether gloomy ones that represent it as these do, so lighted up with radiance from above.

In short, if noble powers and a noble purpose could have made them perfect, they would be so. But alas! like all pictures painted by human hands, they have their *other side*; and to the ungracious consideration of that other side our narrow limits now compel us as unwillingly as abruptly to turn.

In old times, when a culprit stood quaking before the Dikastery at Athens, he was allowed, or his friends for him, after his prosecutor had named a penalty equal in severity to his indignation, to propose instead of it some other, neither too cruel nor too mild to satisfy mercy and justice; and his judges often consented to the substitution. Somewhat upon the same principle we propose, since these charming works have in our opinion faults which need to be taken in hand, to deal with them with our own light and plummy crow-quill, instead of handing them over to the sharp steel-pen of some hardened controversialist; and while we would wield the weapon in question as sparingly and cautiously as we should the scalpel, with which it was our painful duty to trace out

the track of a fatal disease in the beautiful form of the offspring of a sister, we would also handle it as unflinchingly as we should the latter if the arrest of the spread of that disease in the world depended on our single work.

There lies in many, if not in all, of these books, a substratum of doctrines tending, in our opinion, little as their amiable advocate imagines it, to beget, wherever it is attempted to impose them by authority, infidelity in those who are averse to them, and superstition and servility in those who receive them among the laity, and superstition and overweening arrogance among the clergy. In most of these books this substratum is so overlaid by the story, and its noble moral and religious tone, as to be scarcely discerned by a careless eye, and probably do little harm. In "*Margaret Percival*" it is pushed forth more prominently; and out of it rises Mr. Sutherland, — we are not distinctly told, but we suspect, in a very long-tailed coat, — a marvellous combination of most excellent sense and most exquisite folly. Let us look for a few moments at him and the ground he stands upon.

Mr. Sutherland is one of those *backward-progressives* who have sprung up, determined apparently to roll the Episcopal Church of England down again, after the upward march of ages, to that giddy brink, just overhanging the deeps below deeps of popish and half-pagan absurdity, to which it was hoisted three centuries ago by enterprising men, who might well, finding the effort of getting it over that first and hardest step quite enough to exhaust their breath, strength, and energy, think that they had earned a right to rest, and leave the work of its gradual advancement, and cleansing from the mire that still clung about it, to future generations, — and keep it there exactly poised, in spite of all the laws of human nature. He teaches his niece that, though it belongs less to the laity, and particularly to young women, than to the clergy, to revive the obsolete public observance of holidays, and so forth, nominally retained at the Reformation, there can, in his opinion, be no doubt of the duty of keeping them in private; and that, besides the eighty-one festivals, she will do well to observe "the Evens or Vigils before the Nativity of our Lord, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Annunciation, Easter Day, Ascension Day, Pentecost, and ten others; also the

forty days of Lent, the Ember Days at the four seasons, the three Rogation Days, and all the Fridays in the year except Christmas Day; making in all a hundred and twenty-three days to be devoted 'annually' to fasting and humiliation." She is not, it is true, to attempt entire fasting at first, even if it can be done without attracting attention, nor ever to do so to the injury of her health, but to "begin with abstinence from certain things which would be agreeable to her, and carry it out through the whole day by checking herself in her amusements or luxuries, choosing less amusing books, and not giving way to allowable comforts"; and this advice is given to a girl whose young life is already a tissue of privations and contrarieties! He believes in the authority of clergymen to grant absolution, and asserts that the very essence of his Church, to whose rules he gives and counsels the most implicit submission, "consists in an apostolic ministry, a succession derived from the primitive Church."

From such precepts and practices, the transition to their kindred ones is, if unpardonable, not unnatural. Margaret, during his long absences, falls much into the company of a Roman Catholic countess and her confessor, persons elegant and highly cultivated in mind and in manner, and described by their historian with her beautifully characteristic candor and liberality of feeling, in spite of their errors of faith, as almost perfect in the zealous exercise of every virtue. In her home, she sees nothing but worldliness and care; in the church to which she belongs, only formality and negligence. At Henningsley she is surrounded by purity, peace, and affection; and the wily Father Andrea finds his opportunity, in the ardent and romantic friendship which springs up between her and his charge, to pave the way to her conversion.

Mr. Sutherland returns from the continent of Europe at a terrible crisis in the affairs of her family, and discovers the meditated treason. Then follow some of the most remarkable passages, we think, that we ever met with in any book, remarkable not least in their marvellous union of sectarian bigotry in doctrine and Christian charity in spirit. We have before us the struggle carried on in the heart of Margaret, — for their arguments are addressed to her and not to one another, — for the rule of a timid,

anxious, conscientious girl. Father Andrea fears that salvation is to be secured only within the pale of the true Church. Mr. Sutherland, though prudently cautious in making positive and tangible declarations in such matters, implies, at least, the same opinion. Each declares that his own church is the true church. She is a schismatic according to the one, if she forsakes his; unless she enters his, a heretic according to the other. A lunatic she may well become between the two. Mr. Sutherland lays his hand upon her head and says, "God's blessing and pardon be with you, my child! *You were never in greater need of them*!" Father Andrea presses her hand and murmurs, "Daughter, it is written, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' Think of this, and pray that you may understand it." The dilemma is described with much *naïveté*. It strikes us as a fearful one for any thoughtful mind, which adopts the theory of the Apostolic succession.

Most Protestants, and we ourselves on a cursory consideration of the measures taken by Mr. Sutherland to reclaim his niece from the toils of Henningsley, should be well-nigh ready to yield them our approbation, with a little abatement for their exaggeration, in our well-grounded dread and dislike of the encroachments, by turns fawning and menacing, of that stealthy, mighty, deadly mistress of the world,—that Church which appears to have adopted for her motto, wherever her own interests are concerned, the words of one of her most illustrious poets, who, after recounting Sophronia's false accusation of herself as the author of the theft of the sacred image from the mosque, in order to save the other Christians, exclaims, —

"Magnanima menzogna! or quando è il vero
Si bello, che si possa a te preporre?"

In our satisfaction at her rescue from a wily priest, who would entrap her into the Church of Rome, we forget that we have before us an absolute and despotic priest who is forcing her back into the Church of England. Forcing her,—we say it advisedly; for different forces are equal in different cases. What confiscations and prisons are to men, a stern tone in the voice, a frown on

the face that they love, are to gentle, humble women and girls. If so amiable and kind-hearted a person as Mr. Sutherland is compelled by his system to use even the slightest infusion of these with the latter, who can say that the same system will not lead his harsher and more passionate brethren into employing those, so far as they may ever find it in their power, against the former? Margaret is incapable of investigation. She must have a guide. He must act as that guide. She may have reasons, if she wishes to hear them; but upon such points only as he sees fit to give them. This is, according to our apprehensions, tyranny, exerted in a good cause *perhaps*, — of that more hereafter; but if we allow tyranny at all, we run the risk of suffering from it. For us to-day, it may be against us to-morrow.

To illustrate this proposition, let us turn the tables upon ourselves, and suppose a case. Instead of the Countess Novera and Father Andrea, let us suppose that it was two non-Episcopal Christians that Margaret fell in with, for instance the sainted Henry and Mary Ware; that it happened to her, as it has, we believe, to many others born and baptized into the Church of England, to look in vain “into the Bible for a confirmation of its truth,” and that, struck with their cheerful, fervent, and enlightened piety, she had asked and received of them some of those simple, clear, yet learned and logical, expositions of their faith, which Unitarian piety has delighted to present as thank-offerings for the truer vision which it believes itself to have obtained in return for its patient seekings after the truth; for in this country, at least, the “Dissenter” does not “put the Bible” into the hands of the ignorant and helpless, saying, “Discover its doctrines for yourself,” unaided. Would not Mr. Sutherland again have wept, shuddered, brought all the powers of his gentle brow-beating to bear with redoubled vigor upon the trembling renegade to the Liturgy and the Apostolical Succession, and once more have arraigned her in imagination, with a plea of his own drawing up, before that tremendous tribunal of the last judgment at which few could present one of their own with confidence; and then might not her rival teachers, on their side, with equal plausibility, though they would not, for their greater wisdom and moderation, have redoubled the agitation of her

bewildered, terrified, and agonized mind, by summoning to their aid a rival panorama, and bidding her plead her cause as follows: I was born and baptized into a church whose letter killed me, and whose spirit seemed to me dead, a sepulchre with some most holy relics in it, but tenantless, lifeless, breathless. A voice as it had been the voice of an angel came unto me, saying, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen. Go quickly and tell his disciples." And I bore within me a sacred talent, a powerful, earnest, and acute intellect, which pressed me to follow the voice, and prove it if it spoke the truth. But I knew thee (through the teachings of my priest), that thou wert an austere man; and I was afraid, and suffered him to dig in the darkness and undistinguishable dust of dead and buried ages, and hide my talent there; and I went not myself, and those that would have gone I hindered. I ignorantly, as I see too late, joined myself to those who were helping to make the commandments of God of no effect by their tradition, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

But we anticipate. Her brain reels. Truth seems to her to be nowhere, or to be undiscoverable. She is assailed by the most horrible scepticism, and threatened with atheism. Life-long unbelief would probably be the result, did she possess a less devotional temperament; adhesion, more or less complete, to the faith and forms of her Roman Catholic friends, if she were less docile or less separated from them. As it is, Mr. Sutherland, strong in the possession, which seems according to him to be nine points in law, not civil only, but ecclesiastical, carries his point.

Years pass unrecorded; and Margaret Percival, in a soft, misty, tranquil summer Sunday morning, sits in her mother's garden in her uncle's parish, and thinks with deep but softened emotion of the days that are gone by. Many of her labors are over; and she is beginning richly to reap their reward. The still, holy, peaceful life at Alton seems almost like the life of heaven. It is presented to us as a type of life under "the actual working of the Church of England." The reader, if credulous or unwary, is likely to lay down his book, not only with a wholesome admiration of the saintly self-devotion of the heroine, but also with an uneasy doubt of the genuine-

ness of any means of spiritual health not procured from agents having, according to themselves, the legal monopoly of the article. With this uncomfortable sensation we can sympathize, for we have shared it; and we shall therefore hasten the more readily to lay before our fellow-sufferers some of the results of our investigations, (referring any one who wishes to push his own further to Sparks's "Letters on the Episcopal Church," and to Neander's "Church History,") and of our examination of the arguments of Mr. Sutherland.

He informs Margaret, greatly to her astonishment, and somewhat to our own, that "to change from one church to another involves the possibility of a sin numbered with sedition, rebellion, hardness of heart, and the contempt of God's commandments,—the sin of schism"; that when the claims of Rome were first set before her, her first duty was with her own church and her own teachers,—a universal duty binding upon every one, Heathen, Mahometan, Jew, and Christian. How many, we wonder, of the "three thousand" whom we read of in the Acts, who were "added the same day unto" the Apostles, went back first to the synagogue to listen for an indefinite time to the teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees? How many would ever have been added to them at all if they had? Were the unrebuked three thousand guilty of schism?

Margaret is further informed by him that "the Heathen would inquire of his teacher, and hear that he had no external revelation; the Mahometan would seek in vain for authentic testimony to the mission of his prophet; the Dissenter would discover that, in throwing off Episcopacy, . . . his instructors had followed their own will, and not the law of the primitive Church. In all these instances the result must be unsatisfactory, supposing the case of an intelligent cultivated mind making the inquiry; and then the decision would be,—If the religion which I have been taught has not external truth to support it, I am at liberty to seek the truth elsewhere." Mr. Sutherland, having the reporter on his side, has the debate all his own way. We have little confidence in the decisions of the "intelligent and cultivated mind" made under ghostly supervision and intimidation. What Heathen would hear from his teacher that he had no external reve-

lation? What Mahometan would seek in vain for testimony to the mission of his Prophet, authentic in the opinion of his Imaum? And, above all, how should the Dissenter discover that, in throwing off Episcopacy, he or his instructors were breaking the law of the primitive Church, or that it was in the least to the purpose, if he could?

On this point let us confront the Reverend Mr. Sutherland, as we may have occasion to do again, with another of the lights of his Church, the learned, pious, and reverend Dr. Arnold of Rugby, whose testimony on any matter of history or philology is probably entitled to quite as much respect as his own, or as that of his prototype, whoever he may be. Dr. Arnold says, with decided disapprobation,* of some supporters of views similar to those upon which we are animadverting: "They are not defending the lawfulness or expediency of Episcopacy, which certainly I am very far from doubting, but its necessity; a doctrine in ordinary times gratuitous, and at the same time harmless, save as a folly. . . . Episcopacy never was commanded at all; the reason being that all forms of government and ritual are in the Christian Church indifferent and to be decided by the Church itself, *pro temporum et locorum ratione*, the Church not being the clergy, but the congregation of Christians."

Mr. Sutherland tells Margaret that she must have perceived that she was swerving from her "allegiance to the English Church." Let us ask Dr. Arnold what allegiance is in his opinion due to a church. His answer, if indirect, is tolerably satisfactory: "That common metaphor about our 'Mother the Church' is unscriptural and mischievous, because the feelings . . . which we owe to a parent we do not owe to our fellow-Christians. We owe them brotherly love, meekness, readiness to bear, &c., but not filial reverence;—'To them gave I place by subjection, no, not for an hour.'"

We hear it sometimes said, with that air of self-complacency with which one sets forth a proposition at once magnanimous and incontrovertible, "It is no matter what people believe, if they are only good,"—an important *if*, not always secured; and even when it is secured we cannot say, Amen. If it was worth our Saviour's while

* See Life, p. 383, Letter LXXIX.

to live a life and die a death of privation and agony to bring us a revelation from God, it is surely worth ours to spare some time from our occupations and amusements for finding out, with the best aids which our natural powers and education, and those of others to whom we have access, can afford, what that message was. We are bound as his followers to work with him in communicating it to our fellow-men. If we take anything from it, we rob them of part of his legacy of truth. If we add anything to it, we may throw new stumbling-blocks in the way of the unbeliever. Whole sects, we suspect, are marked in the private characters of most of their members by the sternness or mildness of their tenets. Any man, indeed, who studies and practises the precepts of the Gospels will save his soul in spite of a vicious creed. They will neutralize its venom. But how difficult does a vicious creed make the practice of the precepts of the Gospels! How can he be sure that it will not be death to the soul of his neighbor to whom he ignorantly teaches it, and who may dwell upon it more than upon those vital precepts? He may be strong enough to live upon bitter almonds; but if he have nothing better to give his weaker brother, the prussic acid in them may be his death. From the day when the Enemy first sowed tares in the fields of Christendom till now, multitudes of pious, simple-hearted souls have probably received the heavenly teachings of God from the prayer-book and the pulpit together with human or fiendish devices, nourished and strengthened their pure and heathful natures for their climbing journey by the assimilation of the first with but little injury from the last, and gone straight to heaven. But they might have been better nourished and strengthened by a more wholesome diet, and mounted more easily, accompanied by more of their fellows, many of whom they have been forced to leave sickening behind. We think that Margaret Percival, so far as she can be said to have decided for herself, decided wisely in preferring the Church of Oxford to the Church of Rome, inasmuch as we suppose the Church of Oxford, at present at least, to be somewhat less superstitious than the Church of Rome. With the Church of England, properly speaking, we do not consider ourselves to be upon these matters at issue; for we rejoice to find that it is not agreed upon them.

guiding us heavenward in peace and in joy. If we see him walking with shadowed face by that which seems to us obscure and dim, we may solicit him to exchange it for ours. But more than that we must be careful how we do. His sight may not be strong enough to bear it. Besides, it may be that, fallible as we are in heart and mind, we are deceived ourselves. The will-o'-the-wisps of our own ignorant self-conceit, pride, selfishness, and earthliness may all the time be leading us astray. The responsibility of the rule of our own soul is enough for us. Let us leave that of the government of others to their infallible Maker. Above all, let us beware how we turn any disciple from his adherence to any doctrine, which appears to be leading him, though us it might not, through faith in Christ, to the sincere and active love of God and man. The melancholy story of Joseph Blanco White is a sufficient caution in this respect. The faith of some minds adheres so closely to the creed in which it was first formed, that the one cannot be broken away without shattering the other.

As every sunbeam is round as the orb that shot it through space, so is every word of God cast in the mould of his own infinity. Who can exhaust the truths contained in the few chapters of the New Testament? St. John declares that, besides the recorded acts of his Master, "there are also many things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." What world — what universe! — could contain the thousand lessons to be deduced from his words, each sentence implying uncounted volumes? What finite mind, what sect, can hope to comprehend their infinitesimal part in its narrow systems and dogmas and articles? The seamless coat of Christ has been rent in pieces by his contending followers, and each remnant, patched up with earthly and sordid materials, is offered to us by its possessor as the whole. Let us be satisfied with no such paltry share, and shut ourselves up within the walls of no party; but while, keeping our eyes undarkened by the unfounded dogmas and transcendental vagaries of ancient and modern schemers and dreamers, we insist upon the whole revelation of God, so far as it can be imparted to us by the learning, logic, toil, and

goodness of any Christians, by whatsoever other name they may be called, let us rejoice with them all in the portion of it which has been made clear to each. The good and wise of different denominations are learning to agree in this, that, since their Father suffers so many diversities of opinion among his children, he suffers them out of regard for their weakness and for benevolent purposes; and that we too must wait for their ending in meekness and trust. As it has been beautifully said by a Unitarian minister, however opposite may be the sides from which we start at the foot of the mountain, in approaching its summit we approach one another.

To return. We think that it was unwise in Mr. Sutherland to retain his niece against her will in a church which she had never either loved or heartily believed in; because we hold it to have been utterly impossible for him to divine whether, under the mysterious providence of God, it was best for her soul that she should remain in it. But, urges he, "I, as a clergyman of the English branch of the Catholic Church, come before you with a statement of her doctrines. As a proof that these doctrines are true, I confirm them by the inspired word of God." To whose satisfaction does Mr. Sutherland confirm them? To his own? Very possibly; — and so, to his own, could Father Andrea confirm very many, if not all, of his, unless he is a much less clever controversialist than we take him to be; — but not to that of an unbiased, judicious, and enlightened mind, unless Mr. Sutherland is a much more clever controversialist than we take him to be, supposing the doctrines which we are now considering to be fair samples of what he would set forth as those of the Church of England.

The lawfulness of the control which he exerts over her he would justify, if he could, by his claim to belong to "an apostolic ministry, a succession derived from the primitive Church." We will not say so much as we might of the doubtful propriety of entitling the clergy of the Establishment — consisting in great part of younger sons of the nobility and gentry, put into orders that they may be genteelly provided for with family livings, and many of them extremely frivolous and incompetent — an *apostolic* ministry, but will once more request the

opinion of Dr. Arnold, who says : " I am perfectly aware that my opinion about the pretended apostolical succession is different from that of most individual clergymen ; but I defy any man to show that it is different from that of the Church of England ; and if not, it is fairly an open question . . . ; and he is the schismatic who would insist upon determining in his own way what the Church has not determined." * And again : " A succession, in order to keep up the mysterious gift bestowed upon the priesthood, which gift makes baptism wash away sin," &c. " This is intelligible and consistent, though I believe it to be in the highest degree false and Antichristian." † If we could hope to add weight to Dr. Arnold's opinion by any suggestion of our own, we would offer the following. Granting the doctrine concerning it to be true, how can we discover, after the lapse of eighteen convulsed and confused centuries, upon whom this " mysterious gift " has descended ? We do not deny that there may be men living ordained by the last of a long succession of men, the first of whom was really ordained by an Apostle. We do defy any man living to prove that he is one of those men. It may be replied, that, at any rate, God will accept the intentions of the Episcopalian who endeavors to do all things decently and in order. We believe that he will, and also the intentions of the non-Episcopalian who endeavors to do all things decently and in order.

For the right of any church to impose austerities upon its members, those who are in doubt about it can consult the fourteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The observation may be hypercritical, but it has long appeared to us that there is much significance in the choice of his words in the text where our Saviour says, " If any one will come after me, let him take up [not *a*, but] *his* cross and follow me." *His* cross ; — not one of his own nor of his brother's choosing, but of God's, adapted, with the wisdom and tenderness of which he alone is capable, to the strength and to the weakness of its bearer. It will be unlike that laid upon any other, because he is himself different from every other, and requires a different exercise. It may be at one time heavy,

* Life, Vol. II., Letter CXCH.

† Ibid., Letter CCXLVIII.

at another galling, never intolerable. Not so that laid by man upon his fellow. God disciplines all men differently. Man would discipline all men alike. Even such modified mortification as that recommended by Mr. Sutherland, taken in connection with other labors and trials like those of Margaret, would probably in most instances result in a nervous depression of body and mind, and in some in consumption.

The Christian whose quick eye of filial love and gratitude is skilled to mark in all the circumstances which surround him but the workings of the gloved hand of Providence, pointing out to him a stepping-stone to heaven in every deed of righteousness which they throw in his way, and whose ear to hear in the words of every suppliant who comes to him for aid a commanding message of invitation from his Father, may find vigils enough appointed for him in labors of love for which the day was too busy or too short, by the bedside of the sick and dying, in sad company with the sleepless anguish of bereavement, or on his couch, when his prayers, confessions, and thanksgivings encroach unawares upon his slumbers, and fasts enough from indulgences forbidden by the health of his body or his soul, or by the greater need in which his brother stands of them. We have little faith in the efficiency of formal acts of self-denial for self-denial's sake. They are, we suspect, too apt to exhaust the energies required for self-denial for the sake of others. Still, if Christ refused to command them, it is not clear that he altogether refused to countenance them. Many holy men have believed them to be of use. Let each be in this respect a law unto himself.

Where the mistletoe grows, there are oaks. Though the natural connection between them may not be apparent, we are not surprised to find here, as well as elsewhere, associated with these doctrines and breathing the same atmosphere of superstition, a general gloom, sometimes softening into melancholy and sometimes darkening into horror, overhanging the idea of death, — death, to the good so often the deliverer, “the” solemn “consoler”! To represent him as “bitter and tremendous” is too often to render him so, particularly to the young. But that he is not necessarily or always so, we could, if our space permitted, bring beautiful and true instances to prove.

Finally, we take our leave of our author with most hearty thanks for the great pleasure and profit (or we are ourselves to blame) which we have received at her hands. That she is a woman of many sorrows, she pretty distinctly tells us. That she is one of many virtues, her works, unegotistical as they are, unconsciously testify of her in every line. We could perhaps wring from them, by cross-examination, some further interesting evidence concerning her to lay before our readers, and add by means of it another instance to the long, sad list of powerful and inquiring minds bowed, shackled, and brought under the dominion of their inferiors, by their union with too timid hearts and morbidly sensitive consciences. We forbear. We have no right to use what authors are so kind as to give us of their stores of reflection and experience, in obtaining what they do not. Such proceedings, though put in practice every day, particularly with regard to the writings of her own sex, appear to us too much upon a par with those of the beggar who avails himself of a charitable gentleman's giving him a shilling to notice where he keeps his purse, and pick his pocket. Her errors, if we are right in thinking them so, are those of her teachers, and cast no deep shadow upon her. They are but the harsh, unkindly rind, which may easily be separated and thrown away, leaving the rich fruit of much noble thought and feeling within, to render him who makes it his own, and digests it, the stronger and better for life.

E. F.

ART. III. — THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.*

In the boundless universe revealed or suggested to the eye of man, is there no material globe destined for the abode of intelligent beings save our own? Our own sun has eight large primary planets revolving about him; is

* 1. *The Plurality of Worlds. With an Introduction*, by EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., etc., etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1854. 16mo. pp. xvi., 307.

2. *More Worlds than One, the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian*. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. 1854. 16mo. pp. 265.

ours the only one destined to be inhabited? The Milky Way contains thousands of stars apparently bound together by laws of attraction, and circling about the group of the Pleiades. Our sun lies near the centre of the Milky Way, and is therefore probably like the other stars composing this great assemblage. Is it the only one of that multitude which has planets? And if the others have planets, are they not destined for the abodes of intelligent creatures? Scattered over the heavens are spots of hazy light, shown by the telescope to be clusters of stars. Are these clusters smaller, and composed of smaller stars, than the Milky Way? Or are they not simply distant Milky Ways? If so, have they not their Pleiades, their suns, and those suns their planets, and those planets their inhabitants?

Such is the rapid and conclusive way in which human speculation reached the doctrine of the plurality of planetary worlds, of planets peopled by intelligent beings. The doctrine has found its way into popular literature, giving rise to many beautiful passages of oratory, many strains of noble verse. It has exalted our conceptions of the Almighty Power, and thrilled our souls with a wider sense of brotherhood with the sons of God. It has even sunk so deeply into the human heart as to become the inspiration of art, and Beethoven has written the choral song of the worlds, as they roll in their tribute of praise to the Redeemer:—

*“ Welten singen Dank und Ehren
Den erhebenen Gottes Sohn.” **

But, behold, here steps forth an anonymous writer, and with prolix and almost tedious discourse assails this doctrine, which has taken such firm hold of the human mind as even to modify our ideas of heaven. He lays merciless hands upon this fair fabric of speculation. He shows that, of the eight larger primary planets, only one gives us positive evidence of containing the three essentials of earth, air, and water. He shows that, among the stars, the double stars would require a very different planetary arrangement from that of the solar system; and the variable stars are not fitted to be steady dispensers of

* *Worlds are singing thanks and honor to the exalted Son of God.*

light and heat. He attempts to show that among the nebulae are some that are not only unresolved, but by fair inference unresolvable, since they are probably, at most, only eleven tenths the distance of some that are resolved; and that there are some which give strong indications of the action of a dense resisting medium.

We do not know the name of this bold man, nor his usual office. The only scrap of personal history which he suffers to escape him is, that he is acquainted with an interesting child, deaf and blind. But the characteristics of his style remind us forcibly of a little treatise called "The Stars and the Earth." There is the same firm and clear grasp of the main ideas, the same occasional slip of attention by which he falls into palpable oversights and errors upon unimportant points, the same patience and prolixity, running occasionally into tediousness, ^{and} he states and restates his views, and pushes them out until they cover the whole ground.

The object of the writer is to confirm, by the testimony of astronomy and geology, the Christian Scriptures in their assertion that man is favored with express and peculiar care. He would show the probability that the earth is the only habitable globe in existence; and would prove from geology that men are but recently placed here. Hence he would confirm the testimony of our consciousness, that mind and heart, conscience, and the knowledge of God, place us at the head of creation, and make it probable that God should enter into peculiar relations with us.

The purpose of the book is then good, but the mode of accomplishing it is of rather questionable validity. For if we allow his arguments their full weight, they only go to show our ignorance. It is no more within the province of astronomy to disprove than to prove the hypothesis of a plurality of worlds. Our reliance for the defence of the Gospel is not to be upon negative or positive speculations, but upon more solid foundations.

Supposing, then, the doctrine of a plurality of worlds to be true, what real objections or difficulties can be brought from it against our Christian faith? We say, none. Nay, we will go further, and say that, were the theory of an infinite number of planetary worlds true, there could be no legitimate inference drawn from it even

against the doctrine of the incarnation of God ; which is the doctrine of current Christianity certainly most liable to such objection.

For granting the truth of this doctrine of the incarnation for one world, there is no impossibility in the way of such an incarnation in every world. Number, space, and time are absolute zeros in comparison with infinity and eternity. If, at a certain point in this world's history, the Almighty clothed himself in our feeble clay, and died for our redemption, there is no reason apparent why he may not have manifested himself in like manner in every one of a boundless number of worlds. And in like manner, granting the truth of the theory of many worlds, no legitimate inference can be drawn from it against any theory of a Revelation ; not even against the theory of an Incarnation. For Astronomy teaches us the existence of the force of gravity, Geology of subterranean force, Chemistry, Botany, Zoölogy, each teach us of peculiar forces, and consciousness declares that force is the exercise of volition. Nay, the mathematician can grant no other definition to an atom of matter, than merely that it is a centre of forces. There is in the mathematician's eye no substance in things material. The Cosmos is but a display of the Divine Will, instant and present in its volitions. God is, then, each instant, present and acting in each atom of matter ; how much more in each human soul ! He is present and acting by his own will, and at his own will, and what logical hindrance therefore to a revelation such as the Gospel claims to be ? No objection to a Revelation, to miracles, or to Special Providence, whether drawn from natural science or metaphysical conceptions of nature, can conceal its truth from a common-sense glance at the foundations of our faith.

God is acting at each instant in each atom of matter, in every star, and how much more in the human soul ! No answer to the question forced upon us by the thought of the starry host, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him ? seems to us better adapted to give peace to the soul, than the answer given by a friend of ours to a dispirited acquaintance, who expressed a fear whether the Creator of such countless worlds might not think man too small to be noticed. But man is not so small, said he, as you imply ; — man is great enough to measure

the infinite distances which separate the stars, to count the ages of their revolutions, nay, even to weigh the stars in a balance; man is therefore greater than the starry host itself. And when this little atom, dwelling on this point, the earth, has stretched his hand across the almost boundless space, and weighed the stars in his balance; when this little atom, but yesterday placed on this little point, and perishing to-morrow, has unrolled the geological and stellar history of a past eternity, and unveiled a perfect prophecy of eternity to come, — he then soars above all these questions of mere space and time, perceives the existence of an absolutely Infinite and Eternal Creator, recognizes his plan, analyzes his thoughts, acknowledges his purposes. Thus does this atom, man, prove his kindred with that absolutely Infinite and Eternal Being, — thus is he made sure of his own worth in comparison with material things, and is prepared for the reception of special messages from God himself.

Moreover, if every science that deals with forces leads us to the conception of a free intelligent volition as the cause of each change, Geology leads us to perceive that this volition has at sundry times in the world's history operated without the intervention of agents. The connection between the different geological epochs lies only in God's thought, in the fulfilment of one comprehensive plan, but not in the means of fulfilment. The establishment of new races upon the earth in each epoch was miracle, as purely a miracle as the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. There is therefore no sound scientific *a priori* objection to the investigation of the evidences of Christianity, and no metaphysical objection which does not lie equally against the facts of Geology.

We may therefore clear the discussion of the plurality of worlds of all religious considerations, well assured that Science has no warfare to wage against the Gospel, and the Gospel none against Science. Is the doctrine of the plurality of worlds true? Can its probability be made apparent on scientific grounds, without recourse to President Hitchcock's disputed theories of angels, which he dignifies with the name of Biblical facts? We think it can; — we think the rapid and popular argument with which we opened this article is conclusive, and that the objections urged by this anonymous writer are more specious than real.

First, in regard to the Solar System, the admitted absence of air from the moon, a mere satellite, leads to no just inference with regard to the primaries. Nor does the small specific gravity of the outer planets necessarily exclude rocks from their formation. In the absence of evidence we may as well suppose Saturn and Jupiter made of porous asbestos, or carbonate of magnesia, as of water and cloud. Nay, since meteoric stones abound in metals which are very rare on the earth, there is no reason to limit the constitution of the other planets to the fifty-seven elements of earthly chemistry. The mechanical laws of nature are to be presumed necessary in all material phenomena, but not a chemical identity with matter on this globe. It is admitted by our author that Mars has an atmosphere, and rain and snow. Why is not this presumptive proof that other planets have also? And what hinders the presumption that these atmospheres differ somewhat in their constitution from ours, and that with less refractory power they may have equal power to support organizations fitted to them?

Our author replies, that, if nothing hinders this presumption, it is equally true that there is nothing to create it. But this we deny. The mere fact that the earth is inhabited, or inhabitable, creates it. It is of no avail to say that the earth has been inhabited for only a few thousand years, and that, if we had argued from the state of the world before Adam, we should not have been led to the conclusion that the other planets are inhabited. The same Geology which informs us of the Preadamite earth, tells us that God's plan from the beginning was to place man in the garden. The plan of animal life presupposes man as the last term of the whole series of successive creations.

In the choice of forms for the animated creations, the Creator was originally guided by the laws of mechanical equilibrium. It is shown by Professor Peirce, that the formula of equilibrium for one fluid floating in another, like the embryo in the egg, admits of only a definite number of forms, and that the four departments of animated nature correspond, according to Agassiz's view of their embryonic forms, to changes of the constants in this formula. The whole animal world is therefore framed upon a single original thought or formula, embodied

under four manifestations. Under each of these departments a successive development showed the ability and intention of the Creator to carry out the plan to its perfection. That perfection is reached, among the vertebrates, in man. We may say, therefore, with scientific truth, that man was on the earth, at least in creative design, so soon as the first living germ of an animal was here. The voice of the Divine Wisdom sounds from the rocks, as from the lips of the Hebrew sage, saying:—

“ When God marked out the foundations of the earth,
Then was I by him as a master-builder ;
I was his delight day by day,
Exulting continually in his presence ;
Exulting in the *habitable part* of his earth,
And my delight was with the *sons of men*.”

Geology confirms the doctrine of Astronomy, that God made this earth, as the abode of men. The obliquity of the ecliptic, the proportion of land and water, the degree of solar heat, the tidal influence of the moon, the arrangement of mountain ranges and inland seas, the proportions of the atmosphere, the fruits of the earth and the animals on its surface, the mines of metals and coals,—all things, in short, are adapted to us, and combine with geologic history to show that the earth was made for us, and we for the earth. It is well that pestilence and famine, shipwreck, railroad collisions, fire-damp, and the thunderbolt, should remind us that the earth is not our final abode, else the doctrine of a plurality of worlds would be absolutely needed as a moral sedative to counteract these exhilarating views, in which science shows us to be the sons of God.

But if this planet was originally designed for human abode, and adapted to the nature of the beings afterward to be placed upon it, the fact that this design and preparation was millions of ages in its accomplishment, ere man was placed on the earth, argues nothing against other planets being designed for similar abodes. On the contrary, the presumption becomes stronger in favor of such a belief. The waste of matter and of space in making void planets is not to be urged as an argument for believing them inhabited, because in boundless space and eternal time there can be no such thing as waste either of space or time. But the fact that the earth is

one of the eight primary planets of large size, each of which revolves round the sun, and rotates on an axis inclined to its orbit, and that one other of these planets gives strong evidence of having air, soil, and water on its surface, creates a very strong presumption that the earth is not the only one of the eight designed to be the abode of intelligent creatures. They may not be in the same state of forwardness as the earth, some may have preceded us, and others be designed to follow us in the order of development.

One fact in regard to Saturn seems not to have come to our author's knowledge, else he would surely have applied it to the purposes of his argument;— and we will be frank enough to state it, for the benefit of our readers who are not disposed to join in our view of the whole question. The splendid rings which encircle Saturn, and have been gazed at with delight since the days of Galileo, have been dissolved by the powerful analysis of Peirce into a fluid. They constitute a true Homeric ocean, a series of rivers running into each other and into themselves, with never-ceasing flow. Their existence is therefore a strong argument to show the fluid nature of the body of Saturn, especially if we allow that any modification of Laplace's nebular hypothesis can be true;— since they show the great abundance of fluid in the Saturnian system. But in the absence of any knowledge of the chemical nature of that fluid, in the absence of any decided proof of an atmosphere of vapor, either about the ring or planet, we do not think this leads us to admit only cold-blooded, gelatinous animals floating in fog-covered, frozen oceans, either in the present or prospective economy of Saturn. There was a time in the earth's history when the ocean covered all or nearly all of its surface; but we have a very comfortable proportion of dry land now. And it is likely that Saturn either has now, or will have hereafter, a similar proportion.

As for the weight of bodies at the surface of the different planets, and the capability of animals existing under a greater or less gravity, we should remember that there are no limits to cohesive attraction, and that the strength of an organism can be adapted to its circumstances, as is seen in many wonderful instances upon earth.

In passing from the solar system to the stars, our author selects cases in which the stars are unlike the sun, in order to draw the inference that none are like him. The double stars, for instance, would require a very complex planetary arrangement. If they have planets, those planets must either keep close to their respective suns, like satellites about a planet, else they must sweep so far outside both the stars as to feel their common attraction as from but a single centre. Either of these hypotheses would make planets about a double star very different from planets about our sun.

Very good, but that is no reason why the planets should not exist. On the nebular hypothesis, it must be a very rare thing for a star not to form planets in the process of its own formation. Whether the planets thus formed are habitable or not, depends either on chance or on the will of the Creator. If on chance, how incredible the odds against this earth being the only inhabitable globe in the universe! If on the Divine will, how incredible the supposition that he should prepare only one of these balls for the abode of living creatures!

From double stars we may pass to single stars which exhibit changes in their appearance. These variable stars are not fitted, it is said, to be steady dispensers of light and heat. But if we grant this, what follows? Out of the thousands of stars composing our great nebula, the Milky Way, a few dozens are double or variable. Does it follow that none are steady, single lights? No one ever claimed that every star must be exactly like the sun; but the fact that the sun is near the middle of a huge cluster of stars, some of which are certainly nearly of his size, and all of which are bound with him in one great movement, argues strongly for the belief that some of these stars, and probably most of them, are very much like the sun. In the entire absence of any knowledge concerning the cause of the variableness of certain stars, it is rash to argue from it that none of the stars are such steady dispensers of light and heat as to make their planets inhabitable.

The *nebulæ* are denied by our author the rank of being clusters of suns. The telescope, he says, has resolved them into points of light; but who can assure us that these points of light are not smaller than suns,

more rarefied, and totally unfit to be the abode of men? It must be confessed that no one can demonstrate the precise size and condition of the stars which compose the nebulæ. Some of them may be smaller than the sun, there may be stellar Liliputians there, solar systems in miniature, and yet all in perfection and harmony. Yet when there are but few points known, we ought to be guided by the analogy of those points, not by the analogy of wholly unauthorized speculations. The presumption is, the nebulæ are like the Milky Way, and the mere absence of proof does not create a counter presumption. The argument from the Magellan Clouds is founded on too slight a report of data to make any reply necessary. The curious inference drawn from the spiral form of certain nebulæ is also little to the purpose. Grant it in its full extent, and it would argue nothing concerning the nebulæ which are not spiral.

The opinion that stars are suns is founded, says our author, upon the single fact that they are self-luminous. This is not a fair statement, nor even a true statement. The stars are of immense size; some are of the same "order" of size as the sun; they are arranged in a mass or cluster, with our sun somewhere near the middle; they exhibit distinct traces of being bound together with the sun in a common motion round a centre. These facts are almost demonstrative of the position that the stars are suns, and the sun a star; and it is upon these facts, and not upon the single fact of self-luminousness, that this belief is founded.

The doctrine of the plurality of worlds, it must be admitted, is a mere speculation; but it has by no means yet been shown that it is an improbable speculation. The burden of proof lies upon the doubters, and we think they must find a stronger champion ere they can shift it to the other side. We cling to this speculation, not with religious prejudice, for we really cannot find, even in the perusal of the volume before us, that our views of religion would be materially altered by our decision on this question, but with a conviction of the probability of its truth.

If any reader has patience enough to read the prolix discussion of the question through three hundred pages, he may find, however, that the volume before us has its value

in the frequent statement of moral questions in a noble way, and the manly assertion of the dignity of our race. But he will also be convinced that all that is of real value in the essay might have been written by a believer in the plurality of worlds, and that when the writer argues against that doctrine, he appears to least advantage. The whole volume is closed by an obscure passage, rendered somewhat more unintelligible by a misprint substituting *Creator* for *creature*, and illustrating by its mistiness the general ill effect of doubt upon the clearness of a writer's mind.

After writing thus far, we were glad to find that we had been anticipated, in some of our replies to this essay, by a book from the pen of Sir David Brewster, entitled, "More Worlds than One," — a book in which brevity, clearness and accuracy of statement, and cheerful confidence of tone, form a pleasing and refreshing contrast to the tedious obscurity of many passages in the anonymous essay.

Two of the strongest arguments of the anonymous writer against belief in a plurality of worlds, were drawn from a ridicule of Stellar Astronomy, and an exaltation of Geology, from a denial that the telescope reveals a boundless universe of suns about us, and from the assertion that the rocks show that all human history has occupied but an instant of the world's age. It is said, by the essayist, that the visible universe is smaller than astronomers pretend, and that at any rate, as man has occupied but a moment in time, he probably occupies but a point in space. To this double argument Sir David replies by a single thrust admirably aimed, and had he been as skilful a rhetorician as the anonymous writer, he would have made this single thrust accomplish half the battle. "You deny," he in effect says, "the glorious truths of Space, given by Sidereal Astronomy, and vaunt the sublimities of Time, unveiled by Geology. I say that the times of the Geologists are more uncertain than the spaces of the Astronomer. You doubt the existence of other suns and clusters of suns, — I will doubt the existence of Preadamite ages. The geologic changes may have all occurred in the course of one or two hundred years, as readily as the great clusters of suns be comprised, as you suppose, in a limited space. If you

speak disrespectfully of one branch of positive science, you are grossly inconsistent to rely so confidently on the theories of another. Either throw up your faith in Geology, or accept the doctrines of Astronomy."

There are two or three minor points in which we think the Essay "More Worlds than One" unfortunate. A few pages of Scripture argument, we think, should have been omitted. They assume the plenary inspiration of the whole Bible, and have of course no weight with those who deny that doctrine, little weight with the larger class of those who doubt it. They put, also, new and strange interpretations upon the letter of Scripture. In other parts of the book, too much emphasis is laid upon the argument, that a planet without inhabitants would be made in vain; — the answer to this argument which we have given already, that in boundless space and unending time there can be no waste, is sound. On one point Sir David falls into the error of using the same factor twice when it should be used but once, or else states his meaning badly. We refer to his calculation of the relative weight of bodies on different planets. He speaks of the nebular hypothesis in too dogmatic a tone, as being *dangerous* rather than untrue.

We state thus frankly our perception of the defects of this book of Sir David Brewster, that we may the more emphatically express our agreement with the main body of his argument and his conclusions.

One other point occurs to us, on which we differ from Sir David, and that is the theory of the asteroids. We think that Dr. Olbers's supposition of the explosion of a planet has little plausibility. Mr. G. P. Bond's hypothesis* of the fluid nature of Saturn's ring has in a curious way led to a confirmation of what we have always thought the more probable view of the nature of the asteroids. For in Professor Peirce's demonstration of this hypothesis,† he shows that the ring is sustained by the power of the exterior satellites; and remarks that the belt of asteroids just within the powerful masses of Jupiter and Saturn is in that place where it is most nearly possible for a ring to be sustained about the sun. This group of twenty-nine known, and an unknown number of unknown planets, was then in the original plan of the so-

* Astron. Journal, Vol. II. p. 5.

† Ibid., p. 17.

lar system, and was not the result of catastrophe. It remains for future mathematicians reverently and cautiously to test the question, whether that group arose from the scattered aggregation of a ring, nearly kept perfect by the outer planets, which would be in accordance with Laplace's nebular theory; or whether, in accordance with Newton's general views, the group was placed under the tutelage of Jupiter and Saturn, by direct act of the Divine Architect, because those powerful planets were alone able to keep it from internal confusion. Taking this view of the origin of these smaller members of the solar system, they offer a peculiarly tempting field for the speculations of those who believe them to be the abodes of intelligent beings. We can see no reason why they may not be as inhabitable as the earth. Some of them give good evidence of having dense atmospheres, and are therefore likely to be as warm as our larger ball. The mere size of a planet cannot be any objection to supposing it inhabited.

T. H.

ART. IV.—PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.*

THE titles we give below afford us a fair sample of the directions in which thoughtful men are approaching that topic, whose irresistible fascination and appalling magnitude, like the vortex of a great whirlpool, have gradually drawn in every mind conversant with social morals or state affairs.

Each of the works mentioned is highly characteristic of its source. Philosophic statesmanship, the hard scientific ethics of government and political economy, are well represented, each by its champion. The accomplished Frenchman looks at the working out of democracy on a

* 1. *Democracy in America*. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by H. REEVES. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851. 2 vols.

2. *Despotism in America*. By RICHARD HILDRETH. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 307.

3. *The Slave-Trade, Domestic and Foreign; why it exists, and how it may be extinguished*. By H. C. CAREY, Author of "Principles of Political Economy," "Past, Present, and Future," etc. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1853.

new continent, the three great types of national character which complicate its working, and its influence in developing its own forms of social life. To him the danger seems not so great from diverging interests, as from moral diversities which have this matter of slavery at their root. With sagacious criticism he traces the mental and social character of the different sections; and, long ago as his observations were recorded, they keep their interest fresh, and are a valuable key to the great debate, even now.

The author of "Despotism in America" has the disadvantage at present of being judged only by the introductory portion of his work. In a second volume he will give his answer to the questions which in this he has put forward in their darkest and hardest form. He writes, intentionally we suppose, on one side, — as a partisan or advocate, rather than as a philosopher. It is not in the line of his argument to notice the reasons by which men have been honestly deceived into apologies for slavery, or the natural palliatives which make its existence a possible or endurable thing. What he sees is a battle *à l'outrance* between democracy and oligarchy, — the freedom of the North and the despotism of the slave power in the South, — a battle urged as yet in caucus, convention, or congress halls, but which may develop its latent elements at any time, and take a bloodier shape. He may be true to the record, and set down duly what he knows to be a fact; but in his way of doing it there is something vindictive, and almost fierce, as if he challenged the resentment he feels himself. Whatever the value of his book as a party statement of the grounds of a bitter controversy in political ethics, it is not, and is not meant to be, a fair or complete account of slavery as a social fact.

Mr. Carey is well known as a political economist, very American at heart, and very complacent and confident in his theories of the working out of social economies. The key to his economical system is, that rude and coarse methods of production must always be used at first; while with the increase of wealth and population the gain of productiveness keeps more than equal pace. This is his answer to Malthus, his confident hope of the future of America, his solution of the slavery problem.

He thinks that a social evil limits and cures itself; that slavery will not go up stream, but tends to river-bottoms and the gulf-shore; that growing wealth and numbers will provide a cure for its inexpediency, and the normal development of the nation will do away its wrong. Never were so many knotty questions in economy and morals disposed of by dint of an enthusiastic assurance of one single point. Only keep party and passion out of the field, the destinies of the future are safe.

But party and passion will not be kept out of the field. De Tocqueville shows us why, and Mr. Hildreth illustrates the fact for us. We must take the fact of slavery as we find it, — with its surroundings, — not a simple, but a very complicated thing. On the solution of it, as a problem in political philosophy, what is at stake is the future character and destiny of the nation. The conviction of the generation that framed our Constitution, that slavery was a short-lived evil, crowded upon this country by British policy mainly, — one that might be safely tolerated, and could not endure long, — has gradually faded out from the public mind. Two generations of compromise have had their effect, in giving it such spread, and grasp, and arrogant self-assertion of strength, that it threatens to drive its antagonist quite off the field. The African slave-trade begins to be talked of in some quarters as a politic and humane thing. Right to hold slaves is claimed as a primary right to be recognized in all new territory, if not in all the States; and our national administration ostentatiously challenges civil war, on the point of enforcing Virginia "rights" on Massachusetts soil. What obstinate struggle may be demanded hereafter to check such vast encroachments, no man can tell. Slavery seems for the time victorious as a political power. If it is to be overthrown, the alternative lies between the obstinate labor of perhaps a century, or else a sharp and formidable conflict, a war of sections or of races, in which no quarter can be given or received.

And yet, aside from the issue of such a conflict (on whose darker stages some consider that we are already entered), there is surely another way of regarding this matter of slavery. We may think of it as a misfortune, a peril, or a wrong, — in one of which ways we suppose it to be usually regarded at the North. But we may

also consider it as a problem, to be solved by the conscience and mind of men. The Creator, as we reverently believe, does not appoint to human societies conditions of life too hard to be observed. We do not think ourselves entitled to regard any social problem as essentially unsolvable. There is a "way of escape," if we are only wise enough to see it, and faithful enough to follow it. And whatever form of possible conflict may be imminent for us, it will do us service, before plunging into its actual perplexities, if we can trace only the general direction in which Providence seems to lead; and consider the process by which a practical solution may be obtained, and slavery normally outgrown. In so regarding it, we do not assert that events will certainly, or even probably, take that course. Men drift with present interest, and veer about with gusts of passion; but the statesman's skill is like the mariner's, to make his tacks come as near as he can to the great circle, and allow for wind and tide. Even if we were hopeless of the future, we should still hold it a legitimate thesis, to treat slavery as a solvable question of social ethics, and think such a treatment could be only of advantage to the temper of the actual debate, — even if as ineffectual practically as when, in Papal states, the Copernican system is taken as a thesis in geometry.

And in attempting it, we do not wish to disguise the immense difficulties under which this peaceable solution labors. There is, in the first place, the radical diversity of race, which doubtless assigns a social function and destination in some regards totally different, to the white man and the black. What should be the true relation of the two races thus violently brought together on the same soil, so as not to violate the conditions of justice, and to establish a peaceful and durable polity, we do not consider that any one at present, and especially any one at a distance, is competent to say. The scientific argument, proceeding from diversity of race, makes at present the only respectable ground of defence or apology to the system of slavery. Only, those who employ it do not always bear in mind, that, the more hopeless the barbarism of the black, the deeper the social crime of opening the flood-gates to a new irruption of it from its native Africa. Any that wish to see this argument in

its most scientific and recent form are referred to the ponderous quarto of Dr. Nott and Mr. Gliddon, entitled "Types of Mankind." * Without entering into it at present, we only note it as presenting the first serious entanglement of our problem.

The next is a little different, namely, the mixture of races, which to our mind offers the most painful point of perplexity and injustice in the whole system. The volume to which we have just referred, in an elaborate chapter on "hybridity," maintains that every known example of superior intellect, or capacity of self-culture, in the enslaved race, is due to the mingling of white blood; and asserts that the mixed race cannot propagate itself, but tends constantly to run back to one or the other type. As to the latter assertions, we know nothing; as to the former, whatever the source of superiority, the cases of it are frequent enough to create infinite terror and cruelty among suspicious masters, and to prove horrible injustice, on the Southerners' own ground of measuring a man's rights by his capacity. Either the argument from race should be abandoned, or else, by its own showing, exception should be made for those who have got above the assumed level of their race. While (according to Dr. Nott) a man's *qualities* are mostly inherited from the father it is double injury to compel him to take the *condition* of the mother. We touch slightly this most painful matter of the mingling of the enslaved and dominant races; but a moment's thought shows it to be, not only one of the most perplexed, but one of the most imminent and alarming: it aggravates with tenfold bitterness the essential wrong of bondage, and demands to be looked in the face, spite of all false shame, as presenting perhaps the first and most vital issue that is to be met.

But all these questions of race may be regarded as outlying and incidental to the main one of slavery itself, with its history, characteristics, and tendencies, as they are gradually coming to be known. We do not

* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 4to. pp. 738. A work not without value, and even entertaining, very heterodox, unsound, polemical, pretentious, and verbose. Mr. Gliddon *condenses* a portion of his "archæological researches" in 250 pages of *fine* print, chiefly a comment on Genesis X. He intimates once or twice, that his manuscript material, which the printers have spared us hitherto, is enough to make quite a volume!

undertake to read the horoscope of slavery. We do not profess to trace out beforehand the course of events in the dark path of the future, in which it compels us to tread. We do not affect to judge infallibly the various men and parties, that, with more or less of wisdom and passion, are dealing with it. But we are convinced at least of the serious and imminent nature of it; and sure we are, that the truest wisdom is to meet it boldly, and that from such a discussion no man's voice or honest thought should be withheld.

First of all, therefore, we protest against that fatalistic view, false as dangerous, which would let it alone, to abide the chances of the future, — a fatalism as unworthy of a man's courage, as of his humanity, his republicanism, or his faith in God. It is the view which we suspect, confessed or not, to lurk behind the selfish cowardice of our politicians of the baser sort. Let it alone, they say. It is dangerous, and the more so the more it is meddled with. In the long run, they say, it can have but one termination. What that is, we see in the story of San Domingo, and the servile wars of Rome. History, they say, teaches by example, that a subject race will take its time to avenge itself bloodily on its masters. Symptoms of that horrible end we see in the insurrections which seem to be always brooding, and now and then bursting out, in the Southern States. We cannot help the course of things, they say. We cannot prevent the bloody issue, but we can put it off. Give slavery room. Danger thickens when plantations crowd upon each other. Give it room; it may at least outlive our day. Let the next generation look out for itself, — the deluge will not come till after us. Slavery is profitable now; it has interest, passion, policy, and fear on its side. The safest thing is for the moralist or reformer to let it alone; for the statesman to keep agitation at a distance, and put off the evil day as long as possible. When it can no longer be put off, then let it come. Most likely we shall not live to see it. Meanwhile, the more space we give slavery to spread, the longer it will be in coming to that pass, and the more we multiply the chances of our own security. And so, say they, let it alone; let it spread; let the future take care of itself. Such is the vague opinion held, sometimes sadly, sometimes basely, by men who repre-

sent no inconsiderable portion of our people. A most false and mischievous opinion we regard it, — with some, an honest but weak despondency, with others, an infamous and cowardly compromise with their conscience, a base surrender of their republican honor, a criminal betrayal of the rights and interests of the future. It is only of service to us, because it puts before us boldly the dreadful alternative men will accept *for others*, rather than face the plain question of right and wrong themselves; and because it shows that such persons do not really believe slavery can last for ever, — that men's final refuge from the demand of justice is only in infamy and despair.

In answer to the alternative thus announced, we think it enough to point, first, to the affectionate, patient, docile, tractable disposition of the African race, — tolerant of burdens, not apt to harbor deep animosity, eager to imitate and learn, facile, inconstant, easily guided in any course when there is intellect and resolution in the leader, and won by the slightest kindness to a grateful and confiding affection; — secondly, to the immense superiority of the whites in numbers, skill, intelligence, habit of combination, and all the resources of science and civilization: the strong can afford to be generous, and shall they not be just? — thirdly, to the example of the British West Indies, which, whatever else they prove, show that violence and hostility are the last things to be dreaded from the blacks when they come to feel their strength, unless provoked by an obstinate and jealous tyranny; — and finally, to the existence of subject races or castes in Europe for these many centuries, — races which have their own interior organism, their tradition, custom, and unwritten law, their blood unmingled with that of the ruling or conquering tribes, and their peace not much molested by border conflicts, so long as the supremacy of the stronger race remains unchallenged. These considerations are enough, surely, to relieve us of any apprehension in meeting this question face to face; and to convince us that the only real danger is in leaving it to the chance handling of a generation trained in the fatal example of political insincerity and moral cowardice. The way of courage, justice, and humanity is the only way of safety.

Approaching the positive solution of our problem, we

encounter on the way two popular movements, professing, each in its own way, to deal with it. One seeks to palliate the mischief, and abate the danger; the other strikes at the root of the overshadowing wrong. Both deserve to be appreciated, as part of the general movement of the age in the direction of liberty.

It would be idle and preposterous to talk of colonization as a cure, or even any sensible relief, to the evil of slavery, taken in its length and breadth. In point of actual numbers, it does not nearly equal the active voluntary emigration of slaves to Canada. The whole number of colonists in Africa, after thirty years of experiment, is not more than a tenth part of the natural increase of the slaves in a single year. In fact, it seems most just, not to criticize the movement in view of any higher pretensions than as an "Emigrant's Assistance" movement, and as an encouragement (so far as it goes) to acts of voluntary manumission. Its platform is properly one of charity, which naturally brings together persons of great variety of motive and great diversity of opinion, and elicits corresponding jealousies. A party at the South is jealous of it, for fear it may keep the question of liberty open, and give the slaves visions and dreams of a higher destiny. A party at the North opposes it, on the ground that it humors a cruel and unjust prejudice, while its main aim is to strengthen slavery by getting rid of a disaffected and idle class of free blacks. Dr. Nott of Mobile is very sorry, but he is sure the colony will be swallowed up in barbarism before long, on physiological principles, retrograding to the true African type. And Frederick Douglass, distrustful and hostile towards it by reason of ancient feud, is sure that this continent is the true field of development to the colored race. The real merit of the scheme, as touching slavery in America, is that it draws together Southern men by a humane motive, to do something, however little, which is better than nothing; while in the course of each year it gives an opportunity for a few hundred slaves to be emancipated, who would otherwise continue in hopeless bondage, — a number limited only by the limitation of the Society's funds. In all, it has led directly to the manumission of about five thousand slaves, being at present some four hundred a year, and indirectly (it is thought), of very many

more, — a very great mercy as far as it goes, but at best a scanty trimming at the edges of an evil that prodigiously outgrows it, year by year. In Africa, its aspect just now is a little more promising. It has almost or quite secured some seven hundred miles of coast against the slave-trade; it has established commerce with inland tribes, who pledge themselves by treaty to renounce that trade; it has set the example of a prosperous agricultural and trading settlement, conducted wholly by blacks, — a republic that rules out slavery by its constitution, takes some 200,000 native Africans under its tutelage, and testifies thus far most honorably to what the colored race can do when its bonds are taken off. To talk of colonization as *the* answer, or even *an* answer to the vast problem of American slavery, betrays ignorance, or worse. Still, it is by far the most important experiment now making, on the largest scale and under the best conditions, to prove the capacity of that race for self-development. It is an answer, at once and for ever (if successful), to the cruel and mocking assertion which taunts the African with hopeless inferiority of race, inspiring the largest confidence in its future destinies. It is a means of inestimable importance for civilizing Africa, and stopping off the slave-trade. It may even, in course of years, lead to a voluntary emigration on a great scale, and so be a real and sensible relief to perhaps the darkest point in the whole matter, — the outcast, ignominious, and hopeless condition of so many free blacks, both at the South and North.*

The Antislavery movement of the last five-and-twenty years has been a remarkable and heroic protest against the *guilt* of the slavery system. Its maxim has been, unsparing hostility to it as a sin, — a crime admitting neither palliation, excuse, nor compromise. This absolute, unqualified condemnation has been the single nerve of the movement. It was a protest of conscience, or it was nothing. Among ill-judging, ill-informed, and narrow-minded men, it has frequently degenerated into a flippant and ill-natured bigotry. Addressed to men who were conscious of no guilt, however much they might be op-

* For some further remarks on this subject, see *Christian Examiner* for September, 1843.

pressed with the calamity and peril, it has been met as frequently with violent resentment from one class, and sincere regret from others. To a degree, we do not see how it can be fairly denied that it has embarrassed the natural course of freedom at the South; since, in the bitterness and rage of controversy, it made many a man of milder temper shrink from the odium that beset the name of Abolitionist. At least, this is the judgment we have heard expressed, with manifold regrets, by emancipationists in Kentucky and Quakers in Maryland. Still, we should do justice to the sincere and heroic character of the protest. As the out-spoken voice of the world's conscience, it was one that could not have been avoided; and along with incidental evil, it has done essential good. For the most signal examples of patience under obloquy and boldness in imminent danger, hardly anything in modern times equals the record of the Antislavery movement in England and America. How nobly the Quakers bore their testimony in the South! What a picture of unpretending heroism is the life of Isaac Hopper! With what courage Lovejoy held the Alton mob at bay; and what a library of adventure, pathos, and romance might be made of the history of the "underground railroad"! We do not know, many of us, what a familiar thing personal danger has been in the campaigns of Antislavery lecturers, — pelted, some of them, and disabled for weeks by stones; their lives threatened; hazard, want, and suffering their portion for months, and the jail their only refuge from angry crowds; bread and water literally the fare for years of some of them, that the cost of their children's milk might go to the "cause of the slave." And what have they done? This at least, — they have drawn off that dangerous and fanatical rage of the populace, and made it safe for us to follow; they have spoken when a word was most likely the signal for a blow, and so have disarmed the fury of the blow; they have accustomed and compelled the public mind to the free handling of the subject; they have held up a mirror inexorably faithful to the faults and crimes of our public policy; they have set an example and standard of indomitable zeal; they have educated the people's conscience, and given a vast impulse in the direction of social reform generally; they have gathered, with an unwearied industry, materials

most rich and valuable, even when they have not always known the best use to be made of them. Wholly aside from the question of their accuracy of view, or the measure of justice they have dealt to their opponents, or their direct influence on the course of emancipation itself, such is their great service to the age. It was the protest of conscience against a great iniquity. It was a faithful rebuke to the sin of indifferentism. It came just when there was danger that the voice of justice and freedom would be drowned in the new promises of gain; it raised the standard of abstract and absolute right for the great movement that was to ensue in the direction of social justice.

The error of the Antislavery party — if to a sentiment so noble at heart we consent to give the name of error — is in assuming that a complicated social question is to be dealt with by purely moral considerations. It even derides and insults those who allow for any difficulties in the case excepting original depravity. It refuses to allow the slaveholder the plea of misfortune, embarrassment, or mistaken humanity; it will charge him only with crime. Admitting all it has to say, as criticism or moral appeal, we have to go elsewhere for practical instruction. Of itself, its lesson would be one of blank and terrible despair. The practical corollary of its demonstration would seem to be the counsel given of old to Job, "Curse God, and die." Its violent declamation compels a reaction to some view of human character and society less utterly appalling. The slaveholder cannot acknowledge the personal guilt it accuses, and will feel the weight of a thousand things which it refuses to see. In the great field of history, events are marshalled in another order, and governed by another set of principles, than those we discern when we look to our own consciousness alone. We must be content to learn, patiently and humbly, of the fact. We must correct our abstract judgment by knowledge of the events it is to pass upon, — as an astronomer is never weary of testing his theories of the celestial motions by daily and nightly observation. While true to our own best moral conviction, we must not disdain the labor, or refuse the patience, to trace out the slow and weary way, through the perplexities and fears of circumstance, by which the task is to be achieved, and the victory won.

Meanwhile, we do not believe in any infallible specific, in any sudden and universal remedy. The capacity for civilization and the true social destination of the African race itself are still matter of doubtful experiment. Then slavery has had too profound an influence on our social and political life to be done away suddenly, or to have its ill effects quickly abated. They will abide long, in the lack of manly honor and political faith; in the rancor of party spirit; in sectional jealousies and strifes; in the lowered tone of morals; in the hateful prejudice of color and caste; in the diminished standard of public virtue, and the dishonor in which the Republic stands before the world; in the long-deferred hope, the merciless persecution, the bitterness of competition, under which generations of the enslaved or free may have yet to suffer. All these are the penalty we must bear, (to say nothing of the possible forms of political strife,) for dragging with us into the light and enterprise of this century a system of organized injustice derived from a dark and barbarous age.

And again, as we plainly see, Providence uses more than one way of deliverance from a great evil. We know no reason why we should jealously defend or assail any one particular way that men have of honestly meeting the great peril of the time. Most likely, all who have wrought from a common motive will be found to have wrought for a common end. The course of Divine Providence setting towards the right, it is our part to study in its large features, that so we may better choose our own place and work in it.

And again, we do not share at all in the fear of some, that great dangers would come from the sudden gift of freedom. Inconvenience there would doubtless be, confusion of business relations and money-loss for a time, — possibly danger from strange competitions and responsibilities which the untrained freedmen must encounter; but to the dominant class, or the general welfare, danger certainly none at all, in comparison with what we may be blindly rushing on now. Sudden emancipation would seem infinitely better in the prospect, than hopeless slavery. As a rapid and summary way of dealing with the matter, as boldly cutting the knot which statesmen cannot untie, it were very greatly to be longed and prayed

for; and it may after all be the way taken at last. In such an event, we do not question that the powerful and elastic life of the country would speedily adapt itself to the new state of things, and outgrow any temporary embarrassment. The only objection we should dare to offer to such a consummation would be, that it is not a very likely one. Above all, it is not the course as yet accepted and urged by the Southern conscience. "If we considered only ourselves," says one whose sincerity we cannot question, "it would be an easy matter to achieve some sort of emancipation, and thus get rid of the negro. Such hasty shuffling off of responsibility might be applauded in Exeter Hall, and might win praises from unthinking men at the North. But if we are to do our duty wisely and humanely to the negro, we cannot set him free until we see that freedom will be a blessing for him." We shall recur briefly to this topic again before we close.

Neither do we conceive that much aid is to be had in this matter from the example of the British West Indies. We regret that we have been unable to procure the testimonies on which we relied, as to the latest fruits of emancipation in those islands. We believe that the advices are on the whole more and more favorable, particularly as to the capacity and improving condition of the emancipated blacks, and that a reaction from the long depression of property has already taken place. Of this, however, we cannot speak with all the confidence we should desire. Take the most unfavorable view we will, at any rate, the analogy between the two cases is very imperfect. Those were tropical colonies, wasted by a wretched system of absenteeism; their term of brief prosperity just expiring; their populations divided in interest, and united by little or none of that sympathy which springs up from daily intercourse; their social position outgrown and condemned by the morality, and vexed by the uncertain policy, of the mother country. Nothing in their condition was of a permanent sort, or native to the soil, and the ruling race was one which grew feverish and discontented in the tropic heats. A mistaken and disastrous policy had brought in a breed of black barbarians to make the working class; and when the time came that compelled some change, nothing was left to be decided by those most affected by it. The government

policy was dictated on the platform of British philanthropy: the fate of both parties was controlled by a remote and estranged class, that looked only to the abstract principle, or to political expediency at home. The consummation was right in theory, and events, as we firmly trust, are fast proving it right in fact; but at the time, it was perplexed by ignorance on one side, and disadvantage of position on the other. The case, therefore, offers hardly a single point of just analogy with what we know as American slavery.

Here, the bare act of emancipation is infinitely more difficult, because it must be the free act of those who will be most directly affected by it, in their interests or fears; while, for the same reason, it means vastly more, and its effects would be far more sure and safe. Two centuries of continued existence on the soil have developed in the plantation-life a type of society distinct and peculiar,—not easily understood by those familiar only with one radically different. It has its own characteristics, its own history and prospects. Though an anomaly in our political institutions, it yet claims its position among the communities of civilized men as an equal confederate; to stand by its own strength and merit, to rank fairly with the others in respect of average comfort and morality, and (like the rest) to have not only its dark but its brighter side. The virtues and vices it nourishes are its own; so too its characteristic substitutes for the common school and the jail. It must be judged as a whole, not by special sets of features. Free, or claiming to be so, from some social evils and dangers, it creates evils and dangers of its own. The fatal feature in its present aspect, to our thinking, is not only that it is a retrograde type of society, obsolete and outgrown by the higher civilization of the century, and out of keeping with the world's average advance, but that it is encroached on by other elements, which are fast destroying its strength, and rendering its old form of existence impossible. The "patriarchal" state, which is represented in the old-fashioned Creole or plantation life, does not consist with industrial and commercial enterprise. As soon as these come in, they crowd upon the old institution, and corrupt the ancient manners. They form new habits of living and thinking. They breed new codes of judg-

ment and discipline. They create new and strange rivalries. They gradually give birth to new and severer codes of domestic morality. Slavery comes into hopeless competition with the advancing civilization of a mechanic and commercial age. The peril it is undergoing at this moment is not from assaults upon it from abroad. From these it has little to fear. It is from the jealousy of an intelligent mechanic class at home; from the changes and casualties of trade; from the hardships engendered by the uncongenial state of things in which it finds itself, which more and more exasperate its temper, and undermine its support in men's habits and affections; from the harshness and cruelty that inevitably characterize it in stronger relief, as it comes more and more in collision with the spirit of the age; and, finally, from the sullen apathy towards it found among those to whom it is a burden without any profit, — that large and growing class in the border country (many of whom we have personally known), whose secret thought condemns it, whose principles of moral judgment are more and more trained another way. These are the great social forces that work against slavery at home. A retrograde and desperate policy tries in vain to fight against them. They are foes from within, that cannot be driven off or put down, any more than the organic dissolution that accompanies old age, or than the breeding fevers of a swamp. These forces are quite independent of the direct action of modern philanthropy. They are involved in the very structure and laws of human society itself. They are rapidly developing in the present condition of the political and business world. They are only helped or retarded, more or less, by any action that is had upon the subject abroad. Wholly irrespective of the moral movement that looks towards emancipation, they are going on steadily to accomplish their inevitable result.

And thus it is not a sudden act, but a long process of organic growth, to which alone the friends of freedom can look with any hope. It is a process that cannot be described in exact words, that cannot be prescribed by strict rules. It must come as it were spontaneously, like all great natural movements, and like all sound political and social ones. What of it lies within the compass of human direct agency is to be sketched out by thought-

ful, discreet, and resolute men, and carried through by wise and cautious statesmanship. To declaim about health will not do much towards removing disease, and may get up an unfair prejudice against the physicians. At best, the lay public can only remind them that their business is to restore or preserve health; the conditions of it must be laid down by competent physiologists. The details of this particular work it belongs elsewhere to consider; the principles of it are simply such as we must use, always and everywhere, in the education of the poor, the ignorant, and the weak. As to the slavery question, so called, the line of our personal duty is in general very narrow and very plain. Only very indirectly can the maxims of abstract morality be brought to bear on the practical affairs of state. Indirectly, yet after all powerfully. Conscience must work very slowly, through the avenues of judgment and will. "It may do much to amend the order of things that comes spontaneously, but only on condition of always respecting it."* Meanwhile, no amount of moral indignation can too vehemently condemn the brutalities that have been freshly practised in the name of law, or the moral cowardice that persists in shutting the great evil and its remedy out of sight.

Coming now to analyze our position a little more closely, we find that the direction in which we are to look for a practical and "positive" solution of our problem is threefold; namely, political economy, moral or religious motive, and public law, which follows up and ratifies what the others have already begun. Nothing would so much aid us in a practical comprehension of our subject, as a clear knowledge of these three at the South. For ourselves, we cannot affect the intimate and thorough knowledge of them that we should wish. We must deal less in statistics than in impressions not hastily formed; in what we regard as a well-grounded judgment of general tendencies, rather than in assertion of detailed facts.

It is an error to say, as some do, that slavery is purely a matter of political economy, and that as soon as it ceases to pay it will cease to be. Moral considerations are often more powerful than economical. Power or class-

* Comte.

pride is with many men a far stronger motive than the chance of gain. Privilege, distinction, political preëminence, may well be bought, as the world goes, at a considerable money loss. Therefore we do not consider this view of the question as the all-important one that many do. Besides, in our statistics of gain and loss from slavery, we are apt to overlook the very obvious fact, that what makes a state poor may make an individual very rich. Slaveholding on a large scale must be immensely profitable to the master. And if the master has in his hands at the same time political influence and a monopoly of education, it is plain to see that the man, or the class he represents, will hold out long against the clearest proofs of a state's impoverishment and decay. Still, the economical view is one of first-rate importance, — an importance more and more felt, in proportion as exclusive privilege and pride of class decline. The slaveholding aristocracy of the South has unquestionably, of late years, suffered a loss and decline; something positively, since Calhoun has left behind him no equal or second, and with the loss of its accomplished champion the whole order seems to occupy a lower grade; but still more relatively, since slavery degenerates from the old type of plantation life, and becomes more than ever exposed to the inroads of hostile circumstance. The days of "chivalry" are gone. The age of economists and calculators has succeeded. Slavery is not so much a thing of tradition, opinion, dominion, and class-pride, as of profit and loss, of commerce, of cotton and of stocks, of speculators and traders. From its ancient type, still found in its greatest purity in Georgia and the Carolinas, — where it variously seeks to engraft upon itself the culture and enterprise of the nineteenth century, — it shades away on the north to the effete tobacco plantations of Maryland and Virginia, where (saving some oases of productiveness) slaves "do not earn the corn they eat," and can be most profitably raised, like cattle, for the market, — where estates fall daily into the gulf of insolvency, creating a twofold emigration southward, of bond and free, to make the vacuum and fill it; and on the southwest, to the sugar and cotton plantations of Louisiana and Arkansas, where on one hand it is beset with the barbarisms of border-life, and on the other squanders its rich estate in the

reckless overworking of its hands, and the speculations of foreign trade. In both ways, it submits itself more and more to the inexorable pressure of economical laws, which declare slave labor to be thriftless and unprofitable in comparison with free. Meanwhile, white immigrants steadily drive back the negro from many sorts of labor in the Southern cities; and the enormously increased market-price of slaves portends either a revival of the foreign slave-trade, or (more likely) the substitution of free labor wherever climate and soil permit. When we consider that the increasing productiveness of the North absorbs not only the natural increase of its own population, but the bulk of the half-million immigrants that come yearly to our shore, while the annual increase of the slaves can hardly be set down at more than a hundred thousand, we have the data for calculating the immense disproportion of demand and supply, which will compel the South to recruit its forces from some other source than the Virginia market. It begins already to be surmised that Chinese would be cheaper laborers than negroes, and the Dutch can even brave (we have heard it said) the perils of the rice-swamp; while the Germans of the Texan uplands have already undersold slave labor in the cotton market. The nation will scarce tolerate the enormity of restoring a traffic which would engulf the entire South with fresh floods of barbarism; and the only alternative is to enlarge the domain of free labor at the South. Nomadic propagandists may seek possession of the new soil of Kansas, and slavery may even penetrate California by our costly highway of the Mesilla Valley, darkening our political prospects for a generation to come. But we believe that slavery at home does not succeed in evading those economical laws (of which we have cited a few illustrations) that will certainly work its radical transformation, if not its overthrow.

And next, we note the advance of moral sentiments and ideas at the South. We know the uncertainty that clings about testimony on such a point, and would speak with all necessary qualification. Nevertheless, there are some points which we can adduce with a good deal of confidence. There is always a large proportion, in slave districts, of those who feel a hearty sympathy with that tide of general sentiment which throughout the civilized

world sets so strongly against the system. These are antislavery at heart, and welcome the efforts made for freedom, in whatever quarter. No espionage of a slave police will keep them down, or conquer their antipathy to the great wrong. Cassius Clay does not stand alone. The emancipation party in Kentucky, though powerless at the polls, claims very much of the intellectual and moral strength of the State; and the new inroad into Nebraska, they say, was a flank movement, to check the too rapid advance of freedom in Missouri. The privilege of free debate has at least been asserted. Men's tongues are loosed, their conscience more free to act. We have listened to as fervid denunciation of the guilt of slavery at a Quaker meeting in Maryland, as ever from at Massachusetts platform, — where, a few years previous, Lucretia Mott was warned that she spoke too boldly. Especially in the large upland districts, westward of the Alleghany range, there is mainly free labor, free thought, and a growing sense of power, not yet well organized to political ends. This great adversary at home has already foiled the slave power in one or two conflicts on its own soil.* It will doubtless grow more intelligent and independent year by year, and become the strong citadel of freedom in the heart of the South.

But not this alone; and not only that pressure from abroad in the roused and indignant conscience of the Christian world. It is as ridiculous as it is unjust, to represent the slave-masters as mere tyrants, or speculators in the limbs of men. Kind feeling springs up where human intercourse is so near and constant. For personal kindness and real affection towards the blacks, the Southerners are as much superior to us, as we hold them to be inferior in the abstract sense of justice and right. Every one who has been at the South knows how this kindness shows itself in a thousand ways, to the shame of the shy and awkward prejudice which a Northerner is almost sure to manifest. This personal regard towards the slaves has doubtless its effect in leading to a truer recognition of their rights. Their treatment, on the whole, as we see no reason to disbelieve, is better year by year, and far better now than a generation ago. Increase of

* We allude to the districting of Virginia a few years ago, and the defeat of Disunion in Georgia.

wealth is in part the cause of this, and in part it may be due to the vigilant and suspicious conscience of the world. But it is also a spontaneous sentiment with the slaveholders themselves, whom, it seems not unreasonable to suppose, God may have endowed with conscience and human feeling something like our own. That conscience and human feeling must experience the powerful reaction that ours does, at the unspeakable cruelty and infamy that have marked the dark history of the Fugitive Law in practice, — as we know in individual cases that it does. An accomplished Carolinian writes: "Could I find any refuge and prospect of amelioration for the blackman, I should be the first to desire his removal from the arbitrary power of the white; but I am met by darkness everywhere." And again: "The South has been unduly irritated and unduly sensitive. At least, a constant battling against interference from abroad has occupied minds that might otherwise have been devoted to the improvement of the dependent class. I think it is quite time for the South to put aside such excuses, and occupy herself more zealously at home. I think she is doing so now." The same sense of justice that leads to many an act of generous emancipation, is shown too in the increasing efforts to instruct the slaves mentally and religiously.* It is easy to sneer at the small amount of instruction given, and the base quality it too often bears. But this is clear, that the better conscience of the South is by no means blind to the duty; that the vices of barbarians, which slavery has hitherto neglected, more and more

* We copy from a private letter: "It is just as natural to see slaves read books on the door-steps, theatre-bills, steamboat-bills, &c. on the public corners, as it is to see their masters do so. Such is the difference between law and public sentiment. For many years there have been established by municipal authority in Charleston four or five Free-colored schools, with white teachers, and numbering from forty to eighty pupils each. I have visited some of these, and find there taught every English branch of education, as well as Latin, French, music, and other ornamental branches. Now these educated children are all connected with slave families, many the children of slaves; they associate constantly with slaves, and not with whites; and this very easily explains the fact that so many read, write, and reason well. It is the same in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia, and every place where I have had opportunity of witnessing the opportunities of negroes in general." We have seen pamphlets urging the Christian guardianship and instruction of slaves in Georgia, by precisely the same motives and appeals by which we are accustomed to urge the same for the neglected classes in our own streets.

shock the better feeling ; that at the very least, the rudest culture brings the slave into contact with more cultivated minds, — all the nearer because taught orally, — and so insensibly prepares him for freedom. The instinct and hope of liberty make the burden of the slaves' passionate petitions or exhortations, as we have heard them in their religious meetings, — liberty of soul, which is the herald of completer social liberty. Their churches are often charitable associations, pledged to mutual aid in the purchase of their freedom. The deep instinct and desire must be nourished, though unawares, by the kindness and culture which we believe to be steadily extending in the South ; and these are among the influences which will hereafter work powerfully towards the establishment of more equal rights.

As the economical and moral motive must in the natural course of things anticipate the statute that ratifies and enforces it, perhaps we ought not to wonder at the aversion which the Southerners have testified hitherto towards putting their own professed convictions in legal form, — or that laws should even grow more merciless, in proportion as they have a more powerful public sentiment to stem. Certainly the worst feature in slavery as it is, is that the laws are behind the general conscience, and play into the hands of base and brutal men. Public sentiment at the South, we are told, condemns the trading system ; yet the law upholds it. It is the law that authorizes the violent parting of families and sale of children, — a thing which the most noted slave-trader in the country mendaciously assured us, ten years ago, was abhorrent to his principles and against his practice. Now the law that so plays into the hands of the worst of men, — that so favors and upholds precisely the most odious features of the system that all are united to condemn, — it will be the last triumph of justice to enlist upon its side. Conscience already works in a thousand ways to neutralize and evade inhuman laws ; it must work also to repeal them. Just now, by their cruel caprice, a judge must sentence a woman to jail, for the same offence that perhaps he is proud of in his own home. Where legislation so lags behind public sentiment in the plainest matters of detail, we can scarce expect promptness and intrepidity in meeting the matter of slavery itself in

gross. Evidently, emancipation cannot be a sudden or a single thing in the United States, as it was in the West Indies. Whatever we might wish about it, it is plain to see as fact, that it must be one step at a time, in one State at a time. Even this we do not believe will be taken with the conscious purpose of doing slavery away: that will be the unforeseen result of measures taken with quite another view. But if law keeps pace tolerably with the advance of general sentiment, we are sure the work will be done, — so easily that one will scarce know how or when, — only let the conscience be active; cultured, and true. Than this we certainly can have no other reliance; and the action of it we cannot dictate or forestall to any great advantage. Every man must feel his own way along, among the perplexities of practical difficulties and practical dangers. His own habits of thought, his own style of conviction, must be rigidly respected by any who would do him service.

Now let us remember that the Southern assertion is not of absolute "property in man," — indeed, the law knows no such thing as absolute right of property, of any sort, — only, limitation of his rights; his time, labor, strength, may be sold in the market to the highest bidder, but the master is in theory responsible to the law for his slave's life and humane treatment; however low the standard of justice and mercy, it is meant to define the treatment of a man, not of a brute or a thing. Take the law at its word, accept the theory which it assumes, extend its application a little, and you are already on the high road to emancipation; which, in its completed form, is simply to substitute the guardianship of law for the domination of a master. The right of life and limb being already recognized, — a man has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for "mayhem," or mutilation of a slave, — consistency as well as humanity demands the right of family, the claim of wife and child; and Southern journals are already demanding that the sale of slaves shall be so limited by law. Again, the right of property is so far recognized, that an injunction may be laid on the sale of a slave, in case he has paid a certain sum towards his own freedom: one step further, and the earnings now granted him by indulgence may be secured him by law, and self-emancipa-

tion not only permitted, but encouraged, by the State ; — what a relief to the darkest wrong of slavery ! what a stimulus to the nobler nature of the black man ! Again, the policy of the Gulf States, dreading too great multiplication of slaves, looks even now towards the prohibiting of their importation, — a measure recommended, we believe, by the Governors of two of those States. This policy, by its tendency to localize slavery, and especially to limit the traffic among the States, and secure the slave from violent seizure and the dreadful chances of the market, is further fortified by the proposal to exempt property in slaves from attachment, and so make it valueless to pay off the debts of an estate. Should these indications be followed up by actual legislation, the most critical step of all will be as good as taken ; which is, to exchange slavery for serfdom, securing a legal homestead, and giving to the bondman a portion in the soil. The Quakers have already set the example of liberating their slaves and employing them as hired laborers, assigning them, at the same time, definite allotments of land ; an example which, when followed, will bring the black to the condition of the European peasantry. Once embarked on a career of liberty and improvement, there is no degree of education or social progress towards which the hopes of the colored race might not aspire. And the particular step just mentioned, we have heard a very intelligent Southerner anticipate, must take place in some States within a quarter of a century.

It is somewhat thus, as nearly as we may conjecture, that law will follow up and secure the steps painfully won by the enlightened interest and instructed conscience of the South. Not that this precise course will be followed, distinctly, consciously, or with anything like equal steps. But such in brief outline appears to be the normal and natural course of things towards the practical solution of this darkest social problem, — if only there should be an unobstructed field ; if only wisdom, fidelity, and humanity, to answer each instant call of duty as it comes. Once look the matter fairly in the face, and the terror of it is gone. Once accept its practical conditions, and the bitterness of controversy, the rancor of sectional jealousy, have no more a place. Are we disdainful and impatient that the process should be so moderate and slow ? Let

us ask ourselves, then, with only the slightest real knowledge of the case, what a sudden act of emancipation means. Not that it might not be effected easily enough, did men seriously desire it and set about it. Not that it means disorder and blood; — we have no apprehension of that, let it only be the free act of those who alone have power to grant it. But it is plain enough to see, that the alternative *immediate emancipation or nothing* means practically the second of the two: it means nothing, — perhaps worse, for it disguises the true issue that is to be met. Let men fall back on their prejudice, ignorance, and fear, let them leave untouched the points of right that meet them practically now, and they leave the result to dark uncertainty, the probable solution of disaster and blood, the shipwreck of republican hopes, and the ruin of civilization on that sunny and luxuriant soil. Let them meet the question with an honest mind to answer it, — let them put each human right into clear shape, organize it in institutions, establish it by law, — and the mystery and the terror disappear. “Impossibilities recede as experience advances.” The gates of the great Future are thrown open. The dreadful problem resolves itself into an ascending scale of duties to be bravely done, of rights which come one by one to take their place as facts and laws.

Let us then look the matter in the face, without a prejudice unworthy of our Christian training, without a fear unworthy of our republican blood! These Africans came here not by their own choice. It was unwillingly, with violence and cruelty, with base treachery and brutal force, that they were dragged from their native coast. It was for our advantage they came; for, in the difficult transition that has brought us where we are, they have formed the lowest tier of our civilization, and as slaves have helped to give riches and support to the fabric of our freedom. Their place in the social scale is coming to be occupied in part by others of foreign blood, to whom we give an equal share in the rights and privileges of the state. There can be no complete solution to the vexed question of slavery, no sufficient atonement of its accumulated wrong, till the same liberal justice is held out to these also. The enfranchised African will yet have his definite place and work in the free Republic of the fu-

ture. We cannot drive him from our shores. We must not incur the danger and guilt of perpetual injustice. Our own share in the work may be very distant and very indirect. But simply, clearly, with an eye open to the fact, with a conscience to discern between good and evil, with a courageous and consistent fidelity to its highest conception of social justice and humanity, may our people prove itself worthy of its place in history and competent to the task laid upon it, — to resist, restrain, refuse the wrong, in every shape, to establish and defend the right, and so work out the peaceable and just result.

J. H. A.

. ART. V.—BARTLETT'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.*

MR. BARTLETT'S official duties as Commissioner of the United States under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo were not limited to the mere act of ascertaining and marking the boundary line between Mexico and this country. But he was also authorized, whenever it could be done without delaying the progress of the survey, to avail himself of every opportunity for acquiring information in regard to the geography, history, mineral wealth, and general condition of the comparatively unknown region along the Rio Gila and the southern border of New Mexico. In pursuance of these instructions he not only passed over nearly the whole line from El Paso del Norte on the Rio Grande to San Diego in California, the initial point on the Pacific; but he also made several extended journeys in the northern part of Mexico. The results of these explorations are comprised in the elegant volumes before us, and will be found to embrace much valuable and authentic information upon the various points enumerated in his instructions. In general, carefully abstaining from any reference to the unfortunate

* *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission, during the Years 1850, '51, '52, and '53.* By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, United States Commissioner during that Period. In two volumes, with Map and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. xxii. and 506, xvii. and 624.

dissensions which disturbed the harmony of the Commission, and leaving the strictly scientific results for a future publication, he has given us a personal narrative of much interest, interspersed with brief notices of the principal towns visited, and with remarks on the geographical features, natural productions, and present condition of the surrounding country. His style is generally simple, unassuming, and perspicuous; but it has few rhetorical graces, and is sometimes disfigured by careless and inelegant expressions. This defect, however, is doubtless due to the hurried and unfavorable circumstances under which much of the book was evidently written, though something must also be charged to the obvious inefficiency of the proof-reader.

A chief object which Mr. Bartlett appears to have proposed to himself in these volumes was the preparation of a reliable guide-book for overland emigrants to California. With this view he has given minute details of each day's journey, with particular reference to the places where grass, water, and wood may be obtained. His special attention to this useful but comparatively humble purpose must render his work of the utmost value to all who are interested in the subject of a direct communication with our possessions upon the Pacific coast. But it has somewhat diminished the interest of the volumes to the general reader, by compelling the author to omit much of the valuable geological and botanical information obtained by different members of the Commission, and nearly all the results of his own ethnological investigations. The more important information, however, acquired in pursuing the last line of inquiry, is to be embodied in a separate memoir; and it is to be hoped that Congress will make suitable provision for the early publication of all the scientific facts obtained during the protracted labors of the survey. Such a publication can hardly fail to advance the cause of physical science and to reflect credit upon all concerned in it. The collections in some of the departments of natural history were remarkably complete, and have been pronounced of great value by those who have examined them. Some account of these collections is given by Mr. Bartlett in his closing chapter. He has also added to his narrative three brief but instructive papers on the natural history of the coun-

try traversed by the Commission, on its adaptation for the construction of a railroad, and on the introduction of camels for the purpose of transportation on the great deserts of New Mexico. In the Appendix are several documents relating to points connected with his official duties.

The first Commissioner under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was the Hon. John B. Weller, now a Senator of the United States from California. This gentleman established the initial point of the boundary on the Pacific, and thence traced the line between Upper and Lower California as far as the junction of the Colorado and the Gila. But before this portion of the boundary had been fully marked Mr. Weller was removed by President Taylor, and Colonel J. C. Frémont was selected to fill the vacancy. He was, however, soon after his appointment chosen a member of the Senate, and resigned the office without entering upon the actual discharge of its duties; and early in the summer of 1850, Mr. Bartlett was appointed his successor. The time for the adjourned meeting of the joint Commission had been fixed for the first Monday in November, at El Paso del Norte, and only a few weeks were therefore available for the preliminary arrangements before leaving New York. Yet so active and energetic was our author in his preparations, that he was enabled to reach Indianola, upon Matagorda Bay, on the last day of August. From this point he proceeded with all practicable despatch by way of San Antonio and Fredericksburg to El Paso, where he arrived on the 13th of November, several days in advance of General Condé, the Mexican Commissioner.

The route which Mr. Bartlett followed passes through the central and western portions of Texas, and presents every variety of soil and climate. For the first two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles the soil is fruitful and productive; and for nearly the whole of this distance wood, water, and grass are found in abundance. But beyond this point the whole face of the country changes. Trees and shrubs disappear, and even the watercourses and rivers are dried up. Nothing can exist there except the thorny chaparral, which forms the only species of vegetation in nearly the whole of this immense region. "At the head-waters of the Concho," says Mr. Bartlett, "begins that great desert region, which,

with no interruption save a limited valley or bottom land along the Rio Grande, and lesser ones near the small courses mentioned, extends over a district embracing sixteen degrees of longitude, or about a thousand miles, and is wholly unfit for agriculture." * It is entirely destitute of timber except in the gorges of the more lofty mountains or upon their summits, and "is a desolate barren waste, which can never be rendered useful for man or beast, save for a public highway." † And this description, we may add, includes every square foot of the territory recently purchased from Mexico by the treaty commonly but improperly called the Gadsden Treaty. Even in regard to that small but famous tract known as the Mesilla Valley, we are told that "not one tenth part can ever be regularly and successfully cultivated, owing to the uncertainty of the supply of water." ‡

At El Paso, Mr. Bartlett remained for about four months; but he made only one excursion into the neighboring country, except upon matters of business connected with his official position. This was to the Waco Mountains, in a remarkably grand and picturesque region, which he had already passed on the way to El Paso. These mountains rise to a considerable height from a plain thickly strewn with immense granite boulders, and filled with cavernous recesses which have long been favorite places of resort for the Indians. In many places the overhanging rocks are covered with hieroglyphics and other figures painted in different colors; and there are also several circular holes cut to a considerable depth in the solid granite, which were undoubtedly used by the aborigines for the purpose of pounding corn. Besides these relics of ancient art, the mountain ravines contain many interesting plants, especially fitted to live in so rough and inaccessible a region; but there are few birds, and only some of the lowest forms of animated life.

El Paso is situated in a fertile district on the western, or Mexican, bank of the Rio Grande, and extends for several miles along the river,—each house being surrounded by cultivated grounds irrigated by means of artificial canals. The soil is very fertile and productive;

* Vol. I. p. 139.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 188.

and several of the cereals, vegetables, and fruits are cultivated with much success. Grapes are raised to a considerable extent; and there are numerous and valuable vineyards in the town and its vicinity, producing large quantities of wine and brandy. The population is divided into two distinct classes by strongly marked barriers. The first consists of the descendants of the old Spanish families, who still retain their ancestral pride and dignity, and are, according to the measure of their advantages, intelligent and cultivated persons. In the other class are comprised the great majority of the inhabitants, a mixed and degraded race, possessing few virtues and many vices. The dress and habits of the people are the same that prevail in all the Spanish American colonies. Smoking, as is usual, "is indulged in by all classes, and by both sexes. It is not considered proper, however, for young gentlemen or ladies to smoke before their parents."* And the same mark of respect was noticed at an entertainment where the bishop of a distant diocese was present. Of the domestic arrangements of the people, Mr. Bartlett gives the following description:—

"The houses at El Paso are all of one story, and built of *adobe*, i. e. the mud of the valley formed into bricks from twelve to eighteen inches long, and four inches thick, and baked in the sun. This material, with slight repairs, will endure for centuries. Sometimes chopped straw and gravel are mixed with it, which greatly improves its quality. The houses of the better classes are large, and built in the form of a hollow square. The walls are from two to three feet in thickness, and have but few openings. When plastered and whitewashed they look very neat, and make comfortable dwellings. All the floors are laid with mud, concrete, or brick. Such a thing as a wooden floor is unknown in the country. This mode of building is precisely that adopted by the ancient Assyrians, and practised at the present day on the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. From the East the style was introduced into Spain by the Moors, and by the Spaniards was taken to Mexico. Moorish capitals and ornaments are still visible, both in the fine dwelling and the humble cottage, in Northern Mexico. There is a venerable looking church here, constructed of adobe, which the cura, Ramon Ortiz, informed me had been built more than two hundred years.

* Vol. I. p. 192.

“ Window-glass is not used here. The ordinary dwellings of the poorer class have no windows. The larger ones are entered by a large gateway, and have a few barred openings on the street. The other three sides present externally an unbroken and prison-like appearance. To all other parts of the house the light is admitted through windows or doors opening on the inner area. As the period is short during which the weather requires the houses to be closed, the occupants make them sufficiently warm by covering the opening with muslin or white cotton. Fires are but little used, except for cooking; and although it is cold enough at times, the people manage to get along somehow through the winter without them.” — Vol. I. pp. 188–190.

From El Paso our author's course lay westward, to the Copper Mines of New Mexico, through a country similar in its general features to that already described, but infested by hostile Indians. The journey offered but little of interest and variety, except some curious isolated sandstone rocks upon the banks of the Rio Mimbres, and a remarkable hot spring in the same vicinity. This spring is situated upon the summit of a large mound formed of tufa, and elevated about thirty feet above the surrounding level. The water is apparently pure and free from the usual gases found in warm springs, and though the temperature reaches one hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit it is not disagreeable to the taste. At a short distance upon the side of the same mound is another warm spring of a lower temperature, and containing fresh-water plants and insects. The country on this portion of the line is of great mineral wealth, particularly in sulphurets and oxides of copper; and there are several mines formerly wrought by the Mexicans. Most of the shafts, however, are now filled up, and the mines are entirely deserted; but it is believed that they might be profitably worked if there were greater facilities for conveying the copper to market.

While the Commission was engaged at the Copper Mines in making astronomical observations, and upon other duties connected with the survey, Mr. Bartlett took a short journey into Sonora as far as Arispe. This place was formerly the capital of the State, and a town of considerable importance; but it has lost this distinction through the frequent incursions of the Indians and the political commotions which have so blasted the prosperity

of the whole country, and it now numbers only about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It still retains, however, many indications of its former wealth. Its buildings are of a better class than are generally found in Northern Mexico; and many of them are built of stone. There is also a fine church containing many good pictures, but now much neglected and fast falling to decay. Our author attended mass in it, "and found the church filled almost exclusively with women. The music was performed by a band in which clarionets predominated, and we recognized among the tunes several of our popular Ethiopian airs, such as 'Dearest May.' The singing was performed by two girls, who seemed to have perfected themselves in the art under the tuition of the Chinese."*

A considerable part of the country is rough, barren, and parched, producing nothing of value and interest to the traveller. In other places the soil is remarkably fertile and well-watered; though the sure marks of misgovernment and ill-management are everywhere manifest. In describing one of the villages situated upon a barren plateau at the extremity of a beautiful valley, Mr. Bartlett thus refers to a striking fact, that seems worthy of notice as illustrating the character of the people:—

"At the western extremity of this valley, on a spur of the plateau, stood the village of *Bacuachi*. This is a peculiarity of all Mexican towns on the frontier. Farmers do not build their ranchos or houses on their arable lands, but congregate on the desert table-land, elevated from thirty to a hundred feet above the adjacent valley from which they derive their subsistence. The great end of security is thus attained at the sacrifice of all comfort and convenience; no trees or shrubbery grow about the houses, nor is a blade of grass to be seen, but a glaring reflection from the light, gravelly soil strikes the eye, which is doubtless one cause of so many diseases of that organ. A house surrounded by foliage with a grassy lawn, which makes a country residence so attractive, even though it is but a humble cottage, is unknown here. Indeed, these people at present know not what comfort is; but with their rich soil and the advantages of irrigation, a few years only of peace and safety would be required to make these beautiful valleys the most charming abodes imaginable."—Vol. I. pp. 275, 276.

* Vol. I. p. 283.

After his return, Mr. Bartlett remained at the Copper Mines for about two months. During this time he had frequent intercourse with the Apache Indians, and gained much information in regard to them. At first they seemed disposed to maintain peaceable relations with the Commission; but in the end they made frequent forays upon the encampment, and drove off a considerable number of cattle and mules.¹ With a few exceptions they are a miserable race, greatly inferior to the other Indian tribes, and with "a treacherous, fiendish look which well expressed their true character."* They perform no labor, and live wholly by plundering the Mexican villages, or by an occasional attack on some emigrant train as it passes through the mountain defiles. Their dress is miserable and scanty in the extreme. A shirt and a pair of deer-skin boots are considered quite sufficient by nearly all the men; and there are many who are satisfied with even less than this, though there are also some who array themselves in all the stolen finery they can procure. Whilst he remained at the Copper Mines, Mr. Bartlett secured the freedom of two young Mexican boys, who had been stolen from their parents by the Indians, and who now made their escape to the American camp. He also procured the release of a young Mexican girl alleged to have been purchased by a party of New-Mexican traders, in whose company she was found. All three were subsequently returned to their families, after considerable difficulty and delay.

Upon breaking up the encampment, Mr. Bartlett made a second journey into Sonora as far as Ures, the present capital of the State, where he was detained for several weeks by severe sickness. His course for the first fortnight lay in a westerly direction to the San Pedro River, through a rough and generally barren country, which now forms a part of our own territory. Then, turning south, he passed through or near Santa Cruz, La Magdalena, and several other Mexican villages; but the journey offered little that need detain us. At Santa Cruz gratuitous medical advice was given to many of the inhabitants who were sick, and some surgical operations were also performed without charge. But gratitude seems not

* Vol. I. p. 327.

to have been one of the virtues most cultivated; and our travellers were annoyed by many petty thefts. "Meat was stolen from the pot in which it was cooking; blankets were taken from the men while asleep; and all the ropes and iron stake-pins that secured our animals were carried off." * On the road to La Magdalena many ranchos were passed which had been abandoned through fear of the Indians, and on all sides were indications of the insecurity of life and property. In La Magdalena our travellers witnessed a grand celebration in honor of Saint Francis, to whom the church, a new and imposing edifice, is dedicated, which was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony that the means of the people would permit. They also attended the great fair, which is held in the same week, and draws together a large concourse of people, who spend most of their time in dancing and gambling.

Ures is a well-built town in a rich valley upon the banks of the Sonora River, and is a place of some importance. It was originally selected by the Jesuits for a missionary station, and the remains of a large church still exist which was left unfinished at the time of their expulsion. The town is regularly laid out in squares, with a large *plaza*, contains a prison and the legislative hall, and supports a weekly newspaper. The houses are built of adobe, and though they have only one story, many of them are eighteen feet in height, and are plastered and colored upon the outside. The principal agricultural products are pumpkins, corn, wheat, beans, and chili. Cotton and the sugar-cane are also cultivated to some extent; and fruits of various kinds are abundant. The principal part of the labor, both in the fields and within the town, is performed by the Yaquis, a tribe of Indians who were among the first converts of the Jesuit missionaries, and are described as being faithful, honest, and industrious. Yet it is said that when the country was first settled they were extremely fierce and warlike; "but on being converted to Christianity, their savage nature was completely subdued, and they became the most docile and tractable of people." † Such and so mighty is the power of Christian civilization even when

* Vol. I. p. 410.

† Ibid. p. 443.

allied with dogmatic errors and superstitious practices. These Indians were taught various mechanical occupations by the Jesuits, in which they acquired much skill; and they built many of the chief edifices in the State, and contributed largely to the support of the missionaries. A similar account is also given of the Opates, another large tribe of Indians engaged in agricultural pursuits. Much valuable information was obtained by Mr. Bartlett in regard to them and several other tribes. Indeed, at different times he obtained vocabularies of two hundred words each from more than twenty different tribes; and his ethnological researches appear to have been almost invariably crowned with success.

After a long and wearisome illness Mr. Bartlett at length took his departure from Ures on the 29th of December, 1851, by way of Hermosillo, for Guaymas, a port of considerable trade on the Gulf of California. The portion of Sonora through which he now passed exhibits the same strong contrasts of rich valleys and desert plains that are seen in those parts of the State he had already visited. Hermosillo is one of the best-built and most attractive-looking towns in the State; and the land in its immediate vicinity is of great fertility, yielding abundant harvests and producing many fruits. But between this place and Guaymas the country is without water and scarcely fit even for grazing. Guaymas has one of the best harbors on the gulf, and contains some fine houses and many large stores; but the soil is so parched and barren, that nothing can be raised within a distance of many miles. Its trade has greatly increased within a few years; but American goods are still very scarce in the shops, and almost everything is of French or English manufacture. The streets are lighted at night, and the whole aspect of the place indicates more activity and energy than are usually found in a Mexican community. Here our author embarked in a small vessel for Acapulco, stopping for several days at the important port of Mazatlan; and at Acapulco he took the steamer for San Diego, where he arrived on the 9th of February. Upon his arrival he immediately joined the main body of the Commission, who had come across the country from the Gila, by land, about a month before, and were now encamped a few miles from the town.

Several weeks were spent here in pasturing the mules, which had been greatly injured by their hard work and poor feed, and in making some necessary purchases of provisions and equipment preparatory to a return along the line of the boundary to the Gulf of Mexico. During this delay Mr. Bartlett visited San Francisco, and made brief excursions to the beautiful and fertile Napa Valley, to the remarkable geysers of the Pluton River, and to the quicksilver mines of New Almaden. Of these we have very full and interesting descriptions; but we can extract only a portion of the account of the quicksilver mines.

“New Almaden consists exclusively of the buildings belonging to the company which owns the quicksilver mine. It embraces furnaces, store-houses, dwelling-houses for the officers and laborers, offices, mechanics’ shops, etc. Many of them are of wood; but a large and fine range of substantial brick buildings is now in the process of erection, to take the place of the wooden ones. The novelty of the business of extracting the quicksilver from the cinnabar required a number of experiments, involving a very heavy expenditure; for there was but one other mine in the world, that of Almaden in Spain, where the operation was carried on on a large scale, and it could not be expected that a rival company like this, whose operations would effectually destroy the monopoly the latter had for ages enjoyed, would be permitted to derive any information from their long experience. Machinery of various kinds was therefore imported from England and the United States at enormous cost, much of which has since been rejected, either on account of the great expense of running it, or its inadequacy to perform the service required. Six furnaces are now in operation reducing the ore, all of which seem to be alike, and of the most simple construction. On these furnaces the ore is heaped. A steady, though not very strong fire, is then applied. As the ore becomes heated, the quicksilver is sublimed; and then, being condensed, it falls by its own weight, and is conducted by pipes which lead along the bottom of the furnace to small pots or reservoirs imbedded in the earth, each containing from one to two gallons of the ore. The furnaces are kept going night and day, while large drops or minute streams of the pure metal are constantly trickling down into the receptacles. From these it is carried to the store-house, and deposited in large cast-iron tanks or vats. These are of various shapes and sizes, and are fixed in solid beds of stone and mortar. The largest, a square vat between four and five feet across, contained twenty tons of pure quicksilver. By way of illustrating the great

specific gravity of this metal, a board was placed on it, upon which I sat, thus floating upon a bed of quicksilver; yet my weight did not sink the board to the depth of a quarter of an inch. On thrusting my bare arm into this vat, a most singular and chilling sensation was produced. I then took a stick of light and porous wood, which I immersed for about a minute; and when I withdrew it, the metal had penetrated through every portion of it, so that in weight it was little less than the quicksilver itself."—Vol. II. pp. 57, 58.

The metal is put up in large wrought-iron flasks or canisters containing about seventy-five pounds each, and closed by a screw. It is then ready to be transported to San Francisco, a distance of a little more than fifty miles, whence it is exported to various parts of the world. The quantity produced is estimated at a million pounds per annum, and is valued at more than \$ 600,000. The entrance of the mines is near the top of a steep mountain, and at an elevation of about a thousand feet above the store-houses. When our author visited them all the cinnabar and rock had to be raised to the surface by means of the shafts, a distance of nearly three hundred feet, before the ore could be conveyed to the furnaces. But a tunnel was then cutting through the side of the mountain, which would greatly facilitate the working of the mine and consequently diminish the first cost of transportation. About two hundred men are employed in the various operations, who live in a little village near the summit of the mountain and at a short distance from the mines. Their health, as might be anticipated, suffers materially from their noxious labors. "Salivation is common," says Mr. Bartlett, "and the attendants on the furnaces are compelled to desist from their labor every three or four weeks, when a fresh set of hands is put on. The horses and mules are also salivated; and from twenty to thirty of them die every year from the effects of the mercury."* But it is a curious fact, that the miners themselves, and those who merely handle the cinnabar, do not experience any evil effects from it.

All the preparations for resuming operations in the field were now complete; and towards the end of May the Commission started upon their return to El Paso.

*Vol. II. p. 66.

After crossing the great desert which lies along a portion of the southern border of California, and which is described as being even more desolate than any that had yet been seen, they reached Fort Yuma, at the junction of the Colorado and Gila, early in June. Thence they continued their course eastward, along the boundary line, to the villages of the Coco-Maricopa and Pimo Indians, where they remained for some time. On the journey from Fort Yuma, and also at several other places, our travellers saw many specimens of the *petahaya*, or giant cactus, of which Mr. Bartlett gives a very full and interesting description. We have room, however, for only a single extract.

"This curious plant," he says, "is found on the high tablelands on either side of the Gila, and in various parts of the State of Sonora, growing often in the crevices of rocks, and in other situations where it would seem difficult for any vegetable production to find sustenance. The forms it assumes are various; sometimes rising like a simple fluted column, although more frequently it is furnished with several branches, which, after leaving the main trunk, turn gracefully upwards and rise parallel with it. Sometimes the branches are singularly contorted; but usually their disposition is symmetrical, and the appearance of the whole plant has been, not inaptly, compared to that of a giant candelabrum. The stem is from one foot to two feet six inches in diameter, usually smaller near the base, and from twenty to fifty feet in height. This immense column is admirably strengthened by a circle of ribs of strong and elastic wood, which are imbedded in the cellular mass of the plant, several inches within the circumference, and extend to the roots. This woody portion remains after the fleshy substance of the plant decays, looking like a huge skeleton. The stem is marked with longitudinal furrows, which are shallow towards the ground, and deeper and more numerous towards the summit; and above the ribs it is thickly set with clusters of spines or thorns. Of these, there are six large and numerous small ones, in each cluster. As the plant increases in age, the larger spines fall off, leaving a ray of smaller ones, which lie close to the stem.

"Most travellers who have noticed this *cereus* have not been fortunate enough to see the fruit and flower, but have derived their accounts of them from the Indians. On our passage across the country in September, October, November, and December, we saw the tree; and on our return in June and July, we had the satisfaction of beholding the fruit in perfection, and occasional specimens of the flower. The plant probably blooms late

in May or early in June; and the fruit is matured in July and August. The flowers are borne on the summits of the branches, are three inches in diameter, and about the same in length. The petals are stiff and curling, and of a cream-white color. The stamens are yellow, and very numerous. The fruit is about the size and shape of an egg; sometimes rather longer than the true egg-shape, having a few small scales, without spines. The color of the fruit is green tinged with red, when fully ripe. It consists of an outer coat or skin filled with a red pulp, inclosing numerous small, black, smooth seeds. The fruit, when mature, bursts at the top and exposes the pulp, which at this time is rather mawkish to the taste; but a few days' exposure to the sun dries it to about one third its original bulk, and the whole mass drops out of the skin. In this state it has the consistency of the pulp of a dried fig; and the saccharine matter being concentrated by drying, it somewhat resembles that fruit in taste. The Pimo and other Indians collect the pulp and roll it into balls; in which state it probably keeps the whole year, as it was offered to our party which passed through in January. They also boil the pulp, and evaporate it to the consistency of molasses; after which it is preserved in earthen jars." — Vol. II. pp. 189 – 191.

Upon the banks of the Gila a great number of sculptured rocks were also seen; but our author regards them as of little significance, and attaches even less historical importance to them. Possibly too much value is sometimes placed upon such memorials, yet we cannot concur in Mr. Bartlett's theory when he ascribes them to the idle moments of some ingenious Indian, who has thus sought to amuse himself by cutting grotesque figures in the solid rock. Whatever may have been the origin and meaning of these sculptures, this explanation seems to be equally improbable and far-fetched; and we cannot but think they often owed their origin to some higher purpose, and are the records of some event or belief.

The villages of the Coco-Maricopa and Pimo Indians, near which many of these rocks were found, are situated upon the southern bank of the Gila, about two hundred miles east of the junction of the Gila and Colorado. Originally the Coco-Maricopas are said to have lived much farther to the westward, but having suffered severely from the attacks of the Yumas and other tribes, they removed to the neighborhood of the Pimos, with whom they live on terms of strict amity. The two tribes

greatly resemble each other in many respects; and it is very difficult to determine from their appearance to which tribe different individuals may belong. Many of their habits and customs are the same, and a general description of one tribe will apply almost equally well to the other. Of the Pimos Mr. Bartlett says:—

“This people restrict themselves to a single wife. Their ideas of a Supreme Being, in whose existence they believe, are of so vague a nature, that I could not ascertain them with exactness. After death, they believe that their souls go to the banks of the Colorado, their ancient dwelling-place, and there take refuge in the great sand-hills, where they are metamorphosed into various animals and birds. Their heads, hands, feet, etc. each become owls, bats, wolves, and other animals. They believe, too, that the souls of their enemies, the Yumas, also find a place there; and that the wars which have so long existed between them on earth will be continued there, after death.

“When a man desires to marry, and has made choice of a girl for his wife, he first endeavors to win over her parents by making them presents. The fair one's attention is sought by another process. To do this he takes his flute, an instrument of cane with four holes, and, seating himself beneath a bush near her dwelling, keeps up a plaintive noise for hours together. This music is continued day after day; and if no notice is at length taken of him by the girl, he may ‘hang up his flute,’ as it is tantamount to a rejection. If the proposal is agreeable, the fair one makes it known to the suitor, when the conquest is considered complete. No girl is forced to marry against her will, however eligible her parents may consider the match. Whenever a girl marries, it is expected that her husband will present her parents with as much as his means will permit, to compensate them for the loss of their daughter, whose services are to them a matter of consequence.

“Among both the Coco-Maricopas and the Pimos, the women do the principal part of the work. Besides taking care of the children and attending to the household matters, they grind the corn, make baskets, gather mezquit beans, help till the ground, and sometimes spin and weave.

“The men plant and gather the crops, and take care of the animals. This I believe is all they do; and as the performance of these duties is not a very onerous task, they are idle the greater portion of the time. Their implements of husbandry are steel hoes and axes, which they obtain from the Mexicans, harrows, and occasionally a long-handled spade. Grinding corn on the *metates*, or stones, is a work of great labor, and comes

hard on the poor women, who are obliged to get upon their knees, and exert the whole strength of their arms and bodies in the task. I have seen women thus employed when the thermometer stood at 110°, while their lords lay stretched out at length on their backs, looking on." — Vol. II. pp. 222–224.

Of the two tribes the Pimos are superior in intelligence and ingenuity; and it is probable that the Cocomaricopas have derived much of their very limited knowledge from them. They cultivate sufficient land for their own sustenance, and raise some cotton of excellent quality, together with corn and a few vegetables. Their houses are ingeniously built of sticks and straw, and are sometimes plastered with mud; but they are very low, so that one can hardly stand erect in them. Near each is the family granary or store-house, built in a similar, though rather better manner, and used for storing their agricultural products. Among their manufactures are white cotton blankets, various kinds of earthen vessels, and willow baskets. Their dress is simple, and differs but little from that of most of the semi-civilized tribes on our southwestern border. Their only weapons are bows and arrows, with which they are very skilful, and in the use of which they often exercise themselves by firing at the gigantic limbs of the petahaya.

Whilst encamped among these Indians, a small party visited the Casas Grandes and some other remarkable ruins in the neighborhood. The ruins known as the Casas Grandes, or Great Houses, consist of three buildings of adobe in a tolerable state of preservation, and located near each other, not far to the eastward of the Pimo villages. Their general outline can readily be traced, and a considerable part of the walls is still standing, though in a very dilapidated state. They were originally several stories in height, covering a considerable extent of ground, and were evidently built by a people who had made some progress in the arts; but there are now no means of determining when or by whom they were erected. It is certain, however, that they are of great antiquity, as they are described by the earliest writers upon the country as being in nearly the same condition as at present. The purpose for which they were built is also nearly as doubtful as the other facts; but Mr. Bartlett appears to incline to the opinion, that

hey were intended as store-houses. Around the ruins are many fragments of pottery, of a superior quality to that now made in the country, and extending over a distance of several miles, which might seem to lend some weight to this supposition.

Upon the completion of their surveys on the Gila, the Commission resumed their journey back to El Paso, by a somewhat circuitous route, through the northern part of Sonora and Chihuahua, visiting Santa Cruz, Janos, and some other places, and reaching their place of destination about the middle of August. Between Janos and El Paso they visited and examined another collection of ruins, at the little village of Casas Grandes, called by the natives Casas de Montezuma, and similar in their general features to those on the Gila. These ruins consist of numerous walls, both fallen and standing, strongly built of adobe, and originally of several stories in height. They are built upon a declivity connecting the barren upper plateau and the rich bottom land, and comprise many small apartments, which were perhaps used for storing grain. But as they are in a much worse state of preservation than those previously visited, it is difficult to determine their exact character; and though several men were employed to dig among them, nothing was found to reward the search. For miles around, as upon the Gila, the plain is covered with fragments of earthen vessels finely made and painted; and occasionally these vessels are found unbroken.

The only portion of the survey which now remained unfinished was that of the lower Rio Grande; and accordingly, on reaching El Paso, preparations were made for joining the party employed on that part of the line. In consequence, however, of the increased hostility of the Indians, and other obstacles, it was not until the 6th of October that the train was able to start, and even then it was deemed best to go by way of the city of Chihuahua, instead of following the more direct route along the river. Upon the road the train was attacked by a party of Apaches, but after a short fight they were driven off, though not until they had succeeded in securing all the spare animals. For most of the distance the road passes through a miserable tract of country, and offers

little of interest until it reaches Chihuahua. Here our travellers remained about a week, to repair their wagons and to make further preparations for the perilous journey before them, through a region infested by Camanches, one of the fiercest and most powerful of the Mexican tribes.

Chihuahua is the capital of the State of that name, and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants; but it formerly had a much larger population, and within the last twenty-five years its wealth and importance have been greatly diminished. Nor need we feel any surprise at witnessing such a result, when we consider the utter lack of energy and enterprise in the people, and the long-continued misgovernment to which they have been subjected. These two causes operating together are sufficient to account for the blighting and withering influence that long since settled upon the nation, exhausting, as it should seem, all its public spirit and not a little of its private enterprise. The city is handsomely laid out, with broad streets, and large and well-built houses of adobe or stone. As is the case in most of the towns visited by the Commission, the houses are generally only one story in height, with thick walls and few windows, but with an inner court. Among the principal public buildings are the mint, the Governor's palace, several churches, and the cathedral, which is only inferior, it is said, to the great cathedral in the city of Mexico. It is built of stone, with two towers and a dome, and without regard to any of the established styles of architecture; but it is nevertheless a handsome and imposing edifice. Another place of great resort is the arena for bull-fights; for it is well known that the Mexicans have inherited the Spanish taste for these cruel and disgusting spectacles. There is an abundant supply of pure water in the city, brought by means of a stone aqueduct a distance of about three miles and a half. A small stream also runs along the northern part, which insures a still larger supply whenever it is needed, and which is used for irrigating the numerous gardens in the vicinity. Much of the land in the immediate neighborhood is excellent, and large crops of the ordinary vegetables and cereals are raised. Various fruits, including apples, pears, peaches, melons, figs, and grapes, are also cultivated with success. Of the mineral

resources of this part of Mexico, our author, however, speaks in much higher terms than he does of its agricultural advantages. "The mineral wealth of Chihuahua," he says, "is not surpassed, if equalled, in variety and extent by any state in the world. Silver is the most abundant; but there is also gold, copper, lead, iron, and tin. Cinnabar is also said to be found; but I cannot speak of it with certainty. Of bituminous coal I saw a fine specimen."* So rich, indeed, is the silver ore, and so imperfectly has the metal been extracted, that we are told the re-working of the immense heaps of dross and scoria collected in former years forms a regular and profitable business.

From Chihuahua Mr. Bartlett continued his course through the central portion of the State to Parras, Saltillo, and Monterey, and thence to Corpus Christi, in Texas, where he arrived on the 1st of January, 1853. This tract of country presents the same variety of arid and barren plains and rich valleys that we have already described, and there are the same signs of decay and misgovernment everywhere visible. Indeed, Monterey and Hermosillo, in Sonora, are, with the exception of Guaymas, where the population has been greatly diminished by frequent epidemics, the only two cities in Mexico visited by the Commission which are increasing. There was everywhere the same cowardly fear of the Indians, and travelling was only safe in large parties and with an armed guard. Though the land is in many places excellent, comparatively little attention is paid to agriculture, and the raising of cattle forms the chief branch of industry of the great land-owners. Many places on the route, particularly those in the neighborhood of Chihuahua, as has been remarked, are rich in silver and other ores, but there is no systematic or efficient working of the mines. The botany of this extensive region presents little of especial interest except the yucca, of which Mr. Bartlett gives the following description:—

"The different species of yucca, of which frequent mention has been made, form a conspicuous feature in the vegetation. They present a great variety of foliage, some narrow and grass-like,

* Vol. II. p. 438.

and others rigid and firm enough to serve for a 'Spanish bayonet,' a popular name given to the larger kinds. All are furnished with a sharp, hard point at the end of the leaf, which is capable of inflicting a severe wound, and which soon teaches the incautious traveller to give them a wide berth. While some have no stem at all, others have a trunk twenty-five or thirty feet high and from two to three feet in diameter. The largest specimens we saw were near Parras, where the table-lands are covered with them. This species throws out at the top ten or a dozen branches, which are bent in all possible directions. A plain covered with yuccas presents a beautiful appearance when [they are] in flower, with their pure white blossoms arranged in pyramidal spikes several feet in length. The Mexicans and Indians put the different species to various domestic uses. The leaves of the narrower kinds are made into baskets, and the fibres of the leaves are twisted into coarse ropes. The trunks of the large species are used in the absence of other timber as palings for making inclosures, or are split into slabs to serve for covering the rude houses of the rancheros.

"Some species bear an edible fruit called by the Mexicans *latiros*. These are about the size and shape of the *banana*, and when fully ripe are very sweet and palatable. The tender portion of the stem near where the leaves are produced is roasted and eaten under the name of *quiote*; but it is rather stringy and insipid. One of our party saw at an Apache camp a potfull of the flowers boiling for food. The uncooked flowers have quite a bitter taste; but this may probably be removed by boiling. The roots of a narrow-leaved species called *amole* are used, instead of soap, for washing clothes; bruised between stones, they afford a mucilage when rubbed upon the clothes, which seems to possess considerable detergent properties. The root is generally kept for sale in the towns, and, where soap is so very dear, affords an economical substitute."—Vol. II. pp. 490–492.

To the appropriation in the Deficiency Bill of 1852 for defraying the expenses of the Boundary Survey, Congress had annexed a proviso, that no part of it should be used "until it shall be made satisfactorily to appear to the President of the United States that the southern boundary of New Mexico is not established by the Commissioner and Surveyor of the United States farther north of the town called 'Paso' than the same is laid down in Disturnell's map which is added to the treaty." Any examination into the propriety of this measure, or of the sufficiency of the grounds upon which the initial point on the Rio Grande was established in latitude thirty-two

degrees twenty-two minutes, would lead us aside from our present purpose; and it will be sufficient to say, that this proviso rendered the disbanding of the Commission necessary before the survey of the Rio Grande was entirely finished. Accordingly, on reaching Ringgold Barracks, arrangements were made for sending the entire train to San Antonio, where some of the animals and equipment were to be sold at public auction, and the rest to remain in charge of Mr. Thurber, the commissary and quarter-master, until further orders. In the mean time, however, the train continued on its route to Corpus Christi, as we have already stated.

Here our author took leave of his companions and with one other gentleman embarked in an open boat for Decrow's Point at the mouth of Matagorda Bay. Corpus Christi is pleasantly situated on a small bay which connects with the Gulf of Mexico, and is partly built on a high bluff and partly on the beach at its foot. Its position is one of the most healthful upon the Gulf, and this circumstance, together with the fertility of the soil in its immediate neighborhood, and the comparative facility of entering its harbor, must always make it a place of considerable importance. Still the shallowness of the water upon the bar must prevent it from enjoying much foreign commerce. Of the difficulty of navigating the bays and lagoons along the coast of Texas, our author gives several amusing illustrations, one of which we extract.

"An amusing incident," he says, "occurred when we were about midway across the bay [Espiritu Santo Bay, which is about twenty miles long and ten miles wide]. We had left Corpus Christi with but a single keg of water, expecting to make our voyage in twenty-four hours. But we had now been out forty-eight hours; and unless a good breeze should favor us, we could not expect to reach our place of destination before the next day. Our water was gone; and there was none to be found on the beach. Seeing a small craft approaching from an opposite direction, we stood for her; and when within two hundred yards, our captain hailed her, and asked if they could spare us any water. The reply was in the affirmative; but when I expected we should pull for her, to my utter surprise, a sailor composedly stepped into the water, and, with a bucket on his arm, walked to the other boat, where he got it filled. The bay was less than three feet deep, although we were many miles from the shore,

which was barely visible. Did one not know where he was, he might imagine himself at sea." — Vol. II. pp. 534, 535.

At the Point, Mr. Bartlett took a steamboat to New Orleans, and thence proceeded up the Mississippi to Washington. In summing up the results of the labors of the Commission, one cannot but be struck with their extent, and with the hardships, difficulties, and dangers encountered in their performance. Mr. Bartlett was absent about two years and a half, and during this period he travelled nearly five thousand miles in his various journeys in Texas, California, and Mexico. With the exception of some short and isolated portions, he traversed the whole boundary line in person, and nearly the whole of it was surveyed under his general direction. Much of the route lay through a desolate and comparatively unknown region, without wood, water, or grass, and inhabited only by hostile Indians. Yet every obstacle was surmounted, and when the Commission was disbanded, only a small part of the Rio Grande remained to be surveyed. Of the valuable scientific results obtained during the progress of the survey we need not speak here, except to repeat that they are in the highest degree creditable to the zeal and energy of the gentlemen specially charged with that department. The physical aspect of the country and the remarkable character of its flora have been sufficiently described in the remarks and extracts already given; but we will cite one more passage, which contains in a few words a general description of much the larger part of the country through which the Commission passed. After speaking of the desert fauna, our author continues:—

“Another peculiarity of the desert is its remarkable vegetation; everything being armed with thorns. First comes the endless variety of cacti, to look at some of which will make one shudder. These are seen from the tiny plant not larger than the finger to the giant petahaya raising its tall stem to the height of fifty feet. Then come the mezquit, or acacia, the tornilla, the fouquiera, the agaves, and yuccas, all armed with the most terrific spikes or thorns. Even among the tender grasses, the mezquit has its minute thorns. But these thorny and angular forms are not confined to animal and vegetable life: they seem to be extended to Nature even in the grandest aspect in which she here appears. The mountain ridges, as I have before observed,

present the most singular summits, terminating in pyramidal points, or resembling towers, minarets, etc. Thus is everything in these regions peculiar. To indemnify man for the inhospitable deserts and barren soil which occupies [occupy] so large a space, Nature furnishes, embowelled in her innumerable mountains, the greatest variety and abundance of precious metals. The vast riches imbedded in the great 'Sierra Madre' are as yet little dreamt of; but I do not hesitate to say, that for wealth of this description even California will yet have to yield the palm to these mountains." — Vol. II. pp. 563, 564.

One of the most important subjects which engaged the attention of our author in his various journeys was the adaptation of the country to the construction of a railroad to the Pacific; and the results of his investigations on this point are embodied in a brief memoir appended to his second volume. In it he gives a rapid summary of the general character of the country, not merely in regard to the nature of the soil through which it must be built and the mountains it must pass, but also with regard to the facilities for obtaining timber and water; and the conclusion at which he arrives may be stated with sufficient brevity in his own words. "The advantages of the Southern route for a railway," he says, "are an open and remarkably level country from the Mississippi to the Sierra Nevada of California, — a summit level a thousand feet less than that of the other routes (so far as known), — entire freedom from snows, — and convenience in obtaining supplies. The disadvantages are a deficiency of timber, water, and food for animals; and the want of tillable lands for settlements and farms."* Doubtless the Southern route presents some important advantages; but a perusal of Mr. Bartlett's volumes strengthens the belief that there are insuperable objections to it which far outweigh all the advantages. In order that the construction of the railroad should accomplish all the desirable results which may be justly expected to flow from it, it seems clear that it should be built through a country capable of sustaining a numerous population. Such, however, is not the character of the route traversed by our author. It seems improbable, indeed, that towns or cities will ever spring up along the boundary

* Vol. II. p. 575.

line marked by Mr. Bartlett, or along that acquired by the recent treaty with Mexico. For these and some other reasons, we are inclined to think a more northern route is to be preferred.

C. C. S.

ART. VI.—OUR BOOK MOVEMENT.*

THE people called Unitarians, in common we suppose with all other sects of Christians, are very ready to assume that they are much in advance of the great mass of the Christian world. When their doctrines and methods meet with a favorable reception, it is of course; how could it be otherwise with what is so entirely in accordance with the spirit of an enlightened age? When, on the other hand, the multitude are not found so eager to be converted, it is still of course; could we look for anything more from the dulness and perversity of the bigoted crowd? And so we take comfort either way. Fortunately, some of the sect are as much given to self-criticism as others are to self-laudation, and say about themselves and each other harder things than we should willingly hear from those who are not of the fold. So, out of all the various and conflicting judgments, we reach a tolerable approximation to the truth

* 1. *Proceedings at the Meeting of the Friends of the American Unitarian Association, held in Freeman Place Chapel, Feb. 1, 1854.* Boston: Published by Crosby, Nichols, & Co., for the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association. 1854. 8vo. pp. 24.

2. *The Thirtieth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union, made to the Friends and Contributors to the Society, at the Annual Meeting, in the Musical Fund Hall, May 16, 1854.* No. 316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 1854. 8vo. pp. 89.

3. *Fortieth Annual Report of the American Tract Society, containing Lists of Auxiliaries, Life-Members, and Publications. Presented at Boston, May 31, 1854.* Boston: Press of T. R. Marvin. 1854. 8vo. pp. 128 and 28.

4. *To the Friends and Patrons of the American Tract Society.* 8vo. pp. 20.

5. *Hugh Fisher: or Home Principles carried out.* By the Author of "Robert Dawson," "Jane Hudson," "Reuben Kent," etc., etc. Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union, No. 146 Chestnut Street. New York: No. 147 Nassau Street. Boston: No. 9 Cornhill. Louisville: No. 103 Fourth Street.

in the case. Being disposed just now to be rather critical than laudatory, we press this charge against the Unitarians, that, if they have, as they claim, a literature, or the germs of a literature, from which the world at large may derive great moral and spiritual benefit, they have been sadly unfaithful and behind the times in devising ways and means for putting it before the legions of reading eyes that have been opened during these latter days. It is hardly fair, indeed, to bring our little flock into comparison with the great religious denominations that swarm in the land; and although it has been shown that we have great wealth in proportion to our numbers, it should be considered that large means are never so available for charitable purposes when they are concentrated in a few hands, as when they are scattered amongst many in smaller portions. Still, it is very plain that in the matter of a "Book Concern" we are behind our fellow-denominations. The difference between them and ourselves is brought out very strikingly when we come together for what are called the Anniversary Meetings. They lay out plans of work and set on foot measures for procuring the funds with which to realize them; they deal in things tangible and concrete; their talk is of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America to be converted to God, the men to be sent here, the money to be sent there. We meet and theorize and organize and make distinctions between Deism and Christianity, we are not clear yet that we are a denomination, and if the more part know wherefore they are met together, they do not know how to make this clear to others. They forget that, whilst principles are to be the first things, we are not to be satisfied with dwelling upon them, and stating them with endless iteration. Of late we have been so much employed, necessarily too, in making fences and putting up bars, that we have had no time left to cultivate the fields inclosed. Perhaps it may be seasonable now to say, that differences in crops answer some of the purposes of fences, and that the domain of the wise and diligent is to be known by the abundance of good grain and the absence of tares. We must realize in our experience, and set forth by lessons and examples, a thoroughly Christian Unitarianism, which can be distinguished at a glance from Deistical specula-

tions, and even from the purest and most elevated moralizing. The more work of all sorts we can do as Unitarian Christians, the more obvious will it be that Unitarian Christianity has a meaning and a life of its own, that it is not a mere inn for a brief sojourn on the dreary road to unbelief.

There can be no denomination unless there is something to be denominated, and in the case of a Christian denomination this something must be Christian. The time does not seem to have come when Christians can look at Christianity from the same point of view, or apply it through the same instrumentalities; hence, whilst we strive to live in perfect charity with fellow-believers of every name, and seek to be baptized into the same spirit and to be redeemed by the same Christ, we find ourselves aloof from others, standing and working by ourselves; we do not make ourselves or resolve ourselves into a denomination, we *are* and cannot help being a denomination. We are a Christian denomination, not by virtue of loving and claiming the liberty to be Christians in any way we please or in no way at all, not by virtue of our inability to accept the Gospel through the common creeds of the Church, but because the truth of Jesus assumes for our minds and hearts a positive and well-defined form. Less than this may separate us from others for a while, but less than this can hardly keep us distinct from others as *Christians*; we must have a positive belief, or our dissent will yield to reaction on the one hand, or pass out on the other side beyond the range of Christian tradition and experience. But we *are* a denomination. We do hold the old verities, somewhat confusedly, hesitatingly too it may be, and as those must who more than any others have been afflicted with the prevailing epidemic of rationalism; still, we are on the old soil, and the roots and stocks of the good old trees are in it, and "at the scent of water they shall bud and send forth boughs," in the shade of which we and our children and our children's children shall peacefully dwell and do our work.

Two points seem to us very clear. They have been tolerably well settled by the experience of our religious world during the last twenty-five years; they are, that we do believe Christianity, and that we do not believe

it in the old way. That we do believe Christianity is pretty well attested, as by other tokens so by this, that we are willing to incur the hazard of being confounded with those who are called Orthodox, rather than be numbered with the modern Deists who are going out from us, as honest men should, because they are not of us. That we do not believe Christianity in the old way would be obvious enough, were it not for the fact, that many, who, judged by any exact standards, have departed almost as widely as we from the ancient paths, still claim, honestly we believe, the old names, and are taken for representatives of the popular belief. We think that they ought to be numbered with us, and the ancient men who were in their prime when the body of New England Congregationalists was rent think so too. But the day has gone by for applying to them the process of exclusion which was applied to us; anything so suicidal is out of the question, and we must dispense for the present with the companionship of many, *who*, as we are firmly persuaded, do not receive Christianity in the old way.

But what has all this to do with the first pamphlet on our list, that has supplied us with a text, and which describes certain proceedings upon a project of the American Unitarian Association, of gathering from the churches of our faith a fund for the publication of Unitarian works? We answer, Much every way, chiefly that, after an excess of talking, we seem to be setting ourselves about some real work. We have at last carried a "*resolution*," that we will be an abstraction no longer, but a "Book and Pamphlet Society," to say the least. The Association has always been this to a certain extent, but not according to the large measure of its privileges. The project of a book fund is evidence that we appreciate our own literature, not only what it has been and is, but what with needful encouragement it may be made; that it is becoming plain to us that we have something to publish to the world which the world cannot afford to be ignorant of; and that we are alive to the condition of the times, which calls not only for the living voice, but for the scarcely less living book. If we were compelled to regard this movement as a merely feverish effort, or as a spasmodic attempt to do something by

way of seeming alive, we could not feel much interest in it; but such depreciating criticism is not called for. There are signs of a reviving religious life in our churches, the Gospel is coming home anew to many hearts, and, as is always sure to be the case sooner or later, this fresh religious experience is attended by a fresh interest in theological expression; we wish to know where we are in theological matters, just how we are related to the old standards, and just what is the difference between ourselves and those who have adopted Deistical views of religion. No discourses from our pulpits are listened to with greater attention than those which are devoted to the discussion of great Christian doctrines, not in the way of sharp controversy or special sectarian pleading, but from the honest purpose to draw forth the really living and efficient elements in the Christianity which has quickened and fed the world these eighteen hundred years. The day for pleasant essays has gone by: those who frequent the churches, as well as those who go to the polls, ask for "back-bone," something more than a slender thread for delicate pearls to dangle on. "What is written in the Law, how readest thou?" What dost thou believe about Christ, about the necessities of the human soul and his way of relieving them, about his living and dying and rising and interceding? These and similar questions are asked every day. One cannot get his sermons altogether from the circulating library or from the newspapers. The preacher must have studied the divinity of John, and the theology of Paul, as well as the poetry of Job. It was inevitable that preaching should become more doctrinal, in the good sense of being founded upon well-defined doctrine. Had it not taken this direction, it would soon have come to an end.

It is evident that we are just in the mood for looking about us to ascertain where we are, what we have, and what we can give in the matter of religious belief. The result of the inquiry thus far is very satisfactory, especially in reference to our denominational literature. In common with other Christian communions, we lack preachers, our young men are not drawn to the ministry; but if we have not an abundance of living voices, we have a good store of eloquent Christian words, that have already secured the attention of a multitude, and are des-

tinued, we trust, to be brought under the eyes of a far larger company.

In these "fast" days everything grows old very rapidly, and in theology, as in all other departments of life, we have a Young America; but our elder literature, if we may apply such a phrase to what is so recent, still holds its place. Undoubtedly, many of us would say that the fathers of the denomination were over sanguine in their belief that the form of Unitarianism which they presented to the world from the pulpit and the press would speedily gain a wide reception. This has proved true thus far only of that form of our doctrine which is held by the people called Christians, whose sentiments in some very important particulars are very different from those that were cherished by Channing and his fellow-laborers. Still our elder theology has done and is destined to do a great work. Too fresh from painful contact with an extreme Calvinism to utter anything like a final word, if such a word can be uttered in theology, its very extremes of antagonism are of service, were it only to show the inevitable issues of that terrible system, and how imperative is the demand that it should in some way be relieved. The author of "*The Conflict of Ages*" has done justice to the merits of our literature in this direction. And it may be said generally, that, whether more or less of it shall stand, it is a valuable contribution to the theology which shall be; the production of a transition period, it is of service to all who are passing through such a period, and if we at the East have grown familiar with its teachings, and do not seek for it with avidity, it is none the less welcome to our brethren at the West, who are oppressed by the very narrowness, which, thanks to our brave fathers in the faith, has been so sensibly enlarged in favored New England, where theology never was and never can be stationary. Not from any sectarian impulse, not in any temper of antagonism, not as those who would make war upon brethren, we are moved to lay before the Christian world, wise and simple, the thoughts of our most gifted and honored elders upon the greatest subject that can occupy the human mind. At a time of unwonted intellectual activity upon religious subjects, when Romanism is winning converts amongst the rich and timid, and Atheism, or what comes practi-

cally to about the same thing, Secularism, is sweeping the poor and desperate out of the churches by thousands, we wish to set forth some views of Providence and of Scripture, of God and Christ, that have kept many in the true *via media*. Here is something, we think, that will aid them in making up their conclusions, and they will be gainers whether they accept little or much. The views so presented to them may be very partial, and yet they will constitute at least one element of the great whole after which they are striving. The literature which was summoned out of silence by the secession of such men as Bancroft, Channing, the Wares, Thacher, Thayer, and Worcester from the popular New England theology, has not yet lost its significance. It is still "Bible News" to many an honest inquirer. Reverent and humane in its spirit, and very guarded and scholarly in its statement, it is fitted to do just what it professed and sought, not to anchor men fast and for ever in its own pleasant soundings, but to speed them upon the unending voyage over the boundless and unfathomable sea. There is a demand for our older books and for our newer books written in the old vein, a demand which can be greatly increased through just such an instrumentality as is proposed in the establishment of the Book Fund.

And this is not all. We have claimed from the start to be friends of progress, and most of those who used that word did not mean by it progress away from Christianity, or, as it is called, beyond Christianity. They did not look forward to a time when they should advance from a positive faith in great Christian truths to a condition of almost unrelieved doubt. They hoped to reach a better knowledge of the everlasting verities of the Gospel; not to be able to criticize the Saviour's teachings, but to understand and receive more thoroughly what he actually did teach. Now this hope is fast becoming realized, and we are free to confess that we are far more deeply interested in our more recent than in our earlier literature. It seems to be less one-sidedly intellectual. It speaks from a wider and deeper religious experience. It is charitable, not from indifference, but from an earnest, hearty love for those great Christian truths in which all believers are one. It is anything but retrospective in the poor sense of that word, for it finds in the living, breathing world of to-day,

near the tables of communion which are spread in our churches, the Christ whom so many find only eighteen centuries ago in favored Judæa. The freedom which this literature insists upon is a freedom to abide with Christ rather than with the doctors, and its negations lead directly to affirmations.

It will not be necessary to instance more than two works of the class to which we refer, and as these have been noticed already in previous numbers of this journal, a passing allusion will now suffice. We have in mind the treatise on *Regeneration* by Rev. E. H. Sears, and that on the *Doctrine of Prayer* by Rev. J. F. Clarke, and if the Unitarian Association had done nothing else to meet the necessities of our churches, these books alone, brought into the light under its auspices, would sufficiently justify its existence, and should inspire us with great confidence in those to whom the control of its operations is intrusted. Any careful reader of these two books will realize at once, that we have our own way, not of denying, but of accepting, the grand truths of the Gospel, that we approach them in happy freedom from technicalities of expression and theological jargon, that the whole domain of Christianity is ours just so far as we please to occupy it, and that we are not committed to a shallow rationalism any more than to a shallow bigotry. The aim of the writers alluded to, and of those who sympathize with them, is to show their fellow-Christians of other denominations that they can still believe what they have believed, in substance, only in a more intelligent and therefore more efficient way; and what is quite as pleasant and encouraging, these books meet with a hearty welcome from all save those who are found at the extreme left of our own denomination. A fund which shall in any way call out and scatter works of this description must be of the utmost service.

There is wisdom too in sending books as well as preachers, — yes, we should say books rather than preachers, did we not indulge the hope that both will be largely sent. When we send books, we can be more sure that we are doing what we mean to do. We can read them before they go, but we cannot always hear the preachers, or get any reliable account of them. We can designate the volume. We can protect ourselves from the mortifying re-

flection, that we have been at pains and expense, not to confirm, but to destroy, the faith of others, and have unwittingly been propagandists of Deism, or of Pantheism, or of Rappingsism, or of whatever else thrusts itself into Christian pulpits under the pretence of being an enlarged Christianity. Moreover, after a preacher has been commissioned and furnished with the needful missionary purse, he may, in the exercise of inevitable freedom, cease to be useful for any Christian purposes, or he may be disabled or discouraged by sickness. But when a book is once written and printed, we know what it is, and what, wherever it comes to a reading, it will be likely to effect. We are not living in constant dread that we shall hear mortifying accounts of its uselessness or worse than uselessness from those to whom we have sent it. And then a book preaches everywhere and unceasingly and to all men. It accompanies the traveller, and Americans are all travellers, on the railroad and in the steamboat. It lies in wait for him, inviting his listless eye, offering him entertainment with instruction for unoccupied hours, proposing first to relieve the uniformity of some river-bank or sea-shore, but giving in the end far more than amusement for weary moments.

A mission by means of books is especially necessary in our thinly inhabited land, and to a people so divided as ours is into religious sects. Attendance upon the public ministrations of the Gospel is utterly out of the question for a considerable portion of our fellow-citizens in the partially settled regions of the West and South; and in many districts of the older States, even of Massachusetts, which is one of the best peopled, anything like regular attendance is realized only with considerable difficulty. Undoubtedly, were there oftener a will there would be oftener a way, but we must make the best of things as they are; and very many persons, who will not ride miles through heat or through rain in search of Gospel truth, will read it when it is brought to their doors, and, it may be, after reading will be more ready to go to hear. There are many quiet hill-side and prairie cottages, of necessity almost hermitages, where the colporteur would be a welcome comer, but let him take with him fresh records of fresh thoughts, burning words that will kindle the hearts of those that are almost solitary and help

them to maintain the church in the house, the only church of which their situation admits. Our land numbers amongst its inhabitants an immense mass of readers, persons who have the desire as well as the ability to read, and, cheap as books are; many whose appetite for this sort of food is very good are but indifferently supplied. There is no need of any unfriendly competition in this matter; the harvest is plenteous far beyond the number of the laborers. Let other denominations give what they can produce, and let us give what we can produce. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." Only let there be one foundation, and each builder may pile upon it as he is able, and await the day which shall prove by fire every man's work of what sort it is.

But it may be thought that all this will be regulated well enough by the common laws of *demand* and *supply*. Experience shows, however, that this is not the case. "Demand and Supply" furnishes far too liberally a multitude of those who do not read with tobacco and whiskey, and a multitude of those who do read with publications infidel and obscene. Ours is not a world in which things can be left to take care of themselves. There is a necessity for Christian effort in pressing the claims of whatsoever is excellent and profitable. Not "Demand and Supply," but the American Tract Society, has scattered over our land one hundred and fifty-four thousand duodecimo copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and no less than 657,660 copies, in the aggregate, of four or five of Richard Baxter's works, — that same Richard Baxter who, as quoted in one of the pamphlets which we have placed at the head of this paper, writes: "It pleased God that a poor peddler came to the door, that had ballads and some good books, and my father bought of him 'Dr. Sibb's Bruised Reed'; this I read and found it suited to my taste and seasonably sent to me. After this we had a servant that had a little piece of Mr. Perkins's work on Repentance; and the reading of that did further inform and confirm me; and thus, without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me for himself." The Society just named has circulated 141,567 copies of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress." From its Fortieth Annual Report we learn that the receipts of the year ending 30th April, 1854, for the district which includes Maine,

New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, were \$ 79,171.67, whilst the affiliated but distinct organization in New York, which covers the residue of our land, received, during the same time, \$ 415,370.21. The Thirtieth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union gives, as the receipts in the Book Department for the year ending 1st March, 1854, \$ 248,201.82. "Sunny Side," that favorite little tale, published by this Union, has, as we were informed by Mr. Hoyt, the indefatigable agent of the society in Boston, reached a circulation of sixty thousand copies, whilst of "Jane Hudson" and "Robert Dawson" fifty thousand of each have gone out. "Hugh Fisher" is in a promising way, having already told his tale to at least twenty-five thousand different pairs of ears.

We are free to confess, that we have found very little in the Reports of the Tract and Sunday-School societies to feed such denominational vanity as we have. After looking them over, we questioned the expediency of calling the attention of our readers to an abundance which contrasts so strikingly with our own poverty. But if it is right to be taught by our enemies, surely we may learn from our friends and fellow-Christians. We have said a great deal about the heathen at home. It is time that we were doing something more about them. We have books that will help to make them Christians,—we might have many more, especially in the departments for children and for the less cultivated,—more of the "Sunny Side" and "Hugh Fisher" stamp. It seems, that, without any effort, twelve thousand copies of Ware's "Formation of the Christian Character" have been sold; the twelve thousand might as well have been twenty-five thousand. Let these reports of what our fellow-Christians are doing every year be put into the hands of our laymen, and we are sure that the \$ 50,000 fund will soon be made up, and our one colporteur, if indeed we still have one, shall grow into fifty. This enterprise is not denominational in any objectionable sense. If we succeed in it,—and great will be our reproach if we do not,—we shall only have discharged a part of our duty in the vital matter of moral and religious education. Are we to fold our hands and do nothing for our world, because we happen to differ a little from the majority as to some theological points, and

mystery, and left to show its own need of a rightful claimant or depositary. Bellarmine tells us that "Infallibility" resides with the Pope, "who can make virtue vice and vice virtue." Bossuet, on the other hand, tells us that the Pope may err, and that "Infallibility" resides with a Council. Other apologists commit the great trust to the joint possession of Pope and Council, and then by a course of subtle pleading attempt to meet the confounding facts of history, — history as written by themselves, — in which rival Popes and conflicting decrees of Councils, backed up by anathemas and excommunications, present a woful exhibition of strifes that do not appear to have had God as a champion for either party, though he may have been the arbiter between them. Certainly the disciples of Romanism must needs be pupils in a School of Doubt. They can never satisfy their minds as to the canon of Scripture, still less can they find assurance for accepting a system of religious doctrine and discipline which professes to supplement, and even rectify, the plain teachings of Scripture by a code of traditionary legends and cunning inventions. One of the complaints which the author urges most sharply against the Roman Church is on the score of its acceptance of the Jewish Apocryphal books.

"Rationalism" is a word of large compass with this author, and the School of Doubt of which he makes it the title takes in a vast number of persons who will be surprised to find themselves so classified. Indeed, writers and divines who are eminent for the repute of orthodoxy come in for their share of the rebukes which De Gasparin administers. Neander is singled out for especial animadversion, and great regret is expressed at his popularity in Europe and in this country.

Our author says : "Rationalism pretends to accept Revelation, and then proceeds to pass judgment on it: in other words, it puts man in the place of God." (p. 97.) Rationalism shows us "man submitting the thoughts of God to the criterion of his own thoughts." (p. 99.) Under every form and shape of this intellectual or rational dealing with the authority of what is written, the author finds lurking a spirit essentially inconsistent with a right state of heart and mind, and one which will inevitably lead to scepticism; indeed, he regards it as itself the result and token of scepticism. The only refuge of which he knows is in an implicit belief in "the Infallibility of the Canon of the Scriptures and in their Plenary Inspiration." This is the badge and sign for a pupil in the School of Faith. The believer must cling to this distinction. It is his great phylactery. Whatever misgivings one may encounter, whatever perplexities or embarrassments he may meet with, he must not yield for one moment his belief in that Divine warrant for the whole Bible just

as it comes to his hands. A very limited range is allowed for Biblical criticism, and for dealing with such matters as various readings and seeming discrepancies. But all these things are but chaff in comparison with the authority of the written Word. That our readers may understand how unqualified and positive are the terms in which De Gasparin expresses himself, we will give them specimens. "God, with his own hand," he says, "gives us the Canon; God, with his own mouth, asserts the plenary inspiration of Scripture." (p. 102.) "Jesus testifies to the infallibility of the Old Testament." (p. 119.) "For while God fully guarantees to us the whole Canon, he has unquestionably permitted some slight textual variations, which man himself has the means of correcting." (p. 139.) "In regard to the historical parts of the Bible, plenary inspiration obviously only guarantees that the facts occurred in the manner related, but communicates no infallibility to the human words and deeds there recorded. In regard to the doctrinal portions of the prophecies, properly so called, the hymns and the precepts, plenary inspiration proclaims the infallibility of the things themselves there set down." (p. 196.) "Plenary inspiration is as easy to understand, as it is difficult to describe." (p. 197.) The warrant on which the author advances these assertions in reference to the Old Testament is the belief of the Jews, and the countenance which Jesus Christ gave to it by not impugning it, and even more by his own reverential way of quoting its text with the phrase, "It is written"! "Jesus Christ himself, constantly repeating, 'It is written,' assures us of plenary inspiration far more surely than would a hundred passages containing the mere formula of it." (p. 230.) "Jesus declared that no error on any point whatever had been committed." (p. 236.) "Jesus Christ ascribes the most absolute infallibility to the smallest phrase of the least book in the Canon." (p. 300.) The author then proceeds to argue by inference, that, if God has given such sanction and oversight to the Old Testament Scriptures, he has given the same to guard and to authenticate the Christian Scriptures.

We have reason to believe that the author proposes these positive assertions of his, with a full apprehension of all the conditions and consequences which they involve. He says that he has found perfect peace in the reception and application of his own theory. Difficulties presented by the text of Scripture, those on which the man of science, the critic, the historian, the scholar, and the casuist spend their ingenuity to discover or to reconcile them, after having perplexed him for five years, have yielded to some reasonable suggestion in harmony with his view of the divinity of the Canon and its plenary inspiration. To be sure, other perplexities have started up to take their places, but

he is ready to believe that these will vanish in their turn. Such is the course of argument and pleading pursued in this volume.

By some persons, who regard themselves as well informed in the issues now opened by speculation and Biblical criticism, De Gasparin's volume will be regarded as a virtual surrender of all ground for maintaining a faith in revelation which shall be consistent with the rights of reason and the conditions of truth. Such persons will affirm that they *know* that the contents of the Bible, taken promiscuously, have no claim — indeed, advance no claim — to be regarded as plenarily inspired; and that, if the only secure repose of faith is to be found in ascribing to them such a distinction, and in forcing down or running away from every honest suggestion that brings the claim into disrepute, one might as well make the necessary surrender of his mental independence in the Roman Church as under the Protestantism of Count Gasparin. While he is impugning the Roman Church for accepting the Jewish Apocryphal books, he says, "the innumerable errors of fact and doctrine gathered together in them" utterly disprove their title to be regarded as inspired. He seems to be unaware that some "Rationalists" would advance precisely the same *reason* for rejecting some of the contents of the Bible, and for qualifying the inspiration allowed to them. While we cannot but insist that an excessive abatement has been allowed in many quarters from the authority and value justly to be challenged for the Bible, on the score of difficulties presented to us by the criticism of the text, we should protest most earnestly against the positions taken by our author. What use is there in asserting what we know is false on this subject? The emphatic and unqualified assertions which we have quoted might be pardoned to the credulity of a superstitious idolater of the text of the Bible; they might even be gently dealt by, as marking the mental dotage of one whose years of strength had been painfully given to the conflicts of faith in an atmosphere of doubt. But let us beware how we claim for the Bible what it does not claim for itself. That is indeed to overshoot the mark, and to commit ourselves to a most supererogatory and thankless labor. It does not belong to us peculiarly to meet the issue on which our author now stakes the whole alternative of faith or doubt. We leave him to his own Orthodox brethren, whom he invites to the discussion of a point on which he finds them upon the same side as ourselves.

Memorials of the Life of AMELIA OPIE, selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and other Manuscripts, by CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. Norwich [England]: Fletcher & Alexander. 1854. 8vo. pp. 409.

Not a year has elapsed since the excellent and distinguished lady whose "Memorials" are now before us was numbered among the living. Yet doubtless many who read her works when they were in fresh circulation and in wide popularity will be surprised to learn that she has so recently departed. Her name was associated with years long past. No late republications of her early writings, and no new productions of her pen, have connected her with the present generation of readers, in this country at least. Amelia, the daughter of Dr. James Alderson of Norwich, and the granddaughter of the Rev. Mr. Alderson of Lowestoft, was born at Norwich, November 12, 1769, and died in the same city, December 2, 1853; after she had entered upon her eighty-fifth year. She was married to Mr. John Opie, the painter, in 1798, and after enjoying the happiness of that relation for nine years, was left a widow for the remainder of her long life by his death, in 1807. She had shared with her husband the struggles and straits through which he passed on his way to high success, she helped him to attain the distinction of which he was worthy, and she went from his death-bed to watch over the age and the infirmities of a beloved father.

These Memorials of her are not prepared with any great artistic skill; they owe but little to the ingenuity which works up from letters and diaries materials for feeding the love of personality and gossip. From the papers to which the compiler refers as in existence, and the wide range of correspondence which Mrs. Opie diligently cultivated till within a few weeks of her death, we cannot but believe that a far more interesting narrative might have been wrought out. However, this is all we are likely to have, and it becomes us to appreciate it highly, as we incline to do. The subject of the Memorials was a most pure-minded, pure-hearted, and affectionate woman, and her writings alike illustrate these qualities in herself and tend to foster them in her readers. She had not a lofty genius, a brilliant imagination, nor depth of insight. She herself confesses to foibles in her early years, which did not wholly leave her free from their influence in her most religious age. She appears to have had some loose relation to the Unitarians in her youth, and speaks of leaving them when she joined the Society of Friends. Her religion was in large measure emotional, but always richly bedewed with sweet charity, with holy and tender love, and with a sincere piety. The affectations of Quakerism, seem less silly

and offensive in her than even in Mrs. Fry, and though some of the Friends were anxious about the zest and heartiness with which she continued to mingle in the gay world, she kept her independence and with it her purity and sincerity.

Her life for half a century was spent in alternate seasons of delightful intercourse with friends about and near her home, in journeys to the Continent, and in visits to London. She enjoyed the society of distinguished persons in every sphere of honor and usefulness. Lafayette, Guizot, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Dr. Chalmers, J. J. Gurney, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Berry, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, are the names of but a small portion of the bright list of those with whom she shared the pleasures of intimate acquaintance or of correspondence. With an untiring philanthropy she entered into all the benevolent projects which originated about the period of her mature life, and she had always under her care some objects of personal sympathy or charitable ministration. Slight and imperfect as are the revelations of private life which are made in this volume, they are sufficient to awaken in the reader a new and more vivid sense of the sources of happiness, of daily comfort, and of unselfish interest in others, which human existence opens under a favorable state of culture. The close friendships which Mrs. Opie kept bright through the waste of years, and the yearnings toward the sweet land of faith for blessed reunions which every bereavement quickened in her heart, are sacred tokens of the high relations of humanity. Her Memorials impress us with chastened feelings, and raise us above the common level of life.

Sandwich Island Notes by a Häolé. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 493.

THIS is a very sad book. The extinction of a gentle, hospitable race is shown to be a necessary result of their almost universal profligacy. Mixture with foreigners has supplanted their idolatry with Christianity, but has not overcome at all their peculiar, besetting sin. In 1853 the Chief Justice of the Hawaiian kingdom reported to the king, that in his opinion "licentiousness is so deeply planted in the heart of this nation, — the cancer has spread its roots so entirely throughout the body politic, — that no skill of the legislator can cure it, and it must eventually destroy the nation."

Honorable mention is made of the missionaries as Christian teachers, but their political economy and civil administration are shown to be oppressive and pernicious. With an expenditure,

through the thirty-five years' effort, of nine hundred thousand dollars, with crowded churches and flourishing seminaries, with an almost dictatorial power over the natives and the active sympathy of the principal nations in intercourse with the Islands, it is really sad to know that nothing is done to arrest the infanticide, immorality, decay, and extinction of an easily impressed people.

Annexation to the United States, which our author advocates, would develop their material resources, augment their population, reveal the inexhaustible wealth of their soil, but could not save the race from passing away. An impressive lesson of how little a delicious climate, an admirable position, every natural facility, even superior religious privileges, can do for a self-indulgent community !

When Captain Cook visited the Islands, their population was computed at four hundred thousand. The census of 1832 gave one hundred and thirty thousand ; that of 1836, one hundred and eight thousand. The next census will not exceed sixty-five thousand ; thirty years more, and the " Kanaka " will have disappeared.

Armenia : a Year at Erzeroom and on the Frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. By HON. ROBERT CURZON, Author of " Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant." New York : Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 226.

MR. CURZON, whose former volume made a place for him among the most trustworthy of Levantine travellers, visited this little-known portion of Turkey as an officer of the British government, to adjust a disputed boundary, and at great hazard of health and life. Armenia hardly deserved to retain distinct nationality, or offered sufficient temptation even to the adventurous traveller ; the mountain-passes by which it is entered are exceedingly dangerous, the summer fevers widely prevalent and often fatal, the winter weather protracted and severe, the natives are below the usual level of the Turks, and much of the country is a melancholy ruin.

The Armenian Church has been rising into notice lately because of the conversion of many of its priests, and some of their congregations, by American missionaries. The seat of their great patriarchs, called Catholicos, is at Etchmiazin : under him are forty-seven archbishops, chiefly titular, the three patriarchs of Jerusalem, Constantinople, and Diarbekir, an unknown number of bishops, and a great many poor monasteries. Their ordinary service seems to have more ceremonial and severer fasting than the Roman Catholic, with which they are affiliated. A printed copy of

the Scriptures has been in circulation among them for forty years, containing, besides our books, the "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the History of Joseph and his Wife, and the Book of Jesus," in the Old Testament; and in the New, the "Epistle of the Corinthians to St. Paul, and his Third Epistle to them."

This general possession of the Scriptures and the unusual independence fostered by their isolated situation have inclined them more than any other Oriental community to Protestant appeals, and have resulted already in perhaps a score of Protestant-Armenian churches. Were these confined to the wretched neighborhood of Erzeroom, among a stupid, retrograding population, there would be small cause for exultation; but the Armenian is scattered all over the Levant, is the broker, banker, "merchant-prince," of many a renowned city of the Orient, so that the influence now exerted upon them by the American printing-press reaches through Turkey, much of Asia, part of Africa, and even to the seaports of China.

Mr. Curzon's journey was made eleven years ago, but no material changes have occurred since that time, and his intelligence, fidelity, and descriptive talent entitle him to confidence.

The Electra of Sophocles, with Notes, for the Use of Colleges in the United States. By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, President of Yale College. New Edition, revised. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Company. 1854. 12mo. pp. 159.

THE students in our colleges have much reason for thankfulness to President Woolsey. We well remember the gratitude with which we passed from a diminutive German edition of Sophocles without notes, to the fair paper, clear type, and satisfactory annotations of the *Antigone* edited by this thorough scholar. The "*Electra*" before us is a third revision by the same editor, and embodies the results of the study of sixteen years, aided during the last, as the President is careful to state, by the edition of Schneidewin. The mechanical execution of the work is excellent, though it falls short of the luxuriousness of the "*Birds*" as issued by Mr. Bartlett, of Cambridge, and we think that we prefer, on the whole, the type of the latter. Still, it would be very unreasonable to make any complaint of a book which will enable the student who has any degree of diligence to understand thoroughly one of the noblest dramas of one of the greatest masters of the tragic art. With such aids at hand, our young men should be encouraged to extend their studies beyond the catalogue of classical books prescribed for a particular academical year. The notes of this edition are so ample, that a

teacher, though of course to be desired on many accounts, would not be absolutely indispensable, and besides adding to his knowledge of a language so exquisite as the Greek, the student of the *Electra* will be carried much farther into the depths of the human soul, that first and last of mysteries, than by skimming over acres of the *rifacimientos* that make up so much of modern literature. The Preface is brief, but comprehensive and discerning, and the notes, besides clearing up the meaning of obscure passages, are quite full upon those points of grammar which students in colleges are so likely to neglect to the ruin of their scholarship.

Russia. Translated from the French of the MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 499.

THIS work was received with favor on its first appearance some few years ago, on account of its various elements of interest, as embracing personal history, religious and political disquisitions, narratives of adventure, valuable local information, and last, not least, the hearty expression of strong individual convictions and prejudices. The author says plainly, that he went to Russia to seek for arguments against representative governments, and that he returned a partisan of constitutions. It was in 1839 that the author commenced his Russian travels, and he felt that he ran some risk in the freedom with which he made and wrote down his observations. These he kept reserved from publication for three years. The subject-matter of one page is no index at all of what will be found on the next page, so discursive and curious is this gossiping writer. He makes earnest expression of a strong religious faith, and we see no reason to question the correctness of any of his statements. The reappearance of the volume is very opportune at this time, for, without doubt, it was written with more deliberation than are nineteen out of twenty of the books on Russia which now ask our perusal.

History of Latin Christianity; including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1854. 3 vols. 8vo.

WE have heard of an excellent lady who lamented that so many descriptions of guilt should defile the literature of the

world, and innocently proposed that writers should refrain from telling of anything wicked and improper. If this amiable rule were adopted, it would put an effectual stop to all histories of "Latin Christianity," or Greek Christianity either. Indeed, one would be at a loss to find a record of more frequent disgusts, more teeming with infatuations, spotted more deeply with foulness and blood, than that of the dominant Mediæval Church. The student of this confused and revolting period, who looks chiefly at its historic surface, will be tempted sometimes to regard the actors in it as little better than so many savage or cunning or silly beasts; and even to strike in with the whimsical remark of a very benevolent divine, that man may seem to be the meanest creature of the Almighty, excepting the monkeys. Not that it is good to be cynical, even in sport. It would be childish, also, not to reflect that the noblest qualities of mind and affection, and the dearest charities of human life, were active, though unrecorded, under the most turbulent tides of events; and that those ages which are stigmatized as dark, and were really so chaotic, still felt the breath of a heavenly Providence upon their face, and bore the elements and struggles towards fairer births in their bosom. After making every allowance, however, that justice requires, and subduing the feelings to the kindest temper of judgment, every one must admit that cruelty, craft, baseness, and all the worst passions, are odious in an extraordinary degree, when they are mixed up with religious pretension, and the current of ecclesiastical narrative, and the purest and highest objects of human thought.

The title of these volumes seems to give the promise of unity to a complicated subject. It sounds as if it meant to inclose within well-defined limits a portion of history that is for ever wandering out into all the regions and dialects of the earth; as if by a new method it would clear up and guide our thoughts where they are in great danger of being confused and desultory. But such a promise could hardly be fulfilled. It is rather kept to the ear than realized to the understanding. The boundaries of what can be called Latin Christianity are not found on examination to be very precise. It ends, indeed, naturally enough, with the Reformation. But when does it begin? Dean Milman brings us a little to a stand with his very opening sentence: "The great event in the history of our religion and of mankind, during many centuries after the extinction of Paganism, is the rise, the development, and the domination of Latin Christianity." This is saying that it did not begin till Heathenism had fallen. But certainly long before that event took place the new religion had written freely in the Roman tongue. Tertullian had poured out his burning African heart in a style that, if something harsh, was that of

the old Empire. Cyprian, a most copious author in the same speech, failed to save his life from the fury of idolaters. Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, could describe "The Death of the Persecutors"; but they were a race that even in his time was not quite extinct, and showed their animosity, though on a smaller scale, as bitterly as ever. And not far from a century earlier than he, Minucius Felix, who is called a Christian Father, published a Treatise which has been admired for its graceful Latinity as well as for its sentiments. In addition to this is the further consideration, that the West and the East were so intertwined, down to the era of the great schism, that it is impossible to avoid speaking of one almost as much as the other in certain parts of the narrative. We do not mean to charge any serious defect here against the plan of the present work, which is ordered as well as it could be, so far as that point is concerned. We are in fact to look upon it as the continuation of a former publication, the "History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism." It revolves round the Papal hierarchy for its historical centre; as is indicated in some degree by the second part of its title. And what a dismal centre to turn upon is the Papacy of Rome! With bright and grand aspects, it is true, but so closely linked with the worst abominations of the worst of times. Dean Milman is eminently candid in his judgment of this amazing power. He does not shut his eyes to any of its mischiefs. He does not gloss over any of its atrocities. He does not give his sympathies, as Dr. Lingard does, rather to such Churchmen as Dunstan, than to the victims of their tyranny, knavery, and cruelty. He plainly names among its local and political wrongs, — about which certainly we care the least, — that the Papacy has been "the eternal, implacable foe of the independence, unity, and welfare of Italy," stamping upon it the doom of servitude to "the stranger." At the same time, he recognizes with a willing admiration the services that it has rendered to civilization in the stormy ages when its ascendancy was the greatest. It would be hard to find within the compass of a single page so comprehensive, so discriminating, and so hearty a recital of these services, as is contained in the closing paragraph of the third chapter of his seventh book. He goes so far as to say, that Gregory VII. himself may be considered, "in some respects, and with great drawbacks, a benefactor to mankind."

With so trusty a guide, one feels ready and eager to traverse again even such dreary tracks as those that lie through the Mediæval Church. Dean Milman brings to his task the highest qualities for doing it well; an accomplished mind trained by the most generous studies, copious and various learning, habits of accurate research, and the preparation of many years of thought directed

towards this very subject. A poet, dramatist, and divine, as well as an historian, he has long taken an honorable part in the elegant literature of Great Britain, uniting the gifts of a fine imagination to a philosophical spirit. We had reason, therefore, to expect much from these volumes; and it would be ungrateful to say that we have been disappointed, though the merits of different parts are very unequal. The intellectual tone of them is excellent always. They invariably show a large and charitable nature. Some of the stories are exceedingly well told. The criticisms, references, illustrations, that meet us just often enough in the notes, are very apt to be interesting by their shrewdness, their information, or their suggestiveness. Such chapters as that on Iconoclasm are marked with great refinement of thought. The accounts of early Britain, and of the first British missionaries, are related with peculiar beauty and effect. In a few other places we could willingly have been spared some of the minuteness of historic detail, for the sake of receiving, in its stead, those fine generalizations, which the author understands too well how to make to present them with no freer a hand. His polished words often seem running to sad waste, as they glide in and out through a rapid list of rascals with sacred and noble names, who are busy about some villany or other in bewildering ways that no living mortal can care to comprehend.

We are constrained to say what will sound very strangely to those who have not looked into these volumes, but are familiar with the literary fame of their author, that the pleasure and even the facility of reading them are both much impaired by the hard and faulty style of their composition. We do not mean that it is obscure with that German haziness which is apt to make the Chevalier Bunsen so difficult to get on with. Still less do we mean that it has the faultiness of Sir Archibald Alison, with his turgid trivialities. The faults we must name are of a different kind from theirs. At times the blame seems chargeable upon carelessness; for the writer appears to be fairly wearied with the dulness of his labor, and with a consciousness of the weariness that he must inflict. But for the most part it is not so. We are obliged to think that he has carefully chosen his peculiar modes of expression, unless we may suppose that his long course of Latin and Teutonic studies has given an unsuspected twist to his English periods. We should be ashamed to be speaking now of small matters;—such as the very frequent use of the verb “had” in the old-fashioned subjunctive mood, instead of the usual “might, could, would, or should have,” though the sentence is often rendered entirely ambiguous thereby;—or such as the word “directly,” for “as soon as,” an inaccuracy which we bear with in the irresistible flood of Charles Dickens’s humor and pa-

thos and stirring narrative, but which we do not excuse so easily in the Dean of St. Paul's. There are graver objections; such as really impede our journey through his book. The first is, that the language is habitually so elliptical as to arrest the attention by that singularity, and to give an impression of uneasiness as it hitches rather than flows along. The second is, that both the words of a sentence and the members of it are set together in stiff and unnatural relations very frequently. The governing noun is allowed to stand at long and intercepted distance from what it governs, and in the rear instead of the front; while the dislocated parts are forced into awkward and even ungrammatical combinations. A careful critic could fill pages with examples of such blemishes; where the laws of syntax are infringed; where expressions occur that do not bear analyzing; where the meaning is gathered with difficulty; and even where the verbal construction points a different way from the intention of the writer.

These volumes do not conclude the work. Two centuries and a half of the proposed History still remain, which will occupy probably — though we are not told so — two volumes more. In the closing pages of the third, Dean Milman explodes three of the fabulous accounts that have caught and deceived the ear of History. We will briefly relate these; that we may not seem to part in the spirit of fault-finding with one who is so distinguished an ornament of English letters. The romantic story of the Saracen princess, who became the mother of Thomas à Becket, seems too pretty to lose; but it is a sheer invention, — “an unquestionable ballad, if there ever was an historic ballad,” says our author (though we have taken the liberty to reverse the order of his words for the sake of greater distinctness). We were surprised to learn, also, that even the Saxon descent of that strange, strong man — into a belief of which the learned Thierry was deceived, and upon which he builds so much in his “*Histoire des Normands*” — is just as undeniably “an historic fable.” Another myth is that of the Pope Alexander III. treading upon the neck of the fierce Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. The story so circumstantially rehearsed is an extraordinary fiction, which Milman supposes, though he does not tell us on what authority, to have originated from pictures representing his Holiness and his Majesty in such unseemly postures. “As Poetry has so often, here Painting for once become History,” he says. The thought is a good one; but we cannot help calling the attention of our readers to the singular fashion in which it is expressed. The last of these false legends is that which represents Celestine III. kicking off the crown from the head of Henry VI., which he had let him receive from between his feet,

and which the Cardinals then caught up and replaced. English hostility to the base and haughty Emperor on account of his treatment of Richard Cœur de Lion may perhaps have framed the falsehood. It is certain that Popish pretension right gladly adopted it. Truly the Church, as well as "this world," has been much "given to lying." The practice did not begin with Gregory the Great, though he himself has left us very pretty samples of it; and it is not likely to end under any Pontificate.

Gan-Eden; or, Pictures of Cuba. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 235.

THIS book is just what it claims to be, neither more nor less. It is no substitute for any other work, and no other work is likely to become a substitute for it. Pictures of Cuba we have here, drawn with truth doubtless, certainly with beauty. The writer does not aim to give us history, statistics, "useful information," or "solid facts" of any kind, though, if we may judge by his pages, imbued with the very spirit of research, he is abundantly able to furnish these. Not the least remarkable feature of the book is its style. We are safe in the opinion, that the style of composition in descriptive works should be adapted to the subject, like coloring and treatment in painting. Who would use the language of the East to describe Siberia? How utterly would a barren and studied diction fail to convey lively impressions of the Indies! None but a poet should undertake to tell men about the tropical climes, whose extravagant nature demands an extravagant art in its setting forth. The land of romance calls for the language of romance. Eliot Warburton's Oriental travels are written in a style warm and glowing as Arabia itself; and Mr. Curtis gives us the very effect of Syria in his luscious and languishing pages. The volume before us is not to be classed with the productions of either of these writers, but in its general character it much resembles them. Its author has *felt* Cuba, and pours out his feeling in language exuberant and varied as the island's own vegetation, — brilliant, imaginative, heavy with aromatic fragrance, but never too gorgeous, considering what gorgeous things he paints. His chapters teem with allusions and sparkle with wit, while here and there an aphoristic sentence lodges a piece of wisdom cunningly in the mind, and fading recollections of our old romance-reading are charmingly revived. If we were to criticize the composition of the book, we should say that in general it was faulty in being too uniformly saturated with elegant learning. The author's mind is so

abundantly stored with every kind of lore, that it lets drop its treasures in spite of itself, and so gems his pages with fine hints, criticisms nice but remote, rare bits of knowledge, and choice results of reading, as to make the style seem to the unimaginative, fanciful, and to the ignorant, obscure. To say, for instance, that the Montero is "as cunning as Clovis, and as false as Lok," is not, we presume, to define him very nicely, or by the most suggestive comparison to the multitude. But this familiar display of learning, which might render many authors liable to the charge of pedantry, is but a trifling defect of manner in one who evidently does not think whether he is learned or not; and shows him rather wanting in sympathy with ordinary readers, than inordinately conscious of his own power.

The first eleven chapters of *Gan-Eden* are devoted to the Island itself,—its scenery, cities, plantations, and social life. Chapter twelfth more particularly describes the Cubans,—Peninsulars, and Creoles,—their relations to each other, occupations, habits, and respective influence,—their institutions, civil, political, and religious; and a gloomy sketch it is, indeed, of tyranny, ignorance, hypocrisy, violence, and sloth, redeemed by nothing but picturesqueness. Chapter thirteenth, the most careful, thoughtful, and impressive of all, with remarkable gentleness and fairness presents a view of slavery in Cuba. The author tells us, that, under the auspices of some of his most valued friends, men of candor and character, he saw the system in its most favorable aspects; and he assures us that "Slavery on parade is just as repulsive to every thoughtful lover of his kind, as is Slavery in undress. It does not better the impression of the institution, that its victims appear to us sleek, fat, and gay." The case is certainly, upon the mildest representation, bad enough: for although the slaves in Cuba are protected and privileged in many ways, and their whole condition is superior to that of the American slave, who "has no hope but that of which man cannot deprive him, the hope of Immortality," still "the vision of *this* tyranny lights a flame in the soul before which doubts and opinions are as flax in the fire."

The next chapter gives an interesting and surprising account of Cuban literature, which will be new to all but the very curious in such matters. It is pleasant to learn that "there have been thinkers and artists in a land indifferent to thought and to art, true lovers of liberty in an atmosphere of oppression." The book closes fitly with a few brief but pregnant remarks touching the future of Cuba, which are so refreshing in these times of braggadocio and "manifest destiny" hurrah, that we would gladly transcribe them entire. To any very Young American they would fairly be worth double the price of the volume. Mr.

H—— but we will not divulge the open secret of authorship — does not believe that Cuba will ever be revolutionized from within, because the indolent Creoles prefer holding their slaves quietly under the dominion of Spain, to securing them as auxiliaries or meeting them as antagonists in the event of a struggle for independence. Equally unlikely is it, in this writer's view, that the island will be revolutionized from without; for Spain is stronger, and the blacks are more insurrectionary, than we are prone to think. And aside from all this, the wisdom of an invasion, or even of a purchase, is quite as questionable as its practicability, the social and agricultural interests of the Southern States themselves being fully considered. Such, in general, is the method of our author's "croaking," as he calls it. For his arguments in detail we commend the public cordially to his book, hoping that the concluding portion may counteract in some degree the effect of the earlier chapters, whose "flavor of guano on the lips" will otherwise, we fear, serve but to whet the already too keen appetites of our dainty adventurous countrymen.

Memorable Women: the Story of their Lives. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND, Author of "Lydia, a Woman's Book," etc. With eight Illustrations by Birket Foster. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 355.

MRS. CROSLAND has shown excellent taste and judgment in the choice of subjects for her portrait-gallery. She has wisely restricted her selection to the last three centuries, and to those women who have been even more memorable for their virtues than for their exalted positions. But she has also taken her heroines from different walks of life, and from those who have been placed in circumstances the most varied and the most trying. Foremost among them stands the illustrious figure of Lady Rachel Russell, one of the sweetest and most fragrant characters in English history. Born of a distinguished family, and living in the dissolute reign of Charles the Second, this

"Sweet saint, who sat by Russell's side
Under the judgment-seat,"

preserved a life of unspotted purity in the midst of the fiercest afflictions, and has left a name to be held in honor wherever the domestic affections are cherished. We know, indeed, scarcely anything more touching and beautiful, than the tenderness with which she regarded the memory of her husband during the long years that she survived his execution. Her published letters

are a precious memorial of unfaltering affection in an age of the grossest licentiousness.* The next chapter in the volume comprises a very pleasing sketch of Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Piozzi, happily discriminating the differences in their characters, and presenting their domestic virtues as well as their literary attainments and social qualities. From them we pass to a brief and appreciative memoir of Mary Ware, whose bright example is familiar to all our readers in the touching and eloquent pages of Dr. Hall's admirable *Life*, and must always be contemplated with fresh pleasure and satisfaction. In the fourth chapter we have an interesting biography of Mrs. Hutchinson, known to every student of English history in the seventeenth century by her fascinating memoirs of her husband. Interwoven with the sketch of Mrs. Hutchinson's life is a brief memoir of Lady Fanshawe, the wife of a distinguished Cavalier, and a woman of tried excellence. The volume closes with biographies of Margaret Fuller, Marchesa Ossoli, and Lady Sale, both of them remarkable women, though actuated by entirely different motives and moving in circumstances equally diverse.

Such are the heroines to whom Mrs. Crosland's volume introduces her readers. In perusing their lives one cannot but notice how largely trial and calamity entered into their earthly experience, and how much their happiness depended on the domestic affections. It is significant of woman's true sphere and mission, that these "memorable women" found their true position within the circle of home duties and affections, rather than in the declamatory pursuit of abstract or imaginary rights. When Lady Russell and Mrs. Hutchinson were called by a sad necessity to act in a more public scene than that which they so much adorned, their whole conduct was marked by the strictest modesty and good judgment; and when those evil days were over, they returned to their own families to educate their children, seeking there their chief pleasures and duties. Certainly Mrs. Crosland has done wisely in setting "before the young women of the present day" such examples of wives and mothers for imitation.

Her treatment of her subjects is, in the main, happy and judicious, clearly bringing out the marked features in the lives and characters of those whom she describes. But there is a frequent carelessness about her style which injures its general effect, and we have noticed too many inelegant or incorrect expressions.

* A new edition of Lady Russell's *Letters*, in two volumes, with portraits and illustrative notes, has recently been published in London, and is now before us. In addition to the letters previously printed it contains a considerable number which are entirely new. The most important of these is an unfinished paper addressed to her children on the anniversary of their father's death.

With this exception, however, we have little to offer by way of criticism. The volume, it is true, contains little, if anything, that is new; and its merit consists chiefly in the clearness and accuracy of its biographical sketches and in the healthiness of its whole tone. In these respects it is deserving of the highest praise.

The Symmetrical Structure of Scripture: or the Principles of Scripture Parallelism exemplified, in an Analysis of the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, and other Passages of the Sacred Writings. By the REV. JOHN FORBES, LL. D., Donaldson's Hospital, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38 George Street. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Dublin: John Robertson, and Hodges & Smith. 1854. 8vo. pp. 352.

It seems that Professor Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary we believe, has in the introduction to his Commentary on Isaiah objected to the method, introduced by Lowth, of printing the sentences of that prophet as if they were poetry, and so according to the commentator awakening an unfounded expectation. Dr. Forbes, stirred by this extravagance of the American professor, is ready to maintain against all comers that the Bible is all, or almost all, poetry; that, at any rate, it can be so arranged as to look like poetry. The truth appears to be, as most unprejudiced persons will admit, that the great Book of books is made up of both prose and poetry, and that much of its prose, going forth as it does from the abundance of inspired hearts, and being more than a plain historical record, flows on in majesty and beauty, with a movement which is almost song. The prophet must needs be a poet, and the inspired teacher or apostle cannot be much less. Moreover, the different books that make up the Bible are different manifestations and gifts of one and the same Spirit, ever entering into our infirmities to raise us up. We should look, therefore, for those connections and correspondences which must always belong to the various creations of the same minds, and we find what we look for. Thus much is certainly true, — perhaps a great deal more; indeed, it is the easiest thing in the world to imagine a great deal more, for the inexhaustible wealth of Scripture yields something in support, or at least in illustration, of every conceivable theory. Our author, taking a hint from the parallelisms in Hebrew poetry to which Lowth called attention, and further stimulated by the investigations of Bishop Jebb and the Rev. T. Boys, believes that he has discovered a very wonderful and

prevailing symmetry of parts in Scripture, an arrangement of sentences and topics which is fitted to illuminate and emphasize the transcendent truths of the Word. We have looked at quite a number of his proofs and illustrations, but we are compelled to confess that we have not been much struck with them; on the contrary, a vast deal of the work seems to us exceedingly puerile, diluted too beyond the necessities of the feeblest babes. We turned, for example, with some eagerness of interest to the author's analysis of the Beatitudes, because, taught by one who, although not a professor of exegesis, was mighty in the Scriptures, we had long been accustomed to look upon these golden sentences as descriptive of the beginning, growth, and maturity of the Christian life. Through the first and second Beatitudes we went along with Dr. Forbes very happily. The religious life truly begins from a deep sense of want: "Blessed are the poor in spirit!" It goes forward when we mourn over this want, when it is a cause of sorrow to us: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted!" But here, as it seems to us, Dr. Forbes completely breaks down, inasmuch as he takes the third Beatitude for a blessing pronounced upon the meek in general, whereas the progress of the true life and of the description of the true life requires us to celebrate the joy of those who are not made proud, spiritually proud, by the discovery that they have taken the first steps in the religious course. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit" the land, the land of promise, the heavenly estate; — they are free from that spiritual pride which has proved the end of so many promising beginnings; they are humble and silent, and do not exhaust themselves with parading before the world their sense of sinfulness and the sorrow into which it has plunged them. If we can trace a progress of this sort, it is of infinitely more interest than anything to be deduced from combinations of three and four and seven and ten.

Dr. Forbes has given us in a concluding section an essay on the plenary inspiration of Scripture, a dogma which seems to him so important, that he is ready to maintain that without it the Bible is almost valueless, because errors are found side by side with its truths. But if we could establish in any way the plenary inspiration of the manuscripts in their original drafts, who shall answer for the transcripts and for the translations? Have they been supernaturally guarded, too? Or, again, for the Doctor bases his dogma upon Scripture, what shadow of proof is there that Mark and Luke, who were not Apostles, were plenary inspired? How can they be brought within the sweep of the promise of the Lord to his Apostles that the Spirit of truth should lead them into all truth and bring to their remembrance whatsoever things he had said unto them? Not that we think

we could wish that Professor Huidekoper might have treated,—one question for which we crave at least an attempt at an answer. It is this: Why did such an opinion or belief as this book describes prevail so widely and so long amongst earnest Christians? Is there any basis of facts for what they so stoutly maintained? If we take what they say as spoken in a figure, does it express any spiritual truth? Christ certainly was numbered with the departed during a part of three days; he entered into the mystery, not only of dying, but of death; if we pass at once into the unseen world, he passed at once into it; he said to the penitent malefactor at his side, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The early Christians mistook, indeed, the place of the unseen world; we, with more modesty, or rather with clearer consciousness of ignorance, know no more than they; and whether we specify the under-world or not, we believe that Christ went into the abode of departed spirits. Was his spirit without consciousness during that sojourn in the unseen land? If conscious, how was it employed? These questions and the like crowd upon our notice. But it is ungracious in us to ask one who has already done so much and so well, to do more; certainly we ought rather to be thankful to him for performing what he undertook, than complain that he has not performed what he did not undertake.

The Apocatastasis, or Progress Backwards. Burlington :
Chauncey Goodrich. 1854. 8vo. pp. 202.

In reading this quaint, queer book, we were at a loss to tell whether amusement or admiration were uppermost. It is full of curious learning, showing in other ways than by direct quotation a mind thoroughly imbued with classical literature, and accurately trained in that rare discipline. With all this, it abounds in the most ingenious drollery, and careless squibs, and quiet or broad fun, that make it extremely diverting. And then the whole is crowned by a lofty spirit of rebuke against one of the most impudent pieces of charlatanry that ever dared to take the form, or rather the place, of religious instruction. We have not heard even a surmise as to the name of the writer; but we are sure, from the practised skill with which he handles words, that he has made himself conspicuous before this, and will soon be heard from again. His object is to show that the new theology of the pretended spirit manifestations, and those manifestations themselves, are only a reappearance of ancient delusions. And this he does with a keenness and force, which leave little to re-

gret but that so much of the merit of his book must be lost to those who are unacquainted with the Greek and Latin languages; for in these his style is everywhere dipped. We have room for but a single extract, and that must be a garbled one, from the conclusion of the fourteenth chapter: — "Let those who choose and dare, degrade 'the Living God' to a 'Principle,' and themselves to animals, that they may escape the moral accountability of men. Let those who need and dare, invite the presence and influence of familiar spirits, and take counsel of the souls of the dead. Let those to whose character he is correlative, or to whose wishes he corresponds, fancy to themselves or find in Nature a God, who, in his moral attributes, is far below the demands even of the half-unfolded religious consciousness of mankind. Let those to whom it is appropriate pay their Nature-Worship to the great Productive Principle; their aweless and irreverent homage to the unconscious Immutable Laws. As for us, still unto the King Eternal, Invisible, the transcendently personal 'I AM,' we will not cease to offer, through Christ Jesus, our love and our fear, become one in adoration."

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated from Designs by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 326, 432.

It was, of course, expected that the distinguished lady whose fame as the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has compassed the globe, would write a book upon the tour which she made in Europe. She was invited to cross the water by the earnest solicitations, not to say the acclamations, of many of those whom she had charmed by her wonderful story. Never has man or woman gone from these shores to receive a heartier welcome from thousands of the people of England and Scotland, than that which awaited her. She was sure to behold sunny friends and sunny scenes, and, with a heart like hers, the effects of her experiences would of course be "Sunny Memories." We think she has given a most expressive token of her own sincerity in thus proclaiming upon the very title-page of her book, as well as in her Preface, that she writes in gratitude and kindness; that she intends, for the most part, to record what she can love and praise; that the darker incidents and characteristics of human life in Europe are sure to find painters and narrators, and that there is no fear that they will soften the sadness of their representations or reports. We are proud to have had in England such a

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Harvard College Commencement. — The great festival at Cambridge occurred this year on Wednesday, July 19. Eighty-six members of the graduating class received in course the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on sixty candidates, that of Bachelor of Science on twelve; and in the course of the year thirty-five Medical Students received their diplomas. The following Honorary Degrees were conferred by the President and Fellows, after approval by the Overseers of the College, viz. : — That of Master of Arts on the Rev. George D. Wildes, of Boston; Josiah A. Stearns, of Boston; Charles W. Tuttle, of Cambridge; Thomas S. Hunt, of Montreal, Canada; and Christopher C. Langdell, of New Boston, N. H. That of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. Messrs. Milton P. Braman, of Danvers; William G. Eliot, of St. Louis, Mo.; James W. Alexander, and Henry W. Bellows, of New York; and Charles Wellington, of Templeton. That of Doctor of Laws on His Excellency, Emory Washburn, Governor of Massachusetts; Justice Benjamin F. Thomas, of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth; Abbott Lawrence, of Boston; James Jackson, M.D., of Boston; and Timothy Walker, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The venerable Dr. Kendall of Plymouth invoked the Divine blessing at the dinner in the College Hall, which, as usual, was attended by a large company of graduates. The Triennial Catalogue is published this year, and, dry as it seems in the aspect of its pages, is examined with deep interest by many eyes.

Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard. — It seems now to be an established arrangement that the exercises of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and of the Association of the Alumni, shall take place on alternate years. This year belonged to the latter body. There was not so full an attendance as on previous occasions. The President of the Association, the Hon. Edward Everett, being unable to attend, the first Vice-President, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., filled his place. Both these gentlemen were reelected to their respective offices, and the Hon. Charles Sumner was chosen second Vice-President, in place of the Hon. Charles H. Warren, who declined a renomination. The Address this year was by Professor C. C. Felton, who has recently returned from a tour in Europe, and who pleased and instructed the intelligent audience which expected the treat enjoyed by them. The dinner in the College Hall exhibited a happy company, and many good speeches were made, the palm of super-excellence being assigned in all quarters to the venerable Ex-President Quincy, who, after having passed his fourscore years, administered a sound rebuke to those who either charged old age with unhappiness, or lived in their early days so as to fulfil the sad presage.

New Books.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. continue their series of the British Poets, published in large duodecimo form, by two volumes, containing "The Poetical Works of John Milton, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by John Mitford," and by a single volume containing "Poems, Plays, and Essays, by Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. With a Critical Dissertation on his Poetry, by John Aikin, M. D., and an Introductory Essay, by Henry T. Tuckerman, Esq." The luxurious style in which these volumes appear, and their illustrative apparatus, with the fine portraits of the respective authors, will commend this series of the Poets to a sufficiently large number of purchasers to reward the enterprise of the publishers.

The same firm have issued the sixth volume of their edition of Lingard's History of England. This laborious work of the Roman Catholic historian has a deserved reputation on the score of faithful research, while those who expect the mental bias of the author to appear in it will none the less value it, as a party statement of issues the other side of which appears in our Protestant histories.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have published, in four sumptuous octavo volumes, "The Philosophical Works of David Hume," the preparation of which was some time since announced in our pages. We hope to do our part upon these volumes in our next Number.

The same firm have added three more volumes to their beautiful series of the British Poets, containing, "The Poetical Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with a Memoir"; "The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt, with a Memoir"; and "The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, with Notes, and a Biographical Sketch, by Rev. W. A. Hill, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford." We are glad to learn that the large outlay staked by the publishers upon this enterprise, which at first seemed venturesome, is put beyond all risk by the appreciating patronage of our large reading public.

The Messrs. Harper, of New York, have commenced the publication in numbers, to be issued semi-monthly, of a Statistical Gazetteer of the World, with special reference to the United States and British America. This work, of which we have seen three numbers reaching down alphabetically to the name Dover, appears in royal octavo form, printed in double columns, and is to be enriched with seven maps from the most recent surveys and explorations. The most accurate and elaborate works of foreign authors furnish the materials of this, so far as they concern the other regions of the globe, while particular pains are given by the Editor to the details of the census, of commerce, manufactures, &c., in places that have but recently received a name on this continent.

The same firm have published a very entertaining work on a fresh field of observation, bearing the following title: "Twenty Years in the Philippines, translated from the French of Paul P. de la Girioniere, revised and extended by the Author, expressly for this Edition." (12mo, pp. 372.) The writer went to these islands as a surgeon on board a French ship, and, being detained by circumstances, made his residence there for a score of years. He has taken pains to authenticate his own credibility as a narrator by good testimonies. This book will afford much interest and instruction, both by its illustrations and its printed pages.

Another of the pleasant series of Biographical History, by Jacob Abbott, has been issued by the Harpers, containing the History of Pyrrhus. (16mo, pp. 304.)

Redfield, of New York, has published in a generous style the "Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America in the Years 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814, or the First American Settlement on the Pacific. By Gabriel Franchere. Translated and Edited by J. V. Huntington." (12mo, pp. 376.) This also is an illustrated book, whose pages are filled with information relating to an arduous and hazardous enterprise which opened the way for a now flourishing commerce.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Theological School at Meadville, Pa. — A peculiar interest and solemnity attended the anniversary exercises of this promising Western institution this year. After ten years of faithful effort on the part of its founders and officers, aided by the generous sympathy, faith, and gifts of its friends over the whole Union, this School may be regarded as rooted in the affections and hopes of our brotherhood. For many reasons we look to it, and to its annual contribution of faithful men to the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, with an earnest confidence and with anxious expectations. Taken in connection with Antioch College, we must trust to it to do a work for the West which will ere long react upon the East, — a work between the success and the failure of which issues of unspeakable moment are suspended. The new Divinity Hall of the Meadville School was solemnly dedicated by appropriate services on June 28th. We have just finished the perusal of the Sermon which was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Providence, R. I., and which, as published in a handsome pamphlet by the Western Unitarian Conference, is for sale in this city, by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. May the exercises, the studies, the influences, and all the results connected with that institution, be in harmony with the spirit and lessons of this excellent Discourse. Its tone and its counsels are eminently Christian, breathing out a hearty, wise, and cheerful piety, recognizing the limitations of human faculties, the unavoidable divergences of human judgments, and the high demands of charity, while exacting for truth, for Christian truth, the reverent allegiance of those whose earthly and immortal welfare it concerns. The subject of the Discourse is, "The Spirit of Truth." The text is John xvi. 13. The heads of the Discourse are summed up in the following burdened sentence. "The Spirit of Truth, — as a power to be invoked, a temper to be cherished, a theology to be studied, a religion to be preached and spread, — these may define our theme and method." While the preacher was not unmindful of the peculiar position and the emphatic points which distinguish our own brotherhood, and in the defence and extension of which the Meadville School is to perform such service, he dropped no sentence that would offend any Protestant Christian. We

hope that the Western Conference will secure to this Discourse, so fervent, so intelligible, and so generous in its spirit, the widest possible circulation.

The Sermon before the Graduating Class was preached on the evening of the same day, by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., — a classmate, in Amherst College, of Dr. Stebbins, the President of the Meadville School: The Sermon was a most vigorous and happy production of a man whose characteristics as an independent and most popular preacher in the ranks of Orthodoxy are well known by our readers.

The Sermon before the Alumni of the School was preached on the next day by the Rev. Rush R. Shippen, of Chicago, the publication of which is promised.

Eleven students graduated from the School this year. We give the subjects of the dissertations read by them in connection with their names.

1. Plenary Inspiration, by Henry B. Burgess. 2. The Prophet Elijah, by Lorenzo C. Kelsey. 3. The Faithful Minister's Reward, by Tyler C. Moulton. 4. The Jansenists, by John Murray. 5. Heathen at Home, by D. C. O'Daniels. 6. Personal Influence of Jesus, by C. C. Richardson. 7. Character of Peter, by Charles Ritter. 8. "The Field is the World," by William G. Scandlin. 9. The First Crusade, by Carlton Albert Staples. 10. Music, by Nahor Augustus Staples. 11. Palestine, as it Was, and as it Is, by George G. Withington.

One sad thought threw a shadow over the last Anniversary at Meadville. The occasion witnessed the fulfilment of many precious hopes, and the budding promise of more for the future. But there was missing from the happy company one whose venerable form and ever-cheerful countenance would have contributed to the joy of all the rest. On some following pages our readers will find a tribute to the late H. J. Huidekoper, Esq., the virtual founder, the generous patron, and the first President of this School, who died a little more than a month previous to the Anniversary. Blessings be on the memory of that benignant and good old man. We love our faith the more, because he was so noble an example, so true a witness, so evangelical a promoter of its Christian influences all around him.

Theological School at Cambridge.—At the Thirty-eighth Annual Visitation of this institution, which occurred on Tuesday, July 18, the Order of Exercises, besides indicating the devotional services of prayers and hymns, assigned Dissertations on the subjects following to their respective authors, viz.: — 1. The Import of the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints, by Mr. Calvin Stoughton Locke. 2. The Interests of Faith as affected by Historical Criticism and Scientific Research, by Mr. Richard Metcalf. 3. The Character and Influence of Methodism, by Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway. 4. The Use of Liturgies in Public Worship, by Mr. James Hackett Fowler. 5. Intellectual and Moral Faith compared, by Mr. Marshall Gunnison Kimball. 6. The Priest and the Prophet compared, by Charles Henry Wheeler. It appeared, however, that only two of the six members of the graduating class, though all of them were present, designed to gratify the friends and Alumni who had assembled for the purpose of hearing the exercises of the occasion. It appeared, moreover, that one of the ten thousand pha-

ses of that blessed thing called Liberty, or Freedom of Conscience, or Individualism, or the Rights of Mind, was in some way, either really and vitally, or fancifully and not really, connected with the unusual circumstances before us. A circular which was distributed about the Chapel, bearing the signatures of three members of the class, and giving reasons for their "having declined participating in the exercises" of the day, informed us that they had asked of the Theological Faculty "entire freedom in the selection and discussion of" their topics for Visitation-day, and that their request had been refused. We were about to say, that light was thrown upon the whole matter in the afternoon; but *light* is hardly the word to use in describing a discussion, or the effect of a discussion, which was so confused and for the most part so puerile, rambling, or involved in petty personalities, as to be wholly unworthy of the assemblage then present.

At the Annual Meeting of the Alumni after dinner, the Rev. Dr. Gannett having been re-elected President, and the Rev. J. F. W. Ware, Secretary, it was announced that the Rev. E. H. Sears, who was expected to deliver the address, was not well enough to perform the service, and that the Rev. W. H. Eliot of St. Louis, second speaker, had not been able to come northwards. Four topics were therefore presented by the Committee, that the brethren might select one or more of them in order that the time might be occupied in a discussion. The topic selected had reference to the respectful regard which the members of the School ought to entertain towards the Faculty and their established regulations. An Alumnus called the attention of the brethren to the omission of four of the graduating class to read dissertations upon the subjects assigned to them on the Order of Exercises, and requested that, if it were considered proper, an explanation might be offered. Whereupon one of the Professors, aided by occasional remarks from the other, proceeded to make a lucid statement, the substance of which we incorporate into what follows. Gentlemen, after passing the usual examination, on enrolling their names as members of the School,—and securing the privilege, if their circumstances require, of a share in the sacred bequests made by the piety of those who have passed away to aid in the education of candidates for the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—are required to enter into an agreement that they will comply with the regulations of the institution. One of these regulations is, that the subjects for the Dissertations on the day of Visitation shall be assigned by the Faculty, and that the written papers shall be submitted to their examination and revision before they are publicly read. Of course a generous construction is put upon this rule, and a very liberal allowance is made by the Faculty in its application. The reasonableness of the grounds on which it is established need scarcely be urged. The objects of it are to secure a proper variety of topics; to adapt each to the taste and preferences of the writer as indicated by his course in the School; and to exclude anything which would be unsuited to the occasion or disrespectful to the assembled hearers. If any candidate should object to the topic assigned him, a conference with the Faculty will afford him relief in a topic preferable to it; and we are safe in affirming, that the Professors at Cambridge would interpose no censorship upon the freest expression of individual sentiment within the limits of decency, good taste, and a due regard to the place, the purpose, and the character of the assembly, as related to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It can hardly be supposed that any of our readers need to be informed that religious freedom in its largest sense is enjoyed by the members of this School. They sign no sectarian formularies, confessions, or creeds; they enter into no pledges of opinion or of dogmatical conviction. This is the *liberty* of the students. The Professors, on their part, share the same manly, the same Christian freedom. They are not pledged for the opinions of those who have been under their instruction. They do not vouch for the intellectual soundness, the spirituality, the piety, or even the Christian belief, of their pupils. They are bound to require a compliance with the regulations of the institution; to provide as faithful instruction during a three years' course as is possible, and an agreeable day annually for the friends of the School when they come as listeners, and then their responsibility to the students and to the community also ends in dismissing them with a certificate affirming simply that they have pursued the usual routine of study in the School. It belongs to the churches who propose to put such students into the ministry to satisfy themselves as to the Christian qualifications of candidates; and if they see fit to ask the opinion or the advice of the Professors, doubtless it will always be candidly and kindly imparted. It may be found that they will occasionally give the usual school certificate to those whom they would most earnestly dissuade any church from receiving as pastors. It will be obvious to any reflecting person, that, while the rights of free inquiry are hereby fully recognized, no other course than that pursued at this School would be consistent with them. As regards any inquisitorial inspection of the Dissertations read by members of each graduating class, we can only say that the sharpest Calvinism has had free utterance on a recent Visitation-day; and that, though Unitarianism was then given over with Popery to uncovenanted mercies, even Popery itself, if it found an advocate in an Alumnus, would be allowed to plead for itself on that occasion. But seeing that the exercises take place in a Christian temple and by a Christian altar, liberty within Christian limits does not imply liberty outside of them, nor offer a hearing to Deism or Atheism.

So far as we were able to gather anything like a clear idea from the confused and gossipy talk which followed upon the statements made by the Professors of the School, the issue that caused four gentlemen to utter themselves from their seats instead of from the platform, was substantially this. In the course of the last term, one of the class had read a dissertation advancing some extravagant notions, which were objected to in the usual critical remarks that followed from one of the Professors. This same dissertation seemed to the writer quite suitable to be attached to the topic assigned him for Visitation-day, though the Faculty thought the connection between the two existed only in his imagination. Considering that the paper had been once objected to, to say nothing about its apparently forced relation to a prescribed title, the Faculty declined to accept it as a part of the entertainment to be offered to the friends of the School at their annual visit. Either the report of this refusal, or some incidental terms connected with it, brought up that aforesaid matter of "*Liberty*," and three other members of the class, after making the request to which we have referred,—that just as they were leaving the School they might be allowed to set at naught one of its few regulations,—and being denied, resolved to be silent then, and "to lay before the public, with frankness and fulness, the reasons and

circumstances under which " they took " this step." They say, however, that they were " not moved by personal sympathy, *nor by agreement in any opinion.*" The following resolution was passed by the Alumni:—

" *Resolved*, That the Alumni of the Divinity School, after hearing statements relating to recent occurrences in the School, express and record their confidence in the regulations of the Faculty hitherto in force respecting the presentation of Dissertations on the day of the Annual Visitation, as just and proper."

OBITUARIES.

H. J. HUIDEKOPER. — On Monday evening, May 22d, at his residence in Meadville, Penn., departed this life H. J. Huidekoper, aged seventy-eight years. The connection which our departed friend sustained to Liberal Christianity in this country, as well as his eminent moral and religious traits of character, make it proper to devote more than our usual space to a memorial of this good man.

He was born, April 3, 1776, at Hogeveen, a large village in the district (Landschap) of Drenthe, formerly part of what was then denominated the Seven United Provinces, now the kingdom of the Netherlands. His father, Anne Huidekoper, was born in Friesland; his mother, Gesiena Frederica Wolters, was a native of Drenthe. His father's family were decent burghers, and belonged to the Mennonites, a sect of Baptists who, in their practical views, resemble in many respects the Quakers. His mother's family occupied a middle rank between the nobility and the mass of the community, and had held public offices. But Mr. Huidekoper was too much of a republican to care for ancestral distinctions, and all such things were to him matters of indifference. His elder brother, between whom and himself a strong affection subsisted, left children, one of whom, Pieter Huidekoper, distinguished himself when Burgomaster of Amsterdam by resolution and firmness, as well as good sense, under very difficult circumstances. Several members of the family are still living in Amsterdam, and in the neighborhood of Haarlem, Utrecht, and Harlingen.

Although a very weak child, and not able to walk until he was three years old, the late Mr. Huidekoper enjoyed good health in after-life. He recollected going to a dame's school in early childhood, and studying his letters from a horn-book, suspended by a ribbon from the neck. Afterwards he went to the village common-school, which was a very poor one. The village where he lived afforded him few advantages for culture. The best thing which he remembered of his early years was the devoted affection of his mother, who seems to have been a person of superior mind. At ten years he went to a boarding school, at Hasselt, which he describes as a wretched institution. Here he remained seven years, learning little, because the teachers could teach very little. But when he was seventeen, he says, " my brother John took pity on me, and seeing that I was merely wasting my time at Hasselt, and knowing that my father's means did not allow him to do anything more for me, he proposed to send me, at his expense, to complete my education at Crefeld, in Germany. To this act of fraternal generosity

I have been indebted for much of my success in after-life. His conduct to me was generous and noble, and I shall feel grateful to him for it so long as I live."

In the brief memoir of his life, written for his children when he was sixty-three years old, from which we have quoted the above passage, he further writes: "Before I left Hasselt, I was, after the usual course of instruction, admitted as a regular member of the Dutch Reformed Church. This was, at that time, the national church of Holland. It was the church to which my mother belonged, and in which I had been educated, and was the only church which existed in my native province. The course of catechetical instruction, through which I went previous to my admission to church-membership, was not much calculated either to increase my knowledge of the Scriptures or to cultivate in me a religious spirit. It consisted almost exclusively in getting the Heidelberg Catechism by heart, and in learning to cite certain texts of Scripture in support of the dogmas it contains."

At Crefeld, he says, "I found myself all at once translated into a new world. I had hitherto only come in contact with persons who were from half a century to a century behind the age, and I now found myself in the society and under the care of gentlemen, who by their acquirements and their modes of thinking belonged to the age in which they lived.

"My new situation would have been altogether delightful, had it not been for a couple of pretty serious drawbacks. The first of these was, that I felt humiliated to see that many of my fellow-scholars, younger than myself, knew more than I did; and the second was, that I found myself in an institute where all the instructions were given in German, of which language I was wholly ignorant. I felt, however, that these were difficulties which could be overcome by dint of labor and application, and I set myself resolutely to work to overcome them. Luckily there is much similarity between the German and Dutch languages, and as I heard little else spoken than German, and could avail myself of my knowledge of the French language to ask explanations of any term which I did not comprehend, I was enabled in a very short time to pursue my studies with the rest of the scholars. Soon I learned to speak the German language, and even to write in the German character, and by dint of application and perseverance I had the satisfaction of finding myself by the end of the first year ranked among the first scholars of the institute.

"This was a happy period of my life, and one to which I have always looked back with pleasure. My studies were pleasing to me. For the first time in my life I had access to a large and well-chosen library, containing all the best German and French authors. I felt my mind gradually expanding and opening itself to new ideas, and enjoyed the friendship and esteem of my teachers and of my fellow-scholars."

During the last winter of his stay in Crefeld, it was the head-quarters of the French army of *Sambre et Meuse*, commanded by General Jourdan, afterwards one of the Marshals of France. In the fall of 1794, they had driven the Imperial army across the Rhine. Mr. Huidekoper had at this time an opportunity to see some men who afterwards became conspicuous, — such as the General-in-chief Jourdan, General Kleber, Le Fevre, afterwards Duke of Dantzic, and others.

After leaving Crefeld, in 1795, Mr. Huidekoper was induced to come

to America by the representations of his elder brother John, who had just returned from a voyage to this country, and who kindly proposed either to give him a situation in the mercantile house he was about establishing, or to furnish him with the means of going to America. He decided on the latter, feeling that a wider career would be opened to him in the New World, and sailed from the Helder to New York, August 12, 1796. The vessel was small, old, leaky, and a bad sailer, — the crew under-handed, the provision poor, and the passage occupied sixty-three days. But full of health and courage, these things did not dispirit the young Hollander, who occupied himself in studying English, and who, before reaching New York, was able to express himself intelligibly in this new language.

"Thus," says he, "at the age of twenty, I landed in a foreign country, with the language of which I was little acquainted, and which, so far as I knew, did not contain a single person I had ever seen; and here I was to make my own way, with no other assistance than what could be derived from two or three letters of introduction to countrymen of my own at Oldenbarneveld (now Trenton, N. Y.) and Cazenovia, and a letter of credit for money to supply my present wants. What rendered my situation more difficult was, that I had little or no acquaintance with the ways of the world, and had never been accustomed to act for myself, and that my education had tended more to teach me what others had thought than to think myself. I was, therefore, very deficient in experience, in a proper reliance on myself, and in the development of my mental powers. Such were some of the disadvantages under which I set out in this country. And notwithstanding these, a kind Providence has constantly so overruled events, that, with the exception of the loss of friends, my life has been an almost uninterrupted scene of prosperity."

New York was a very different place then from what it is now. We recollect hearing Mr. Huidekoper say that he called to see a gentleman living out of town, *somewhere just above the present Park*. A few years after, when he visited New York again, he found that this gentleman had gone farther into the country, to escape the suburbs of the city, which had begun to crowd upon him. He was, at that time, living in quiet and retirement about where Canal Street now crosses Broadway.

After a few days spent in New York, he went to Albany by a river sloop, the only mode of conveyance, and which occupied four days. Thence he went by carriage to Utica, then called Old Fort Schuyler, which occupied three days, a distance now traversed in three hours. Fort Schuyler consisted then of about two dozen houses, standing on leased ground, belonging to the Bleeker family of Albany. The year afterwards they sold to Mr. Boon some of the ground on which Utica now stands, at ten dollars the acre. From Utica, Mr. Huidekoper went to Oldenbarneveld, or Trenton, and delivered his letters to Messrs. Boon and Mappa, from whom he met with a very kind reception, and as they were all Dutch, living in the Dutch manner and speaking the Dutch language, he felt as if he had been carried back at once to his native country. Colonel Mappa was a Dutch exile, who in the struggle against the house of Orange, in 1786 and 1787, had commanded a body of patriot troops, and who after the revolution of 1787 had expatriated himself. He was a hospitable and kind man. Afterwards Dr. Vanderkemp, another Dutch exile, came to Trenton with his family. Part of

the first winter was passed by Mr. Huidekoper at Cazenovia. The last thirty miles of the road from Trenton to Cazenovia had to be made in one day, as there was no tolerable intermediate stopping-place, and the only way of travelling was on horseback. At half-past three in the afternoon he reached an Indian village, distant eighteen miles, and hence through muddy roads he went on alone. The sun was setting as he turned from the Genesee road, nine miles from Cazenovia; his horse was weary and had to be led; "and thus," says he, "sometimes walking and sometimes riding, I reached Cazenovia at nine in the evening, and at half-past nine ate my breakfast."

Mr. Huidekoper remained at Trenton till 1802, being part of the time in the employ of the Holland Land Company, which had an office in that place. He then removed to Philadelphia to accept a more advantageous offer of book-keeper to Mr. Busti, the agent-general of the same company. Here he remained till 1804, when he decided to go to Meadville, as agent for the sale of the lands of the same company in the northwestern counties of Pennsylvania; and here he remained fifty years, engaged in selling farms to settlers; first as agent of the company, and afterwards, having purchased their remaining lands, selling them on his own account. This business required great attention and industry; but it was fortunate for the country that it fell into the hands of such a man. The lands—instead of being held in large tracts by speculators, as has been too often the case elsewhere—were all offered at once to actual settlers on reasonable terms, in small quantities, and the time of payment made easy. The method of sale was thus. Suppose that a man wanted to buy one hundred and fifty acres, the price of which would perhaps be three dollars an acre. He paid down twenty-five or fifty dollars, (as he was able,) and received a contract, by which he agreed to pay the balance, at so much a year, during a term of years, and was to receive a deed at the end of that time. Thus, by proper industry and economy, he was able to make the farm pay for itself by its annual crops. In case of sickness or misfortune, more time was allowed him for payment. Thus many thousand persons, who came with scarcely any means, are now wealthy farmers in those counties. But matters were not at first put into a regular business train without difficulty. The previous agent was no accountant himself, and having an equally incompetent clerk, his accounts had become confused. To this difficulty were added others, arising from the state of the country, the disputes about the title, the attempts of speculators to get possession by sham settlements, and of some of the settlers to get their land without paying for it at all. These difficulties had reached their height at the time that Mr. Huidekoper took the agency in Meadville. The Holland Land Company had bought, in that part of Pennsylvania, about half a million acres, at a cost, including their expenses, of about four hundred thousand dollars. But the speculators who wished to appropriate the lands contended that the company had not complied with the laws, and persuaded many of the settlers to refuse to take deeds from the company. A gentleman now living in Meadville, who came there in 1808, says that, "previous to Mr. Huidekoper's arrival, a well-concerted plan had been laid through three counties to shoot Judge Addison, the State Judge, blow up the Land Office in Meadville, destroy the office of County Records, and drive off or kill the agents." In brief, our friend arrived when a state of almost open

war existed between such as had paid for their lands and those who wished not to pay for them, and in three or four years he had restored order and quiet without bloodshed. In about 1808 or 1809, according to this same gentleman, a stranger could travel through the country without becoming aware of any ill-feeling having existed against the company. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1805 (*Huidekoper vs. Douglass*), which declared the title of the company complete, tended to restore peace; and by Mr. Huidekoper's exertions in personal conversation and argument with the settlers, they were induced to accept contracts under the company, and the intrusions, so extensive and formidable when he entered on the agency, were reduced in a year or two to a few scattering cases. In all those early troubles, he never met with personal violence, though it was often threatened, and though he was once probably in imminent danger. Twenty years after, he was one day fired at, and his horse wounded. On this occasion he gave an example of that unpretending but imperturbable courage which made him like a rock in resisting all wrongdoers. He was fired at from the woods, and his horse (which carried the ball in its side till its death), immediately ran a considerable distance before it could be checked. Mr. Huidekoper then turned, rode back to the spot, dismounted, picked up his hat which had dropped off, remounted, and rode quietly away.

In the year 1802, two years before he went to Meadville to reside, he took a journey on horseback to that place from Philadelphia, on business. From Greensburg, on the west of the mountains, all was wilderness, interspersed here and there with small villages or solitary stations for the accommodation of travellers. At Pittsburg, which then contained only a handful of houses, he saw two square-rigged vessels, which were built by a Mr. Tarrascon, and one of which actually descended the Ohio and Mississippi, and sailed to France. It is said that the officers of the *Douane* in the French port, being told that she had come from Pittsburg, and on consulting their maps finding Pittsburg on the west of the Alleghanies, in the middle of the country, suspected a fraud, and refused to admit the vessel until inquiry had been made at Paris of the American Minister as to the possibility of the fact. From Meadville Mr. Huidekoper rode through the Cattaraugus woods to Buffalo, which then contained about eighteen or twenty log-cabins. Thence he went to Niagara Falls, where there was at that time little but the ancient forest, and not a house near, the sublime solitude of which deeply affected his imagination and heart. From thence he rode to Batavia, Canandaigua, Geneva, Trenton, Albany, and New York, and then back to Philadelphia. The whole of this journey of seven or eight hundred miles was taken on horseback, and most of the way alone. He often slept on the floor, with his head on his saddle for a pillow, sometimes among the Indians. The way was often only a horsepath, or the old Indian trail; it was mostly through the woods, where sometimes the mud was up to the saddle-girth. But though alone in the wilderness, he said that he never felt lonely, and was pleasantly occupied in looking about and examining the country.

At Batavia he was taken violently sick, but there was no physician, and he prescribed for himself. In a day or two, though so weak in the morning that he could scarcely mount his horse, he rode thirty-seven

miles, and at night felt quite well again. Such are the experiences in the life of a pioneer.

It was on this journey that he escaped very narrowly a considerable risk. On arriving, toward dark, at Cattaraugus Creek, where he had been told that there was a ford, the water looked so black and deep that he hesitated to enter. Still it seemed that this must be the ford, since the road terminated here. But riding back to examine, he found that the horsepath had turned out of the wagon road about a hundred yards behind, and following this he soon came to the real ford. When he reached the Indian's house on the other side, he learned that the first place he came to had been a ferry, and if he had gone in, he would perhaps have been drowned.

Another adventure, though it happened some years after, we will narrate here. He was one day riding through the woods, alone, in the neighborhood of the Alleghany River, and intended to pass the night with Mr. Brady, a brother of the late General Brady of Detroit. It was a hot day, and the woods were perfectly still. When yet some miles distant from Mr. Brady's he inquired the way, and was told that, a mile farther on, a horsepath leaving the road would take him by a shorter way to the house. On arriving at the spot where this path left the road, he heard a clap of thunder, which decided him to turn into the shorter way. In a little while this path brought him to a clearing, with a house and log-barn in the middle. The sky had already become black, and it was apparent that a storm was at hand. The house appeared shut up and deserted; so he led his horse into the log barn, and was no sooner within it than the storm burst. It proved to be a tornado. Instantly everything was black as night, so that he could not see his hand before him, and there was a roar like that of a thousand pieces of artillery in constant discharge. The rain, driven horizontally through the logs of the barn, wet him instantly to the skin. But in two or three minutes all was over. When he went out he found that the trees had been blown down by hundreds, and on making his way with difficulty back to the road, he could scarcely find a spot where he and his horse could have stood without being struck by a falling tree. So that the clap of thunder which had induced him to turn towards the clearing had probably saved his life, and in this, as always, he recognized the hand of a kind Providence.

When Mr. Huidekoper settled at Meadville, all the groceries, clothing, hardware, etc., for Western Pennsylvania were brought by wagons over the mountains. They were then boated up the Alleghany River, and so up the French Creek (or Venango River). All the stores for the Lakes, for Detroit, Mackinaw, Chicago, etc., were brought the same way. These were carried up the French Creek and Le Boeuf Creek to Waterford, and then by land fifteen miles to Erie. On the other hand, all the salt used in Western Pennsylvania, and on the Ohio River down to Wheeling, was brought from the Onondaga salt-works (Salina, N. Y.) by Lake Erie to Erie, and then by wagons during the winter to Waterford, to the head of the Venango River, down which it was carried in flat-boats at the opening of navigation. By this time it was worth from seven to ten dollars a barrel. During the war it could not be obtained by Lake Erie, and it began to be made on the Conemaugh and Kiskiminitas. The cost of goods brought over the mountains was, of course, very great. The usual freight from Philadelphia to Mead-

ville was in those days twelve cents a pound ; while at present the freight from Boston to Milwaukee is only one twentieth of that amount. Such are the changes which Mr. Huidekoper has witnessed since he settled in Meadville.

In 1806, he built the house in which he ever afterwards lived, and was married the same year to Miss Rebecca Colhoon, of Carlisle, Penn., with whom he lived very happily for upwards of thirty-three years. They had seven children, five of whom were spared to be with him in his last days, and to lay his mortal remains by the side of their mother's. The loss of his two oldest children, one at the age of a year, and the other of about seven years, was a deep trial to his loving heart, and the wound never wholly healed.

We cannot terminate this sketch of the events of Mr. Huidekoper's life better than with the closing paragraphs of the manuscript memoir addressed by him to his children, from which we have before taken one or two extracts :—

“Although this section of Pennsylvania has not progressed in improvements with the same rapidity that some other portions of the United States have done, yet when I look back on what it was when I first knew it, and consider what it is now, the alteration is truly surprising. When I arrived at Meadville, the country was very thinly settled. Industry was at a low ebb. The few roads which had been opened were impracticable for wheel-carriages. On the farms the sled was used even in summer, for the purpose of hauling ; and the settlers, when they visited the village, were most of them clothed in blanket coats, and nearly all of them carried always with them those common appendages of the frontier, — the rifle, the powder-horn, the shot-pouch, and the hunting-knife. Now we live in the midst of a comparatively dense population, and a civilized society ; and it is but seldom that we meet with any of the relics of those former days.

“But it is not the physical aspect of the country and of the inhabitants alone which has been improved. A very marked alteration for the better has taken place in the moral condition of the latter. When I arrived here, and for years afterwards, there was not a single church or house of worship of any kind in any of the four northwest counties, and I believe that there was none west of the Alleghany River. Now there is hardly a hamlet so small that it has not at least one house of worship. The Rev. Mr. Stockton, a minister of the Presbyterian denomination, was then settled at Meadville, on a parochial income which probably did not amount to \$ 150 a year. So far as I recollect, he was the only stated minister in these four counties. The Methodists held occasionally a camp-meeting, but beyond these the community possessed no opportunities for social worship and religious improvement. Now there are numerous ministers of the Gospel of different denominations settled all over this county. Then the common schools were almost exclusively confined to the county towns ; and even there they were generally of the poorest kind. Now there are several schools for every township. Finally, intemperance and dissipation were then the common besetting sins of the community. Instances of them are yet but too often met with ; but they are now only the besetting sins of individuals.

“As to myself, the greatest portion of my life has been spent in the West, and I have been happy amid its simple pleasures. Most of the

information I possess has been acquired at Meadville, by reading and reflection ; and I have become thoroughly convinced that by far the most valuable part of a man's education is that which he gives to himself.

"Few persons have enjoyed life more than I have done. Much of my happiness is no doubt to be attributed to the direction which my principal studies have taken for a number of years past. I have already stated, that, though religion was never a matter of indifference to me, yet that I had not formed distinct opinions as to many of its dogmas. I continued in this situation for a number of years. When, however, I had become a father, and saw the time approaching when I should have to give religious instruction to my children, I felt it to be my duty to give this subject a thorough examination. I accordingly commenced studying the Scriptures, as being the only safe rule of the Christian's faith ; and the result was, that I soon acquired clear and definite views as to all the leading doctrines of the Christian religion. But the good I derived from these studies has not been confined to giving me clear ideas as to the Christian doctrines. They created in me a strong and constantly increasing interest in religion itself, not as a mere theory, but as a practical rule of life. The firm conviction that there is a God whose power upholds us, and whose paternal providence constantly guides us, and directs every event that befalls us, has become to me a source of confidence and trust at all times, and of consolation in the hour of trouble. For several years past, I have been in the daily habit of reading some portion of the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament. I would recommend the same practice to you, my children, for I have ever found it a source of new light, and an incentive to goodness.

"I have now reached the evening of life, and when I look back on the past, I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to God for the manner in which he has constantly ordered my lot and blessed me."

The daily study of the Scriptures, to which Mr. Huidekoper refers, led him to a belief in the unity of God as opposed to the doctrine of the Trinity, and to a rejection of Calvinism and its kindred doctrines. It was his method to take every religious doctrine or opinion which he wished to examine, and carefully to read through the whole New Testament, in order to learn *all* that was taught concerning it. This course enabled him to come to precise and decided views, and he was always able and ready to explain and defend them. In a community where his opinions were wholly new, and where they seemed quite heretical, he was frequently compelled to defend himself from violent, and sometimes rude, attacks. But his self-possession and perfect acquaintance with the subject usually enabled him fully to maintain his position, and often to give his questioner ideas which he never had before.

Thus, it one day happened that a man came into the office on business, and, having finished it, said, "Is it true, Mr. Huidekoper, that you are a Unitarian?" "Yes, sir." "But how can you believe so? Does not Christ say himself, 'All power is given to me in heaven and on earth?' Do you not believe that?" "Yes, sir, I believe it; but do *you* believe it?" "Certainly I do." "What! do you believe that all power was given to him,—that all the power he possessed was *derived* power?" "Ah!" replied the man, "I never looked at it in that way."

On another occasion, he was rather rudely assailed by a lady, in a

large company, by the remark, "Mr. Huidekoper, if you would only read the first chapter of Hebrews, you could not be a Unitarian." "Very well, madam," said he, "I will read it with pleasure, and read it aloud, too, if you wish." The lady brought him a Bible, and proceeded to point out some texts. "Excuse me," said he, "we will read the whole chapter," — which he accordingly did, and showed as he went on so many places where the Son is said to be "*appointed*," to be "*made better than angels*," to be "*anointed above his fellows*," &c., that the impression produced was quite different from that which the lady had anticipated.

In consequence of attacks which were made upon Unitarians, he was led to engage in written controversies in the local journal, and afterwards conducted for some time a periodical called "*The Essayist*," which was not only edited, but nearly all written, by himself. All his articles were thoroughly prepared in his mind, in all their details, before he began to put them on paper. By this process, requiring a mental concentration to which few are equal, his writings became singularly lucid and direct, — qualities in which he was superior to many more practised writers. In consequence of these discussions, many persons in the village became interested in opinions presented to their consideration under such favorable circumstances. A Unitarian society was formed, and after a few years an edifice was erected for worship. It is not often — we know no other instance — that a single person, and he a layman engaged in other pursuits, is able to impart his own convictions and opinions to so many other minds, so as thus to lay the foundation of a congregation.

Mr. Huidekoper had the satisfaction, in the latter years of his life, of seeing a respectable society worshipping in the tasteful building which he loved, and of witnessing also the prosperity of the Theological School in which he was so much interested. But much as he loved the doctrines which he had adopted after so much examination, his religion was far more a matter of the heart than of the intellect. We have never known any one who seemed to live so habitually in the presence of God. His daily prayers, though he often used the same form of words, were never formal, — his manner, full of feeling and veneration, showed how deeply he was moved. Though caring little for poetry, he made an exception in behalf of devotional poetry, — and he always had near him a Hymn-book, Bowring's "*Matins and Vespers*," or the "*Sabbath Recreations*." The form which his piety mostly took was that of gratitude and reliance. His trust in the Divine goodness was like that of a child in its mother; and the involuntary word of thankfulness, or the eyes lifted for a moment, showed his instant recognition of the Source of all good. His cheerful views of this life and of the other, his simple tastes, his enjoyment of nature, his happiness in society, his love for children, his pleasure in doing good, his tender affection for those nearest to him, — these threw a warm light around his last days, made his face like an angel's, and gave his home the aspect of a perpetual Sabbath. A well-balanced activity of faculties contributed still more to his usefulness and happiness. He was always a student, occupying every vacant hour with a book, and so had attained a surprising knowledge of biography and history. We have known those who had just come from the study of some historical events which he had not read about for years, find themselves corrected and in-

structed by his better knowledge. Fond of active exercise, he was every day in the open air. So body and mind, heart and soul, stood in friendly relations and just equipoise. In his home, his genial hospitality and high-bred courtesy gave a charm to every reunion. His cheerful welcome, and earnest "God bless you" at parting, none of his friends will easily forget.

But perhaps his relation to the Sunday school was as striking as any part of his life. His religious convictions, his religious affections, and his love for children, all found satisfaction in this employment. So he was, for years, a constant and faithful teacher in the Sunday schools, both in the town and country, connected with the Unitarian society. Always in his place, always interested and interesting, he continued till the end of life in this work, and was with his class on the Sunday before his death. And how beautiful was the scene on each 4th of July, when he assembled all these schools upon the lawn before his house, and, with his face beaming with delight, addressed the children before sending them to their play. On these occasions he had amusements provided for all ages, and refreshments for children and parents, and during the long and happy day no one was happier than he. Generally selecting the smallest child for his companion, he would walk among the groups, and wherever he passed, the children, knowing their friend, left their play to run to him for sympathy.

Thus the good old man lived, — happy in life, happy in an opportune death. With his children and grandchildren around him, with ample means of usefulness, his life grew deeper and richer as it approached its close, as the sinking sun gathers around itself new glories and splendors at every moment. He was called away at last, when his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated. In full possession of all his faculties, with no slow gradations of decay, the silver cord was loosed, and the vital thread softly disengaged. A few days before his departure, in the last conversation we had with him, as we walked to and fro on his piazza, he spoke of the other life and of his joyful convictions concerning it. Presently he went to *know* and to *be* what we then thought of and spoke of only. After a happy day, he retired early, in his usual health. In about an hour his children were called to his side, and in another hour the spirit, well taught by life's experiences, had taken a step onward, and passed within the veil.

One who was present at the funeral wrote thus after it was over : —

" 'The body in the grave i laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.'

"The services this afternoon have been very pleasant. It had been raining from yesterday afternoon till late this morning. Then the sun struggled through the heavy masses of cloud and gradually cleared its way, until by the time of the services (at four o'clock) all was bright and cheerful. In our hearts, too, there came a pleasant feeling that we were not met to say farewell to our father, but only to bury our dead. Mr. Folsom read the Scriptures, and one at such an hour thirsts for the word of God. Then we sang the hymn,

'My God ! I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe.'

Mr. Hosmer made an address which helped to lift us into an atmosphere

of clearer light, and away from the thought of our bereavement. Mr. Stebbins made a prayer, good, and from a deep place. Then we sang a hymn, and went to the family cemetery beyond the orchard. The sun shone through the fresh spring foliage, and the trees which he had planted. As we turned into the grove of evergreens we felt that we were not going to bury his love. Mr. Hosmer stood by the open grave, and said, with a clear voice, 'Let not your hearts be troubled,'—adding other words of strength and hope. The sun, so near its setting, bathed all nature in its warm radiance, a symbol of the evening of our father's life."

"Farewell, good man! good angel now!" Since we have known thy goodness, we have to thank thee for a deeper conviction of the reality of human virtue. Thy fulness of spiritual life has given us a more certain faith in immortality. Thy cheerful confidence in the good God has led our hearts nearer to Christ and to the Father.

DANIEL WELLS.—Hon. Daniel Wells, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, died at Cambridge, Mass., June 23, 1854, aged sixty-three years.

Judge Wells, a native of Greenfield, was educated at Dartmouth College, and received honorable testimonials on leaving that seat of learning in the class of 1810. Only three years after, he commenced the practice of law in Greenfield; and from 1813 to 1844 was well known throughout the Western District of Massachusetts as a studious lawyer, a faithful advocate, a conscientious counsellor, a public-spirited citizen, an unpretending philanthropist, a fearlessly upright man. He was devoted heart and soul to his profession; he turned aside from it to nothing else; to it he gave cheerfully the strength of his mind, the maturity as well as the youth of his powers, all the work-time of his industrious life. He appeared more concerned to do right in it than to win praise, more anxious to be faithful to every trust than to earn preferment, more resolved to befriend the injured and save the tempted than to secure emolument.

After having served as County Attorney for several years, and honorably filled all the legislative offices he was willing to accept, in the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives, on the decease of Chief Justice Williams he was appointed his successor; in a post which he has occupied, with what honor the numerous testimonials of the Bar declare, for ten years. He died, it may be said, upon the Bench. He was presiding over the Municipal Court in Boston, on Thursday afternoon, when he was seized with the attack which proved fatal the following evening. Immediately upon his decease the Suffolk Bar, on motion of Hon. George S. Hillard, passed most respectful and sympathizing resolutions, as a tribute to his public and private life.

From the public position testified to by such sufficient witnesses in other parts of the State as well as in Boston, we rejoice to turn to the more private walks, where it was our privilege to know by heart his rare qualities as a friend, a benefactor, and a father.

Christianity in him was not a profession so much as a practice,—not a theory, but a life. It began with him in his morning devotions; it rested as a benediction on one of the happiest households we have ever known; it went out with him to counsel the friendless, encourage the depressed, and befriend the poor; it characterized his professional efforts, which were always penetrated by a fervent humanity, and were just as

strenuously put forth for the poorest client as for those who might adequately reward the care he bestowed on every case; it led him constantly to the house of God, where as a Sunday-School teacher he blessed the lambs of his fold, as a lowly brother, broke the bread of a common hope, as an enlightened, but not an innovating Christian, upheld the village sanctuary by an arm that never wearied and a zeal that never chilled.

Benevolence, conscientiousness, piety, told the story of his private life. In all his crowded cares, in the pressure of official duties as a District Attorney, his ear was ever open to the cry of distress: he gave away more than money, though he did not withhold that, he gave freely his invaluable counsel and professional assistance. On the Sunday, when those who had labored for him at Greenfield, or had been helped by him to a little homestead, or had been generously aided through some perplexing suit, heard that their protector was gone, many a hard-featured Irishman could not speak for tears, and the one voice was, "We shall never have such a friend again." It was the same in the Municipal Court: he reviewed every criminal's case at leisure, sought earnestly for extenuating circumstances, and gave his decision with a view as far as possible to the fallen one's recovery. In his family he often expressed this anxiety, and no more humane judge ever presided over our courts. It was part of his character to be deeply interested in the reforms of the day; one of the earliest observers of Total Abstinence from wine as well as coarser drinks, a disciple of the Prince of Peace, a fearless friend of freedom, declaring the Fugitive Slave Law to be unconstitutional, his large experience in the execution of the Criminal Law made *this* subject one of engrossing interest during his latter years. But his benevolence was unalloyed, systematic, far-reaching. No word of unkindness escaped his lips; no embittered spirit was betrayed, even under unjust censure. Remarkably frank as he was in intercourse, he was generosity itself to the characters of those who differed from him.

His integrity was his crown before the world. However some may have been offended at decisions which went against themselves or pleadings which bore hard upon their own interests, through the coldness of friends or the bitterness of enemies, he vindicated his purity of purpose. It made him appear indifferent to public opinion, it prompted him to sacrifice personal advantage, it helped him to overcome natural shrinking, it never permitted his concealment of an obnoxious opinion, or sought for himself any undeserved credit. And it will be long remembered of him, that, through whatever of imperfection and error belonged to his humanity, his purpose was equal justice to all, his conscience clear as the noonday sun, his reverence for right only equalled by his breadth of sympathy.

His religious character was deeply interesting, because so unostentatious and so uniform. Christianity had been to him a matter of profound thought and independent inquiry: the views which he had professed, while they were a public reproach and upheld at no little cost, were not those he had lisped at a mother's knee and imbedded among the indelible impressions of childhood. They came to him by reflection, were confirmed by study, maintained with earnestness, and exhibited in a thoroughly consistent life. The subjects of pulpit discussion seemed always interesting and familiar to him, they rose readily to his lips, and always evinced progress of opinion, generosity of sentiment, and depth of feeling. While exposed to some opprobrium, as, next to Dr.

Willard, the earliest Unitarian in his own neighborhood, he never uttered disparaging opinions of other sects. While holding fast to views which he had thought out for himself, he welcomed all light from every quarter, guarded the freedom of others as sacredly as his own, and encouraged the young continually to truth of thought as well as truth of life.

In his native town, whose growth he so much promoted by his public spirit, he will be remembered, not so much by his unremitting devotion to his profession as by his singularly exemplary character,—as one whom all classes admired for consistency of profession and practice,—one who never swerved a hair for interest, nor compromised a principle, cost what it would, nor feared to front public sentiment with unpopular truth, nor doubted of the progress of truth and humanity. And this was his power, the power of principle, of devotion to duty, of a single eye to the right.

Happy as he had been in his life, he was more happy in his death. Though he had had some presentiment of a sudden decease, his health continued generally good until the day before he breathed his last, when an attack of congestion of the lungs obliged him to adjourn the court in Boston and return to his home in Cambridge. During the night, his illness increasing, he desired to see his children, and remarked that if another attack occurred he should not live more than four days. On Friday afternoon he was suddenly taken speechless, and before the physician arrived was beyond his help, having passed away without grieving his family by any prolonged pain. Had he been called to spend months in dying, he could not have been more ready for the last stroke. For himself he would not have craved another day of preparation, much as he might have desired it for his family; he would not have asked for time to pray, because he had always found that; he would not have needed to free his heart from worldly ambition or embittered feeling or cankering care; for they had found no lodgement there. God's face as it came near could not have looked upon him with terror, for though a holy countenance, it was a loving one too, which his soul knew well; and in the lowliness of a child and the trust of a child he was waiting to be called on to his rest and his reward.

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER, 1854.

ART. I.—MILTON IN OUR DAY.*

EVERY age, however hopeful and progressive by its own strength, needs aid from its predecessors, not merely to calm its passion by the sober wisdom of the past, but also to inflame its zeal by fire from the old altars of freedom and faith. In our day, England has had cause to learn many a lesson at the tombs of her great champions of liberty. In new forms the priestcraft and kingcraft of the Stuarts have risen up to conspire against civil and religious freedom; and in new forms the shades of the stout Independents, with Cromwell and Milton at their head, have gone out to do battle against them. Our own country, although called pre-eminently the land of liberty, has seen something of the same conflict and needs something of the same defence. Some of our Congressional champions of absolutism might be confounded at once by the most familiar truisms of those sages of the old English Commonwealth, from whom our fathers learned their ideas of constitutional rights; and not a few of our

* 1. *The Poetical Works of JOHN MILTON, with a Life of the Author. With Preliminary Dissertations, &c.* Edited by CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1853. 1 vol. 12mo.

2. *The Prose Works of JOHN MILTON.* London: Henry G. Bohn. 1853. 5 vols. 12mo.

clergy who are making Oxford or Rome the throne of their faith might with great profit diversify their liturgical studies by the careful perusal of the old champions of religious liberty. It might perhaps be found that some ruins need to be excavated which are richer, as well as nearer, than those of Egypt or Nineveh, — ruins where not merely the furniture, but also the living thought, of buried sovereigns can be found.

We have observed with great interest the prominence of late given to Milton as a popular champion, and we propose to consider him mainly in this light in this article. We have chosen as our text the popular editions of his works, one of his poetry, the other of his prose. We have no ambition to cope with the master critics who have embroidered their names upon his majestic mantle. We are content to make a simple sketch of his career, and speak a few plain words to our own times. Not borrowing other men's ears, let us hear him with our own. Not striving to look upon him from their point of view, we will be content with our own standing-place. We do not desire to gaze through the Tory prejudices of Samuel Johnson, nor the Whig partialities of Charles Symmons; we will not borrow the spectacles of the Calvinist Newton, nor those of the Baptist Ivimey; we are not foolish enough to try to steal Macaulay's Tyrian purple or Channing's vesture of light. Our purpose differs from theirs, for we aim to give but a popular sketch of an intellectual leader, whose power every year is illustrating in its own way. We are not ashamed to be somewhat commonplace. If the preacher ought not to be constantly straining after novelty of subject and expression, but should aim to keep a few master-truths vividly before his hearers, the essayist should have something of the same disposition, and not think it beneath his dignity to do a little of the work of Old Mortality in clearing away the obtrusive moss from the gravestones of master men.

When John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College, was graduated at Cambridge, England, in 1631, soon to embark for his American home, he left among the students of his mother university not a few young men who were to act the most conspicuous parts in the eventful age then coming on, — that age of struggle between prince and

people, prelate and puritan. Among Harvard's fellow-students, two were destined to pre-eminent fame. He may have often seen, in the costume of the class a year in advance of his own, one, then a youth of eighteen, with figure tall and well formed, eye large and dark, and with hair flowing in curls, — a youth whose bearing would indicate the high-born cavalier, did not his meagre dress betray the student of charity. This youth was to win the highest reputation among the Episcopal party of his day, and to exhibit a beauty of style that has never been equalled by any writer of the English language. This was young Jeremy Taylor, the Fénelon of the English Church. But great as he was to become, Cambridge then contained a far greater, one whose life was to be in singular contrast with Taylor's, and whose name was to be a synonyme for sublimity, as Taylor's was for beauty. Among the resident graduates who were pursuing their studies in those great shades, Harvard must frequently have passed a young man of twenty-three, whose delicate complexion and exuberant chestnut hair, parted and flowing, had given him the name of the lady of the college. His eye was gray, his stature beneath the middle size, his step elastic and graceful. Harvard could little have dreamed that within that effeminate frame dwelt the sublimest of minds, and that the name of John Milton would stand above that of every other man of his age. Six years afterward Harvard was a minister in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and the next year, dying, he bequeathed half his estate to the new seminary at Cambridge, New England, and has proved no unworthy compeer of Milton by connecting his name with the noblest seat of learning in the Western hemisphere.

He died in 1638, thus early, ignorant of the commotions in store for his former companions. The seven years between Harvard's graduation at Cambridge and his death, were years of great progress with Milton. Leaving the University in 1632, he passed several years at the country-house of his father, devoted to the severest studies, and refreshing his laborious vigils with the dear solaces of music and poetry. In this course the boy was the father of the man, and in manhood but carried out the habits of his boyhood. He says of himself, that from his twelfth year he hardly ever quitted his studies before

midnight. It is affirmed that he was a poet at ten years of age, and however this may have been, we have specimens of his poetical power bearing the date of his seventeenth year. It is evident that when ten years old he was regarded as a remarkable boy, from the fact that a portrait of him at that age was elaborately taken and carefully preserved. From childhood he had been taught to cherish a spirit of freedom. His father, who had been brought up in the Catholic religion, became a Protestant, and, being disinherited for the change, encouraged his son, alike by the value of liberty and the price paid by him for it, to be cautious of putting any shackles upon his soul. Milton's early tutor encouraged the same spirit, and led him to look favorably upon the puritan faith and with suspicion upon prelacy. Thus educated at home, at seventeen he entered college, and there became distinguished alike for the beauty of his Latin verse and his opposition to the general pedantry of the place. At twenty-four he left the University, and we then find him, as already indicated, at his father's country-house, enabled by his father's industry and success to live without a regular profession and give himself to his favorite pursuits. He had been designed for the Church, but he renounced his purpose, seeing, he declares, "what tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe Slave."

Look upon Milton now in the second stage of his preparation, — his regular education finished, — look upon him in that quiet retreat, passing five happy years of a life destined to be shaken by great agitations and darkened by heavy griefs. From the age of twenty-four to twenty-nine, he busied himself with the works of the master minds of antiquity, and relieved his heavier studies by poetical compositions. What the details of his life were, we cannot say. That he enjoyed nature, that he was not indifferent to society, is evident; that he kept his heart pure and his aims lofty, that he looked with aversion upon the increasing tyranny of Charles and Laud, and cherished an independent mind, cannot be questioned. Without further remark, let us remember *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L' Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and feel at once that we are acquainted with this interesting recluse, and know how pure and tender was his heart, and how much alive was his soul to all the lights and shades of human life.

One more passage was to complete his preparation for the public career so soon at hand. This was the tour of Europe, which he took in his thirtieth year. In Paris he was introduced to Grotius, with whom undoubtedly he conferred freely upon the worth of civil freedom and the wickedness of religious persecution. In Italy, he had an interview with Galileo, and of him probably learned new lessons in the laws of the heavenly bodies, which that philosopher had so profoundly explored, and new manifestations of the spirit of bigotry, which had so striven to put down free science by shutting up in the dungeons of the Inquisition the man who had dared to assert that the earth moved round the sun. In Florence and Rome he saw the mighty monuments of Italian genius, and for him the beauty of Raphael's pictures and the grandeur of Angelo's sculptures had an eloquence unknown to the gazing crowd. He astonished the accomplished scholars of Italy by his knowledge of their language and literature, and surpassed the best of them in the elegance of his Latin poems. He wished to extend his tour into Greece, that classic land, whose leading minds were to him such familiar friends. But rumors of troubles in England made him pause in his course, and resolve to turn back and take his part in the great struggles that were commencing. Resting awhile at Geneva, not unmindful of its former history as the seat of Calvin's noted career, he reached home in August, 1639. His preparation was ended. He was now to be a conspicuous actor in the most important conflict ever waged between people of the British race.

Milton knew well what part belonged to him in the contest for civil and religious liberty against the tyranny of king and prelate. He had long watched the course of things, and seen the attempt of Charles and Laud to rob the English people of their birthright, and rule the land according to those principles which have robbed Spain and Italy of all their glory. He felt strongly the worth of the human mind, and looked with abhorrence upon the system that treated reason as a dangerous thing, and would force every mind indiscriminately into the shackles of priestcraft, and place ceremonious mummary before original thought or earnest piety.

Maintaining himself by taking pupils into his house

at London, he arms himself at his leisure with the requisite resources, and in the course of two years publishes four powerful works against the assumptions of the Established Church and of prelates in general. The first of these works, a *Treatise on Reformation*, ends with a prayer sublime beyond any other save those in the New Testament; and the last of them, *The Reason of Church Government*, ends with that thrilling prophecy of the coming of a great poet, which he himself was destined so strongly to fulfil. His words were not in vain. England, thanks to Milton and such as he, was not destined to follow Spain and Italy towards the thralldom of priests and the imbecility of slaves. The hierarchy soon fell.

Distinguished as a theologian, Milton now turns to topics appertaining more directly to the civil prosperity of the nation. Education first engages his attention, and his noble tract on that subject, in spite of his overestimate of ancient learning, contains almost all the principles that have made schools what they now are, exchanged a babbling of words for a knowledge of things, and made a sound mind in a sound body the true end of culture. As the political storm deepened and darkened, he felt himself called to take a far sterner and more stirring part. The liberty of the press was in danger,—in danger now from Presbyterian bigotry, as before from Episcopal tyranny. Milton was not the man to fight against oppression in his foes, and excuse it in his own party. He wrote the most powerful of his prose works in vindication of the liberty of unlicensed printing, and deserves to be named first among those who have stood up in defence of an independent publication of opinions. This work, published as it was in 1644, a year after the famous Westminster Assembly, shows that he was no more afraid of these assembled divines than of the repudiated bishops, and that he prized the Gospel and the soul beyond the Catechism of the one and the Thirty-nine Articles of the other. He was not one of those poets who, like Goethe, live in a sublime Epicureanism, an artistic study of good and ill, indifferent alike to the moral quality of each. The voice within him bade him be up and doing; humanity, religion, and even poetry, were to be acted out as well as felt. "Come up hither," was the call, as of the voice in the Apocalypse. He obeyed it, and strove to

carry upward with himself the general mind of England. He was the champion of civil liberty with the pen, as Cromwell was with the sword, and he steered right onward in the same consistent course, whilst Cromwell made necessity the plea for his subsequent usurpations. Political discussion is not our purpose, nor can we trace the steps of Milton's political career. He was the mouthpiece of the English Commonwealth, the defender of republican liberty and order against every foe. Himself not instrumental in bringing Charles Stuart to the block, he felt himself bound to defend this desperate measure against the hired pens which the second Charles in his exile employed to attack the Commonwealth of England, and before his scathing replies Salmasius and Morus shrank discomfited from the conflict. Never was patriotism more self-sacrificing than Milton's in writing his famous *Defence of the People of England*. He was told by his physicians that loss of sight must be the penalty, if he used his eyes in further composition. Though warned by their failing vision, he persevered, and thus devoted to what he deemed the cause of liberty the dear blessing of sight, to him the inlet to a world so fair. How nobly he speaks of the loss in the familiar sonnet to his friend Cyriac Skinner!—

“ I argue not

Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side,
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.”

Stanch, however, as he was as a republican, Milton felt that in all his controversial labors he was in a false position, and, to employ his own expression, he was using only his left hand. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, he was never wholly free from political cares. After resigning his post as Latin Secretary to the government, he still busied himself with state affairs. After Cromwell's death, during his son Richard's imbecile administration, and even on the very eve of the restoration of the

Stuarts, he contended stoutly for the good old cause, or for a commonwealth such as had been the ideal of his soul before Cromwell's later usurpations. But England was not ready to hear his voice, and she went basely down, accepted the livery of an accomplished profligate, and went from Puritan strictness into the opposite extreme of vice and luxury. Charles the Second and Dr. Sheldon now sat in the seat of influence before held by Cromwell and Milton. The throne and the mitre were restored with exaggerated honors.

Where was Milton now? where this blind champion of freedom? Like many of the demagogues of the Commonwealth, noisy for liberty when in the ascendant, and decrying it when trampled upon, and ready to spaniel the heels of king and prelate for some small share of office or emolument? Was he at all like his own portrait of Satan in the address of Gabriel?

“And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawned and cringed and servilely adored!”

Not he. Milton's noblest years were his last. We have glanced at the first two stages of his active career, and have seen the magnitude of his labors as the theologian and statesman of liberty. Now his cherished cause is defeated,—himself in disgrace. Nobly he illustrates the truth, that, whilst to the worldling victory is defeat, and carries within itself the germs of ruin, to the true soul defeat is victory, and carries within itself the elements of greatness. Content with burning his most offensive treatises, and willing after a brief arrest to leave the blind man to misery and contempt, the royal court went on in its pleasures and its plans. Merrily went the dance, brightly shone the lights within the palace-halls, and who of all that gay throng thought of the humble house where Milton with sightless orbs was gazing with inward vision upon a glory not of this world, meditating the *Paradise Lost*, and illustrating the magnificent sentences which years before he had addressed to an opponent who had reproached him with his blindness. “There is a way, and the Apostle is my authority, through weakness to the greatest strength. May I be one of the weakest, provided only in my weakness that immortal

and better vigor be put forth with greater effect; provided only in my darkness the light of the Divine countenance does but more brightly shine; for then I shall at once be the weakest and most mighty, shall be at once blind and of the most piercing sight. Thus through this infirmity should I be consummated, perfected. Thus through this darkness should I be enrobed with light." How true these words became! The blind bard was not to be pitied. Wisdom was justified of her child. The eternal light did not desert him. During that public reign of dissoluteness and tyranny, the spirit of the Most High had not vanished from the land, nor ceased to solace true souls with visions of God and hopes of heaven. How mightily it was working upon two gifted minds! We speak not now of George Fox and Richard Baxter, with their friends, but of the two great poets of that age, the one in a frugal London house, composing *Paradise Lost*, the other in Bedford jail, framing the *Pilgrim's Progress*! At heart brethren, — Milton and Bunyan, the one the perfection of learned culture, the other the growth of rude nature, ungrafted save by a scion from the Christian vine; — both divinely moved, both lifted into the realm of spiritual beauty and sublimity; — poets both, — one more for the polished few, the other more for the unlettered many, — yet both true to whatever is noblest in the human heart. Not in academic halls, nor in cathedral pulpits, not where Cudworth and More meditated on the divine reason, not where Sheldon and Morley thundered forth their dogmas of the divine right of bishops, not even at that privileged altar where the pious Jeremy Taylor, a mitred prelate, after years of exile and suffering, was proclaiming the Gospel of peace, was heaven so opened as to that blind old man and that dreaming prisoner. In their loneliness they heard and have made the world hear the voice saying, as of old, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things that must be hereafter." Fourteen years Milton lived in his retirement busied with classic and historical studies as well as divinity and poetry. His habits of industry were unremitting to the last. To the last his vigor of mind was unabated, and the high purpose of his life unforgotten. His last poem, *Samson Agonistes*, proved how deeply he could appreciate greatness in misfortune, and portray the heroism of

that Jewish Hercules who sacrificed himself to his country and overwhelmed Dagon and his worshippers in his own fall. His last treatise upon true religion proved his truthfulness to liberal Christianity, and showed that the flames of his early zeal had been steadied, not extinguished, by age and disappointment.

He died, like all great souls, without having entered on the triumphs destined for his name. Like Moses, he saw the promised land from afar, and was not allowed to enter in. He died in 1674, the year in which his great poem was passing slowly through a second edition, and before many were aware what an angel of God England had been entertaining unawares in that genius so halloved and sublime. He lived long enough to superintend the publication of his principal works, and sunk gently to his rest, sustained by a conviction, deep and calm, that he had not lived in vain and that his labors were not to die.

As the funeral procession went from his house in Bunhill Fields toward the church of St. Giles, the people gazed upon the sombre train, upon the distinguished scholars who had come to honor his memory, upon the few gentry who were not ashamed to acknowledge his friendship, upon the undistinguished numbers who remembered his services to civil and religious liberty. Perhaps some wit or courtier fresh from the palace was arrested in his rolling chariot by the passing procession, asked the name of the deceased, and then went on ignorant of the man, or, if recognizing the name, dismissing it in pity, if not in contempt.

That name now belongs to us, for Milton lived for posterity and made frequent and solemn appeal to the ages yet to be. He was not unobservant of the early settlers of our New England, and claims justice from us, their children. In his stately prose, speaking of the numbers of faithful and freeborn Englishmen and good Christians exiled for conscience' sake, he bursts out into this exclamation to his friend: "O sir! if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal form to what they please, how would she appear, think you, with ashes upon her head, and tears abundantly flowing from her eyes, to behold so many of her children exposed at once, and thrust from

things of dearest necessity, because their conscience could not assent to things which the bishops thought indifferent. Let the astrologer be dismayed at the portentous blaze of comets and impressions in the air as foretelling troubles and changes to states; I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation, (God turn the omen from us!) than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances, are enforced by heaps to forsake their native country." Thus vindicating the rights of our fathers, his name should have sacredness with us. Where shall we place that name? How shall we regard the man and his principles?

Milton stands in the front rank of the human race, among the great in mind and principles and achievements.

In intellect he united the gifts of the scholar, the logician, and the poet. Master of ten languages, able to frame poems in four, perfectly at home in the literature of the ancient world and the ancient Church, he walked with an elastic step under a weight of erudition that would utterly have overpowered a mind less gigantic in proportions. As a controversial writer upon topics of religion he had no superior, and in matters of civil liberty no equal. To a fancy sometimes as playful as a sportive child, he added an imagination that shrank from no task, however stupendous, and builded up heaven and earth and hell within its own vast chambers of imagery. How remarkable his poetry is we need not say to any intelligent reader, nor how broad the compass of his genius need we tell to any who have followed his Muse, now in her sportive gambols and now in her daring flights, now tracked her feet in the fairy dance of Comus, and now watched her wing soaring up to the gates of heaven and folded in reverence before

"That living throne, — that sapphire blaze
Where angels tremble as they gaze."

His moral traits partook of the grandeur of his intellect. It may be that his heart was more distinguished for loftiness than tenderness. He had warm friends, but probably few, though fit, enjoyed much in their society, and remembered them when his genius was propitious and his words could confer immortality. He may have

been too exact in his domestic relations, and asked too much deference to his intellectual tastes from his wife and children. He may have thought too little of the intellectual worth of woman, much as he honored her moral loveliness. If so, be it remembered that he was not peculiarly gifted in his most intimate feminine associates, and that even his daughters preferred busying themselves with their vain embroidery to aiding their blind father in his exalted studies. However opposed to common belief and to the romance of history, truth seems to say, that of his three daughters and only surviving children but one was devoted to him; and we have more than ground for suspecting that this sightless sovereign of poetry, this seer of an intellectual empire, had in his own family, if one Cordelia, also two not altogether unlike Regan and Goneril. He was not a stern man, but affable and kindly. In controversy, indeed, he sometimes overstepped the just limit, and employed the most violent language; but it was in defence of his country or religion against unscrupulous foes, and partook more of the irritability of a student's nerves than the ferocity of a savage heart.

His spirit was devout almost without parallel. Whatever his age or whatever his theme, his heart, so daring and defying before man, was before God subdued into humility and lifted up only in praise,—in praises well described in his own grand words, like “a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.”

As a man of active force, he exhibited an unwearied energy and indomitable perseverance, uniting the most methodical labor with the most exuberant inspiration. Let none say that the poet cannot be a practical man, so long as we know that Milton stood among the chief statesmen of his day, and as State Secretary by his official papers made Europe ring with his name. That he deserves a place in the first rank of practical minds, we cannot say. He was great in the purity and justice of his principles,—not so great in the prudence of his measures. His treatises on Divorce prove the elevation of his ideas regarding marriage, and also the inadequacy of his judgment in applying those ideas to life. His work on the Method of a Commonwealth shows the worth of liberty, but not so well the method of securing

it; for a perpetual parliament, such as he advocates, would be no security for the stability of freedom. A man of wise ideas rather than of prudent plans, he ranks high among the Platonic, not so high among the Aristotelian, class of minds.

Compare him with other men, where shall we find his peer? Where shall we find the profound theologian, the commanding statesman, the universal scholar, so blended with the majestic poet?

As a theologian he belongs to the liberal school, favoring as he did independent investigation and wide communion. He had no sympathy with mitred intolerance, nor gowned bigotry;—not bishop or presbyter, but the Bible and the Spirit, were his oracles. If he was uncharitable at all, it was towards those who, like the Papists, chain up the mind. Even in the sublime imagery of *Paradise Lost* he cannot spare a fling at the priests, and places their mummeries in the *Paradise of Fools*, a limbo world between earth and hell, of which modern Spirit-rapping gives some proof:—

“Then might ye see
Cows, hoods, and habits with their wearers lost
And fluttered into rags: then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds.”

Champion of toleration, advocate of friendly union among all Protestants, he had most affinity with the Independents, especially with the Baptists, who in his day were distinguished for liberality and had not sacrificed Gospel largeness for sectarian inclosures. Yet he held some opinions not held by the mass of that denomination then. His *Paradise Lost* implies what his posthumous work declares, that he was a Unitarian of the Arian class, and that by his doctrine of one uncreated God, the Father, he ranks with Locke and Newton, and completes the Unitarian trio of England's master minds.

But a truce to all controversy. We are speaking of a mind too large to be penned up in dry party inclosures. He belongs to us all. He is the Christian poet to us all. Let us not slight the greatness of his mission. The Christian poet! What is poetry that it should be coupled with Christianity? The poet is he who can shape a

world within his own soul, and body it forth in language to others. He is the sacred poet who can shape a world in harmony with the divine laws, elevate particular facts and images into agencies of divine truth and love, and so express his own creations as to lead men more nearly towards the mind of the Godhead. Verse, though not essential to poetry, is nearly allied to it. What is sacred verse? Not the arbitrary jingle of words cunningly arranged, but the natural expression of elevated thought and feeling. Milton is our authority that there are thoughts

“that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.”

In sacred verse the sacred poet but follows a great law of the universe, — the law of uniformity in variety, — of recurrence and progress. This law appears in the beating pulse, the heaving breath, the pendulous wave, the returning seasons, the revolving globes, the step of man, — measured recurrence with progressive variety. Such is the divine law stamped upon nature, and the poet carries it into the inner world, and his thoughts follow the order that rolls the planets and moves the pulse, as he expresses himself in verse, now like the dance of fairies and now like the march of embattled seraphim.

What verse is Milton's, fitting form to majestic thought! Yet the thought is now more our object than the form, intimately as both are connected. Saying nothing now of his merely literary merit, but of the Christianity embodied in his poetry, must we not rank him among the great Christian teachers? Sad indeed that his demonology, the mere framework of his poem, should have arrested such exclusive attention. To us the *Paradise Lost* teaches the great contrast between rebellion and obedience, declares the final triumph of right, the final deliverance of our race from sin and woe, and their destination for a kingdom as far beyond early Eden as mature wisdom is beyond childish ignorance and a Christian virtue is beyond childish innocence. The great poem ends in the dark shadows of a lost Paradise and a doomed race, but amid the shadows of that gathering night shines an evening star which proves that the sun is not extinguished, and hope survives.

Our estimate of Milton will depend much upon the estimate that we form of poetry as an agency in religion. Who can question the greatness of the agency? Who has not felt it, who has not traced it? Think of the Christian hymns sung for ages in all lands, heard by sage and by savage, melting alike the heart of an Ambrose, who could so fitly frame them, and of the savage Goth or the wayward Numidian whom he converted, — sung to the prattling infant and the devout parent, — heard in the bridal chant and the funeral dirge, — hymns of the church and of the home, — many of them the same in all communions, — holy ambassadors exempt from sectarian hostilities, and passing in peace among all the combatants, as winged birds over the battling armies! Think of these, and estimate the power of him who has distanced all competitors in the majesty of his poetry, and in the hymn of praise, as well as in lengthened poems, consecrated his genius to God and Christ. Give the poet a place among the fathers of Christian thought. We may not ask for him the aureola of the Lamb, but give him a chaplet of honor and twine for him the myrtle with the passion-flower as he lays the fruits of his genius at the foot of the cross.

With what Christian poet shall we couple Milton? With Dante if with any, — with the stern Italian, the same in asserting freedom, in loving Christianity, — the same in a troubled life and a somewhat melancholy soul. But saying nothing of merely literary contrasts, how much superior is the poetry of Milton in moral elevation, — how far his muse soars above human loves and hates, above political and theological bickerings! Indicating his traits by men near ourselves, we may safely say that he had the high humanity of Schiller, the fiery freedom of Alfieri, the fearless daring of Byron, and in him the restless spirit of these revolutionary poets was tempered by a serene and elevated piety, that breathes nowhere more vitally than in the pages of Wordsworth. Compare him with Jeremy Taylor, the most beautiful spirit of Milton's time, and the churchman in his exuberant fancy and ecclesiastical taste seems like the dove who with neck golden and rainbowed nestles under the cathedral eaves, contrasted with the gray eagle who loves the mountain rock and whose eye shrinks not from the sun and whose wing fears not cloud nor storm.

Giving earth her richest dower,
And making nations free,
A glorious company !

" Call them from the dead, —
Vain the call will be ;
But the hand of death shall lay,
Like that of Christ, its healing clay
On eyes which then shall see
This glorious company."

S. O.

ART. II. — MR. GLIDDON'S BIBLICAL CRITICISMS.*

IN what follows we have in view a defence of the common English version of the Bible against the assaults of Mr. George R. Gliddon, in that portion of the volume named below of which he himself is the writer.

" A great work, the most learned work ever published on this side of the Atlantic, is in the press": in such terms the "*Types of Mankind*" was announced. " This work is expected to produce a great revolution of opinion in regard to the Bible," remarked a learned friend to us, pointing to a copy of the book after it was published. Expecting fully to find in it one of the few American books on Biblical literature which one acquainted with the able productions of German critics might read with satisfaction, we procured a copy. The Bible having been for some time our chief study, we naturally turned first to that part of the work that promised to throw light on matters of Biblical criticism. Besides, by ascertaining the value of the "*Types of Mankind*" in relation to points with which we are familiar, we considered that we should be better able to determine its merits in other respects. It did not take us long to satisfy ourselves that Mr. Gliddon's exposition of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, being a compilation without completeness,

* *Types of Mankind: or, Ethnological Researches*, etc., etc. By GEORGE R. GLIDDON. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1854. Royal 8vo. pp. 738.

arrangement, or any philosophical method whatever, has no claim to be regarded as a literary work. Proceeding to the purely critical section of the work, we were lost in amazement. We read the page over and over again. We could hardly trust our own eyes. At one time we seemed to be involved in the mazes of a riddle. At another we suspected that Mr. Gliddon was covertly satirizing (his) *Lanci*. We ended in a most painful state of scepticism, not knowing whether we were losing our senses, or whether it were the book that lacked all coherence. Upon the bewilderment into which Mr. Gliddon's expositions throw the reader who turns to them with a simple and single desire for truth, followed the deepest regret at finding the truth so perverted. We could not repress our indignation at the man, who, assuming the tone of a great master spirit of the age, judges, abuses, and condemns the living and the dead. We felt ourselves called upon to vindicate the truth and its advocates. It is not to our taste or inclination to rest content with condemning Mr. Gliddon's lucubrations in general terms. To express our sense of their character, we can find no epithets which have not lost their force from his profuse misapplication of them. Our duty requires us to enter into particulars, to refute his arguments, if such his assertions may be called, from A to Z, as he is mistaken all through. It is a humiliating task, to be sure, to refute a work, which, to every Hebraist, carries its own refutation on the face of every page.

Mr. Gliddon undertakes to condemn the common English version for not being faithful to the Hebrew text. But it is plain, as our readers will see from his expositions, that he himself has no familiarity with the Hebrew text. Although Mr. Gliddon regards it as a crime that the *forty-seven translators* of our version do not favor his exegetical dreams, the world will hold it to be a considerable merit, for which they are to be prized only the more highly.

Mr. Gliddon gives us *twenty-six* of his so called emendations, and inquires of the reader, "in all good faith, whether, in every instance laid hitherto before his acumen, our emendations have not made plain sense of that which was utter nonsense before." We answer "in all good faith," that *seventeen* of his emendations are so op-

posed to reason and common sense, that any one of them is enough to make Semler, Herder, Eichhorn, Paulus, Rosenmüller, Gesenius, and De Wette blush in their very graves. To these distinguished names may be added those of Ewald, Hitzig, and Knobel, to say nothing of many others, all of whom agree, in the great majority of instances referred to by Mr. Gliddon, with the *forty-seven*, and must, of course, lie with these under the charge of "nonsense, ignorance, and blindness."

That the *forty-seven* have not given us in every instance a literal rendering of the Hebrew, the world well knows. Yet that "our emendations" would make the Bible appear "a much loftier book, far grander," we deny. Great critics have surpassed Luther in accuracy. But that the spirit, the loftiness and grandeur of the Bible characterize the great Reformer's translation, the most competent judges have affirmed. Is not the same true of the common English version, compared with more recent translations?

Brief allusions to Mr. Gliddon's unparalleled interpretations would only perplex our readers. Besides, they might give him occasion to complain that we do him injustice. We shall insert his expositions entire. We do not anticipate incurring any censure for giving in full his exegetical romances; for we are sure they will afford our readers something of the same pleasure as comes from a perusal of the exploits of a certain world-renowned knight.

We shall not always give authorities, as Mr. Gliddon might perhaps plead that we refer to one authority, while he relies on another. We shall abstain from making any statement that is not admitted by all Biblical scholars without exception.

Mr. Gliddon reads Hebrew just as well without as with the vowel-points. As he objects to them, in order to obviate all difficulties, we shall leave them out.

Although our disappointment in this author's work is the greater for the hopes with which we first took it in hand, yet it is our sincere desire that the public should do him no injustice, and that his book should be read with candor. We shall dwell no longer, therefore, upon the conclusions which he has forced upon us, but proceed straightway to an examination of his proposed emendations.

"A. Job. xix. 23. 'Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book!'

"One almost blushes to make this imbecility more palpable to general intelligence by recalling to mind that *block*-printing was unknown to Europe prior to A. D. 1423, and printing in *types* before 1457, although the former invention existed according to Stanislas Julien in China at A. D. 593, and the latter about 1041. Yet, by this 'translation,' the patriarch must have foreshadowed the art six to ten centuries previously to the advent of Christ! Like every writer comprised in the Old Testament Canon, Job knew as much of *China* as they all did of America; that is, to be frank, just nothing at all. How *forty-seven* able-bodied men could have overlooked this blunder while 'correcting proof,' surpasses comprehension; unless we ourselves perpetrate another anachronism as well as a pitiful conundrum, and suppose that 'Job-printing' may have suggested some inappreciable affinity between the Anglo-corrupted name of that venerable Arab and the glorious art. What more simple than to have *printed* what the 'original sacred tongues' read, '*inscribed* in a register.'"—*Types of Mankind*, p. 594.

1. It is evident from Isaiah xxx. 8, where we find in our common version, "—and *note* it in a book," that the translators took "זעל ספר חקה" as little for *printing with type* as the sacred poet himself.

2. From Leviticus xix. 28, "וכתבת קעקע לא הנו בכס," rendered in the English version, "nor *print* any marks upon you," as from other instances, it is plain that the *forty-seven* did not employ the term "print" as necessarily involving the idea of type, but simply as a synonyme of "engrave," "cut in," or "make a deep impression."

3. *כחב* usually means "to write," and *חקק*, "to cut (*hack*?), *hew*, or *engrave*." In the passage from Isaiah to which we have referred, the prophet proceeds from *כתב* to the stronger term *חקק*, which is rendered "*note*." Yet how much "*note*" falls short of *חקק*, which presents at once to the mind the idea of "*writing*" and "*engraving*," the translators show in their rendering of this passage in Job which Mr. Gliddon proposes to emend, and in which the sacred poet proceeds from *כתב* to *חקק* and then to *חצב*. It is on this account that they avail themselves

of the word "*print*," simply in the sense of "*mark*" or "making a deep impression," thus giving faithfully almost to the letter the animated text, Job xix. 23 :

"Oh that my words were written !
Oh that they were printed in a book !
That, with an iron pen and lead,
They were graven in the rock for ever !"

"B. Job xxxi. 35. 'Oh that one would hear me ! behold, my desire *is*, *that* the Almighty would answer me, and *that* mine adversary had written a book.'

"Can human intelligence understand what possible connection Job's supplication, that God should reply to him, can have with his individual craving that his own unnamed enemy should have indited a *book* ? If this text be 'divinely inspired' in King James's version, then 'the Lord have mercy upon his creature' *archæology* ! Because, were these words authentic, logic could prove : —

"1. That at least twenty-five hundred years ago polemical works in the form of 'books' were not unknown even in Arabia.

"2. That, inasmuch as Job could have no benevolent motive in such wish, vexed as he felt at the aggravations heaped upon his distressing afflictions by his proverbial *comforters*, and knowing, as he must necessarily have done, the power which a reviewer has over an *author*, he longed, with vindictive refinement, as the most terrible retribution to be inflicted upon an adversary, that his particular enemy should actually write a *book*, in order that Job might *review* him ; probably, as Horace Smith conjectured, 'in the *Jerusalem Quarterly*.'

"Cahen renders, —

"'Alas ! that I have not one who hears ! Behold my *writing*, — let the Almighty answer me, — and the book edited by my adverse party.'

"This version (for reasons to be elaborated elsewhere) is unsatisfactory, like all we have seen, but Lanci's ; because among other oversights it does not afford due weight to the word TaU ; vaguely rendered 'sign' or 'mark' in *Ezekiel* ix. 4. TaU is the name of the last letter in the post-Christian *square-letter* alphabet of the Jews ; which 142 years B. C., on the earlier Maccabee coinage, was cruciform ; sometimes like the Latin, at others like the Greek cross. At the time when Ezekiel wrote in Chaldea, during the sixth century B. C., this cruciform letter was the one he must have used, no less than the shape of that 'mark' which should be stamped upon the foreheads of the

righteous. Its etymological and figurative meaning was 'benediction' or 'absolution'; just what its descendant, the 'baptismal sign' (drawn with water on the foreheads of infants) signifies at this day. Ezekiel's TaU had no direct relation, beyond a distant resemblance in shape, and perhaps an occult one in hierophantic mysteries, to the 'Crux Ansata,' or the sign for 'Ankh,' *eternal life*, of the more ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics; but its original is now-a-days producible from the cruciform monuments of Assyria; though our demonstration of the fact must be reserved to other opportunities.

"It is one thing to prove that the *forty-seven* were wrong in their appreciation of the 'word of God'; quite another to emulate the presumptuous part of theologians, and dictate dogmatically the English sense of ancient texts in themselves obscure. Our task limits itself to the former office in this essay: but, not to shrink from the utterance of what little we know, the following *free rendering* indicates a probable solution of this tortured passage, and combines Lanci's with other views:—says Job, 'Who will give me one that will listen to me? [i. e. as my judge]. Behold! (here is) my TaU [i. e. he holds up masonically the *cruciform* emblem, as his 'absolution.'] The Omnipotent will answer for me [i. e. guarantee me, be my surety, become responsible for me—'that I seek not to evade,' *understood*]. And now let my opponent write down his charge [i. e. let my accuser, my calumniator, put his accusations into writing—'that everybody may see them,' *understood*.]'" — *Types of Mankind*, p. 594.

To this we answer:—1. הֵן תִּוִּי. "Behold my desire *is*." Luther and the *forty-seven*, as well as many of the old translators, mistook the derivation of the word תִּוִּי, which, with תִּאֲוֶה, they traced to אֲוֶה, *to bend, incline*; whilst its radical is הוּה, the meaning of which is "*cross*." Wherefore תו is also the name of the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet, which originally had the form of a *cross*. This figure, being of the simplest character, easy to be formed by the most unskilled hand, may, on this account, have been used from all times as the signature of persons unable to write; it was also the sign with which cattle, slaves, and other property were marked. Wherefore again הוּה, *to mark, or make a signature*. Thus Ezekiel ix. 4, וְהִתִּוִּיתָהּ תו עַל מִצְחוֹת הָאֲנָשִׁים, "and thou shalt mark a cross upon the foreheads of the men," i. e. a signature, the signature of God, because they are the Lord's. Even at this day the different castes of the Hindoos are

distinguished by the peculiar marks on their foreheads; and also, amongst nations of the Old World, different classes of society were marked on their foreheads. The Jewish High-priest bore the name of God on his forehead. And it is in the same way, doubtless, that all the saints are to be marked with the name of their God. Thus we find in the New Testament, in the book of Revelation vii. 3, the words: "Till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." Speaking again of the same sealed men, whom the prophet of the Old Testament describes as *marked with a cross*, the author of the book of Revelation says, xiv. 1, "And I looked, and lo, an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads." Having learned from the Bible and Jewish customs the signification of *קו* in the Canon, we do not consider it important to the right understanding of the Scriptures to trouble ourselves about what the Egyptians, who made a symbol of everything, meant by a cross.

Job says, in the passage under consideration, erroneously translated, "Behold, my desire is," *הן רתן*, "Here is my signature" (to all my complaints, I retract nothing of what I have said), "let the Almighty answer me."

2. We must needs agree with Gesenius, Rosenmüller, and the whole host of commentators, old and new, and with the Bible itself, against Mr. Gliddon and the *great Lanci*.

In order to conform to Mr. Gliddon's etymology, shall we translate Numbers xxxiv. 7 and 10, "And this shall be your north border: from the great sea *ye shall hold up masonically the cruciform emblem*" or "*ye shall give absolution*" or "benediction to Mount Hor." "And ye shall hold up masonically the cruciform emblem" or "give benediction" or "absolution to your east border"? To *mark* is obviously the only translation which is in harmony with the whole text, as well as with the etymology of the word.

3. *שדי ענני* is the watchword of Job, and Mr. Gliddon's translation of it conflicts with the whole tenor of the book. Job, from the commencement, as if determined not to rest until the Almighty shall answer him, complains of the hand of God, which is heavy upon him. Eliphaz therefore says to him, ch. v. 1,

"Call now, if there be any that will answer thee, and to which of the saints (angels) wilt thou turn?" Job pleads with God, ch. x. 2, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me." Again, xiii. 22, "Then call thou, and I will answer; or let me speak, and answer thou me." And once more, xxiii. 3, 5, "Oh that I knew where I might find him! *that* I might come *even* to his seat! I would know the words *which* he would answer me, and understand what he would say to me." His agonizing soul makes the heavens resound with the call, "I cry unto Thee and thou dost not respond," — till He, who for a time hid himself in clouds and darkness, answered him.

The just man, unterrified in the conviction of his innocence by the reproaches of men holy in appearance, lifts up his head in uprightness and the fear of God towards heaven, and asks the Almighty to answer and declare why he afflicts him. At last God is found and beheld by him, and then his soul is satisfied, because now it is no more by hearsay, but by sight, that he knows God and his ways; wherefore, having spoken once, he answers not a second time, but repents in dust and ashes. Obscure this idea of the book of Job, and you have succeeded in destroying the noble poem.

Let now Mr. Gliddon compare "Here is my signature (to all I have said, i. e. to all my complaints), *let* the Almighty answer me," with "Behold! here is my TaU (i. e. he holds up masonically the cruciform emblem, as his 'absolution'). The Omnipotent *will answer* for me' (i. e. guarantee me, be my surety, become responsible for me — 'that I seek not to evade,' *understood*)." Can there be any question of the correctness of the translation of the forty-seven in the second clause of the verse, when compared with Mr. Gliddon's proposed emendation?

4. וספר כתב איש ריבי, "and that mine adversary had written a book." Mr. Gliddon ridicules the idea of books, polemic books, twenty-five hundred years ago. That many books existed at that time, the numerous books quoted in the Bible sufficiently prove. Yet *po-lemic* books? Well, why not? Are the *forty-seven* to be ridiculed for attributing the mere idea of a polemic book to an age in which the great argument between Job and

his friends was composed, and set forth in the sublime work before us? Is not this very book of Job as grand a polemic work as the world has ever seen? Is there not a pure polemic design shown, when, after all his attempts to convince his contemporaries had failed, Job exclaims in the very passage Mr. Gliddon has cited (see A), "Oh that my words were written, laid down in a book, graven in the rock for ever, that justice, denied to me in my lifetime, might be granted to me by impartial after-ages!" Whilst he expresses in the one verse the desire that his own words and complaints were recorded in a book, he wishes in the other verse that the same thing were done with the words and accusations of his friends, that the world might know both, and so judge him and his cause.

We do not know why Mr. Gliddon has such a dislike for the word "*book*," when used by the *forty-seven*. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that they meant by it a stereotyped volume, bound in calf or morocco. They understood סֵפֶר to be a literary composition, and therefore render it "*book*." Mr. Gliddon thinks it a manifest improvement to translate the Hebrew word, "*a register*." And why? For no reason, it would seem, but that only the literary compositions of our days are worthy to be called "*books*," whilst the writings of the Jews of old were mere *registers*, dry records of names, dates, etc. We beg Mr. Gliddon's pardon, but we must tell him that the briefest of the writings contained in the Bible may justly be entitled a *book*, because nothing is wanting in it that gives to a literary work grace and completeness. But many a stout volume in our days of great pretensions, for which art and purchasers have done their best, and by which the latter have been *done for*, is, after all, nothing but a confused and confusing register.

5. Very unfortunately for Mr. Gliddon, the writings he insists should be called, not "*books*," but "*registers*," do exist. Job's strong desire was that his complaints and the accusations of his friends should be noted down in a book, so that posterity might judge between him and them. His desire was granted; and we have its fulfilment now before us in the book — no, not the book, — in the *register* Job. The register Job! Why not just as well the register Hamlet, the register Paradise Lost?

"C. Psalm lxxviii. 41. .

" 'Yea, they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel.'

"Bad as the Jews were, in this case they did precisely the contrary! 'The Psalmist,' says Lanci, 'celebrates in this canticle the marvels which the Lord had done in behalf of rebellious Israel; nevertheless, as the latter finished by conversion, God pardons him and spreads over the culprit the most ample bounties. Conversion, therefore, is the import of this verse, and then it is said, — 'They (became) converted, they supplicated the Puissant and implored TaU (i. e. 'absolution,' or 'benediction') of the Holy One of Israel.' " — *Types of Mankind*, p. 595.

1. The Hebrew student sees at first sight that the sacred poet, having spoken of Israel's tempting God again, is seized with a just displeasure at sin and rebellion, and is filled with awe before the offended majesty of Heaven, exclaiming, "Yea! even the Holy One of Israel they have afflicted." Thus Jeremiah says, ch. i. 29, "For she has proudly sinned against the Lord, against the Holy One of Israel." And Isaiah i. 4, "They have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger." Describing the Almighty as the Holy One of Israel, the prophet gives emphasis to his solemn appeals to God and the nation. This hallowed title is used almost exclusively by the great prophet whose lips were touched with a living coal from the altar. The Psalmist, when all the past and present mercies of God are crowding on his mind, then addresses only the Holy One of Israel: "Unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel." And has this sacred expression been wasted by Asaph on the tame and unmeaning interpretation of the text which Mr. Gliddon favors?

2. וַיִּנְסוּ אֵל, "They supplicated the Puissant." We shall be greatly obliged to Mr. Gliddon if he will inform us where in the Bible נִסָּה means "to supplicate," or anything but "to try," "to tempt," or "attempt." To show how entirely at fault the proposed new translation is, we will substitute "supplicate" for the word "tempt," employed by the much-abused *forty-seven* to render the Hebrew word in question. Our first examples are taken from this same Psalm, where נִסָּה is found in the same connection as in the verse which Lanci undertakes to emend. 17, 18. "And they sinned yet more against him

by provoking the Most High in the wilderness. And they *suppllicated* God in their heart by asking meat for their lust." 56. "Yet they *suppllicated* and provoked the most high God, and kept not his testimonies." וַיִּנְסוּ, which occurs Numbers xiv. 22, 23, in the same connection as in the Psalm, and must needs have the same meaning: "Because all those men who have seen my glory and my miracles which I did in Egypt and in the wilderness, have *suppllicated* me now ten times, and have not hearkened to my voice; surely they shall not see the land which —." Deuteronomy vi. 16 must be translated in the same way: "Ye shall not *suppllicate* the Lord your God as ye *suppllicated* him in Massah." As we could show that, in almost all the instances in Deuteronomy in which נִסָּה occurs, it must be translated, according to Mr. Gliddon, "suppllicate," the words, Deut. xiii. 3, כִּי מִנְסָה יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵיכֶם אֲתָכֶם, must be translated, "Because the Lord your God is *suppllicating* you." Wonderful disclosures indeed! Who ever before imagined that we are forbidden in the word of God to suppllicate the throne of grace, and that it is not out of place for the Almighty to suppllicate weak mortals? According to Mr. Gliddon's translation, the Jews in the wilderness must all the time have been living in a state of grace and suppllication; an entirely new feature in the history of the Jewish wanderings in the desert.

3. In reference to the word נִסָּה, we point Mr. Gliddon to a verse which may do him better service than any dictionary, as the word in question is there used in connection with the Jews in the wilderness. It alternates there with כִּחַן, to *try, prove, or examine*. Ps. xcv. 9. "When your fathers *tempted* me, *tried* me, though they saw my work."

4. וַיִּשׁוּבוּ, Mr. Gliddon translates, "And they (became) converted." Are not the conversion and suppllication of the Jews understood as synonymous with their imploring TaU and giving benedictions, in contradiction to what the Psalmist says in the preceding verses, 34-37, "When he slew them, then they sought him; Nevertheless, they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues; for their heart was not right with him, neither were they steadfast in his covenant"?

5. And further, the Psalm refers to Numbers xi. -xiv. The verses 32-41 of the Psalm are evidently a paraphrase of Numbers xi. 1-4. "And when the people were, as it were, complaining about want in the ears of the Lord, the Lord heard it; and his anger was kindled; and the fire of the Lord burnt among them, and consumed them who were in the uttermost part of the camp. And the people cried to Moses; and when Moses prayed unto the Lord, the fire was quenched. . . . And the children of Israel *turned back again* and wept, and said, 'Who shall give us flesh to eat?'" וַיִּשׁוּבוּ וַיִּנְדּוּ is the echo of וַיִּשׁוּבוּ וַיִּבְכוּ, and if the one means "and they became converted and supplicated," the other must be, "and they became converted and wept,—Who shall give us flesh?" Strange conversions and supplications, when the converted crave nothing but "flesh for their lust"!

6. Mr. Gliddon says, God forgave them because of their final conversion to him. This statement does not agree with that of the Psalmist, who tells us, "They lied to him with their tongues. But being full of compassion, he remembered that they were but flesh, he forgave their iniquity."

As Mr. Gliddon only glances at the verse which he undertakes to amend, without noticing the context, we take the liberty of reminding him of the connection in which this passage stands. "How oft did they provoke him in the wilderness and grieve him in the desert! *They (became) converted, they supplicated the Puissant, and implored TaU [i. e. absolution, or benediction] of the Holy One of Israel.* They remembered not his hand, nor the day when he delivered them from the enemy." Open, rank rebellion in the context next following, as well as preceding; a description of the hypocrisy of the people throughout the chapter; and in the midst of it all, conversion, supplicating TaU, absolution, benediction, and Mr. Gliddon only knows what more.

Finally we remark, although the translation of the forty-seven is correct on the whole, yet they err in regard to one word. Agreeing with Mr. Gliddon, they derive הָתוּ from הָתוּ, to mark, whilst its root is preserved in the Syriac, and signifies, to astonish, or grieve.

“D. 1 Samuel xxi. 10–15.

“‘And David arose, and fled that day for fear of Saul, and went to Achish the king of Gath. And the servants of Achish said unto him, *Is not this David the king of the land? did they not sing one to another of him in dances, saying, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands?* And David laid up these words in his heart, and was sore afraid of Achish the king of Gath. And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard. Then said Achish unto his servants, *Lo, ye see the man is mad; wherefore then have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? shall this fellow come into my house?*’

“Reminding the reader that DAVID, besides being the warrior-king, was Israel’s *bard*, we let Lanci speak for himself: — ‘The LXX. (Greek) made a periphrasis at the first verse, and added to the (Hebrew) text by twice mentioning the gates of the city, first to make David play upon his harp, and afterwards to cause him to fall against the said gates. There is perhaps no passage in Scripture that has been more completely denaturalized through the obscurity of a single word. It is evident that David had altogether a part more dignified, more reasonable, to adopt, than to counterfeit a lunatic; and moreover that Achish did not display great esteem for his court by saying that madmen were not wanting in it. But the famous TaÛ, misunderstood, has thrown all interpreters into error. So we will give to it its veritable sense of *to bless*; to this we add that SHĀAR [in Hebrew, as in vulgar Arabic now] does not signify “door” in this passage, but *poetry*, as its Arabic root teaches; DALETH has the value of “door” in the same sense that Chaldees and Arabs call “doors” [bāb, bibān] or “houses” [bēyt, beyoût] the *strophes*; that is, those *commencements of chapters* and of *strophes* that Italians call “stanze,” and that in English are adopted for poetry in our word *stanzas*; a word that in Italian, like the above nouns in Oriental speech, has the double meaning of “stanza” and “chamber.” If it be insisted that David was raving, it will be, then, with *poetic furor*, — the prophetic transport that animated him; but the Arabic root SHAGIĀ, which signifies *to exhibit valor, bravery, courage*, accords much better with the context. These few rays of light ought to be sufficient to dissipate the thick tenebrosities which translators have piled upon this divine narrative. We may thenceforward give to these verses a reasonable translation, and one worthy of the majesty of Scripture: — “David arose, and fleeing on that day from the presence of Saul, came to Achish the king of Gath. Then the servants of Achish said to him,

And is not this David king of the earth? is it not in his honor that it was sung in chorus [not at ancient *Fandangos*!], ‘Saul has killed a thousand, and David ten thousand!’ David, weighing these words in his heart, feared greatly in presence of Achish king of Gath. It was for this that in his presence, he [David] celebrated their power in a varied *hymn* and in inspired *verses*; and at each *commencement of a strophe* he made TaU [i. e. he made benedictions, — he *blessed them*]; and already the *sweat* was dripping upon the chin’s honor [i. e. upon his *beard*, in Oriental phraseology], when Achish interrupted him, and said to his servants: ‘Hearken to this man who affects inspiration [literally ‘comes the inspired’]; are *poets* [*bards, improvisatori*] wanting to me, that you bring this one to celebrate my power? and shall (such as) he come into my house?’ Nevertheless, David escaped, and took the road that conducted to the cavern of Adulla.”

“Who seem most ‘cracked,’ David or the bibliolaters of King James’s version?” — *Types of Mankind*, pp. 595, 596.

1. וישנה את טעמן, “he varied his hymn.” This is the best we can make out of Mr. Gliddon’s proposed emendation. If this passage speaks of nothing but hymns, inspired verses, and poets, why do we not find here one of the many expressions, שיר, זמר, נגינה, etc.?

2. Mr. Gliddon will oblige us by pointing out a single instance in which the oft-repeated טעם signifies a song. In reference to the mind, this word is expressive of the more sober faculties, such as judgment, for instance, or understanding; and sometimes it has the prosaic signification of a mandate or decree of a king. Hymns and songs, as far as we know, are entirely out of its domain. See Prov. xi. 22, אשה יפה וסרת טעם, “a fair woman who is without discretion,” and Job xii. 20, טעם זקנים יקח, “and taketh away the understanding of the aged.” Does Mr. Gliddon esteem it a great improvement to substitute here and elsewhere “a hymn” for the translation of the *forty-seven*? Gesenius translates, instead of “And he changed his behavior,” “And he disfigured his understanding,” because שנה signifies “to do a second time,” or “to change one’s condition for the worse”; as in Lament. iv. 1, ישנה חכתם הטוב, “How changed the most fine gold!” See also Prov. xxxi. 5, and Job xiv. 20.

3. In Jeremiah li. 7, we read: “The nations have

drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad." But according to the emendation which Mr. Gliddon proposes, it should read: "The nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations *are celebrating it in inspired hymns or verses!*"

4. יָרָא, "he made TaU." The famous or rather unfortunate TaU was defeated under B; in vain were its attempts to recover itself under C; we may safely leave it without comment under D.

5. The Hebrew words which Mr. Gliddon, following his friend Lanci, proposes to translate "*commencement of a strophe*," occur hundreds of times in the Old Testament, but never, in a single instance, do they have the meaning which he undertakes to give them here.

6. Instead of "and let his spittle fall down upon his beard," Mr. Gliddon reads, "the sweat was dripping upon the chin's honor." רָרַר, *to spit out*, hence רִיר, *spittle*, or *slime*, as in the other Oriental languages. (Gesenius.) *Sweat* is, in Hebrew, זָעָה, or must we translate Job vi. 6, "Is there any taste in the *sweat* of an egg?"

7. To understand hymns, strophes, inspired verses, bards, and poets to be referred to in a passage, every word of which, according to its usage throughout the whole volume of the Old Testament, expresses nothing but madness, insanity, would be setting at naught the plainest principles of interpretation. Or can it be by any possibility that the terms employed in the narrative of this incident in the history of David form an exception to the general rules of hermeneutics?

8. But why all this forced and far-fetched explanation? Why all these ingenious torturings of the text? Because, forsooth, it would be disgraceful to the great bard and warrior to play the madman! Such a difficulty ought not to have been felt by one who has made archæology the study of his life, and who cannot have forgotten how many of the famous personages of antiquity are recorded to have adopted upon occasions the same device which the sacred history attributes to David. If Ulysses, Solon, Nama the Arabian king, and others, for certain purposes "played the madman," why may not David have done likewise to save his life? We say to save his life, as Ewald justly remarks. David, who had slain Goliath, and so often defeated the Philistines, was now in

danger of falling a victim to their revenge. His only way of escape was to pretend idiocy, and to appear to his enemies as contemptible now as he had once been dangerous.

Or is it that Mr. Gliddon cannot endure that King Achish, an Asiatic despot reigning some thousand years ago, should appear so discourteous to the minstrels of his court? Mr. Gliddon's language, when referring to the first men of the republic of letters, hardly entitles him to advance such an objection.

We trust, after the statements we have made, we shall be justified in siding with Winer, Rosenmüller, Gesenius, De Wette, the *forty-seven*, the *Seventy*, and the Bible and the whole world against Mr. Gliddon and his "great Lanci."

"E. *Leviticus* xi. 20.

"All fowls that creep, going upon *all* four, *shall be* an abomination unto you."

"To us, likewise! 'Raræ aves,' invaluable, however, to museums of natural history. Not merely, were this prohibition authentic, did *four-legged fowls* exist in the days of Moses, but the inhibition to eat them would now be worthless to a *Caraité* Jew, because the breed is extinct. Cahen renders, 'Every winged insect [or literally *flying-creeping* thing] that walks upon four [*claws, feet, understood*] is an abomination unto you.'

"Dwelling not upon v. 21, although marvelling how 'legs' could be placed anatomically elsewhere than 'above their feet,' we refreshen ourselves with —" *Types of Mankind*, p. 596.

1. We cannot forbear recommending for Mr. Gliddon's consideration the questions, whether it be exactly modest to pass judgment even on the most ordinary composition, without having read so much as two consecutive lines of it? or whether it is honest to make solemn assertions against our better knowledge? In criticizing our common translation of the Bible, Mr. Gliddon proposes, as the improvement of a Frenchman (Cahen), the translation of the Common Version itself! "Flying-creeping thing" is the rendering of the much abused *forty-seven*. See verses 21 and 23 of this same chapter. The Hebrew expression is thus translated wherever it occurs. It seems that, in the instance which Mr. Gliddon criticizes so confidently, our translators have happened to prefer "all fowls that creep, going upon all four," to "every creeping thing that flieth, going on all four."

2. The "bat," mentioned expressly in immediate connection with the phrase which Mr. Gliddon ridicules, shows his ridicule to be misplaced. This flying *four-legged animal* we find here, and again in Deut. xiv. 18, 19, classified with the fowls. We do not perceive that the Bible is bound to adopt the classification of Linnæus or Cuvier.

3. "Which have legs above their feet." A marvellous anatomical arrangement, it seems, to Mr. Gliddon. Had he glanced at the next following verse, he might have seen that reference is made to the locust, which, in addition to four feet, has two strong-legged feet rising high above the other feet, and to which the animal is indebted for the power of leaping, in Scripture phrase having "legs above their feet to leap withal upon the earth."

"F. 2 Kings vi. 25.

"'And there was a great famine in Samaria: and behold they besieged it until an ass's head was sold for fourscore *pieces* of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of doves' dung for five *pieces* of silver.'

"'Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's psalms,'

but the sufferings of these poor men were infinitesimally small compared to those the *forty-seven* would have experienced had they partaken of that delicate repast, for about two thirds of a pint of which the starving Samaritans paid such monstrous prices! *Pigeons' dung*, or 'doves' dung,' owing to the quantity of ammonia it contains, is still used throughout the East, in the absence of modern chemistry, to give temper to Damascene sword-blades, &c. It sharpens weapons, not appetites! Can one conceive a human stomach, however depraved by want, alimented upon guano? Bochart, two centuries ago, showed that 'pois chiches,' in Italian *ceci*, in English 'chick-pea,' — the commonest Oriental vetch, or pea, — is the rational interpretation of the word; and thus the only enigma preserved is, how *forty-seven* Englishmen could have committed a mistake so extraordinary. The obsolete word 'cab' aptly illustrates how imperative it has become, through unavoidable changes of language within two hundred and fifty years, to issue a re-translation in our current vernacular, lest the illiterate should think that '*cab-riolets*,' twenty-six centuries ago, plied in the streets of Samaria! Superstition is gradually elevating the vulgar Cockney speech of the age of King James into our '*lingua sancta*'; and the transla-

tion authorized in his reign will some day become unintelligible and useless in the 'Far West,' except to those who possess glossaries wherewith to read it. Theologers would act wisely to consider these things while we pass on to ——" *Types of Mankind*, p. 596.

1. חרינוֹים means nothing but dove's dung, as the *forty-seven* translate it. Does Mr. Gliddon suppose that the Jews, who accounted the ass an unclean beast, would have given as much for an ass's head as for ten pints of peas?

2. Celsius, Rosenmüller, Gesenius, Winer, *et al.*, have satisfactorily shown that Bochart was mistaken, and that the word in question denotes in the Arabic nothing but a salt plant, entirely unfit for eating, and that it has nothing at all to do with the passage under examination.

3. In ch. xviii. ver. 27 of this same book of Kings, this same word, חרָא, *dung*, occurs in the account of the siege of Jerusalem by Rab-shakeh. Does it there mean peas?

4. Josephus mentions an instance of besieged persons who, in the distress of famine, subsisted on dung, especially doves' dung. Pliny tells us the price of a mouse exceeded thirty dollars in Casalimum when that place was besieged by Hannibal. In Egypt, as Abdollatif states, in the year 1200 A. C. there was a famine so severe, that dead bodies and the dung of camels and other animals were used as food. And even in England, so lately as in the reign of Edward the Second, a famine prevailed in which people ate cats, dogs, mice, *doves' dung*, and what is incomparably worse, their own children.

"G. Leviticus xxi. 18 and 17.

"'He that hath a flat nose' [is forbidden] 'approach to offer the bread of his God.'

"A *flat nose*, in the Abrahamic type of mankind, among their 'Cohenim,' or priesthood, was, in the days of the Hebrew law-giver, as it is now among Israel's far-scattered descendants, too great a deviation of physical lineaments from the indelible standard of the race, (portrayed as we exhibit them in our present work from the monuments of that epoch, and as we daily see them in our streets,) not to excite suspicion that such cases testified to admixtures of foreign, and consequently of 'impure blood'; and therefore to debar a priest with a 'flat nose' from the tabernacle was rational at their point of view. *Negro families* [as

already demonstrated, *supra*] are unmentioned throughout the Hebrew text; and negrophilism may accordingly rejoice that the rendering selected by the *forty-seven* cannot now be applied to the former 'de jure,' where it is notoriously (in the *Free States* of this Federation especially) 'de facto.'

"Happily, — no thanks to our translators, — 'Snubs' of universal humanity may legally officiate at sanctuaries; the word *K&RM* meaning only a '*mutilated nose*': and the inhibition referring to noses injured by deformity, accident, disease, or law, our apprehensions were futile, like their translation.

"An ethnological item has been touched upon involuntarily, and now we may as well give ventilation to another much abused text." — *Types of Mankind*, p. 597.

1. Many commentators, amongst whom we find Gesenius and De Wette, side with the *forty-seven*. We incline to their translation. Nevertheless, without arguing the point with Gliddon, we beg leave to ask: Does he seriously think to convince us of the "futility" of the common English translation of the Bible, by referring us to a passage, in the rendering of which the greatest Oriental scholars accord with the *forty-seven*?

2. Whatever may be the correct translation of the passage, there is no reference here, direct or indirect, to negroes. Our author, ruminating so long the idea of the "*Types of Mankind*," is ready to find in the slightest allusion to any feature of the face an unquestionable reference to the races of man. Thus carried away, he fights with shadows. In this passage of Leviticus, it is not races that are spoken of, but the physical defects of individuals. In connection with the mention of "a flat nose," we find other defects specified, as disqualifications for the priesthood.

Of course, we are not saying that the African race was allowed to officiate in the temple. We only say that the exclusion of the *flat nose* is not the exclusion of the African. A *flat nose* is specified as one of the blemishes that exclude a man from the priestly office, even though he be of the seed of Aaron.

"H. Song of Solomon i. 5, 6.

"'I am black, but comely. . . . Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.'

"The apocryphal 'prologue' at the head of this chapter tells us that here the *Church* 'confesseth her deformity'! It were well if, before printing this acknowledgment (which it is not for us to dispute), the 'Establishment' had corrected the deformity of their *translation*; which has led our Anglicized Nigritians to claim this supposititious bride of Solomon as a Venus of their own species! With equal reason, some commentators, even of modern times, infer that she was 'an Egyptian princess'; while others identify the lady with 'Pharaoh's daughter'; for 'King Solomon loved many strange women, . . . Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians, and Hittites,' and what not! It need hardly be mentioned, that, the dynasty out of which the sage king selected additions to his *harem* being yet unfound in hieroglyphics, the monuments of Egypt throw no light upon this otherwise very probable amalgamation.

"The '*Canticle of Canticles of which of Solomon*, that is to say, *one of the Canticles of Solomon*,' as Lanci literally interprets its epigraph, has suffered much at the hands of the *forty-seven*. They, and others, lost sight of the simple fact (to be exemplified in its place), that in the ancient Hebrew text divisions into *chapters, verses, words*, or by *punctuations*, are absolutely unknown; while, paralleled to this day in Arabic calligraphy, no *notes* of admiration, interrogation, etc. mark inflections of the sense. The context alone can indicate a query; so that 'a crooked little thing which asks a question,' added to fidelity of construction and acquaintance with Levant usages of the present hour, rescues our pretty Shulamite from all Ethiopian hallucinations.

"'I am *brown* (Italicè 'fosca,' dark, *tanned*) but pretty,' says the girl coquettishly; then [deprecatingly to her swain], 'Do not mind that I am *browned*, because the sun has tanned me; [which she explains by adding,] the male children of my mother [i. e. my *step-brothers*, who, in the East, control their maiden sisters after the father's death] having become free to dispose of me, placed me watcher of vines: ['don't you see?' *understood*] my own vine, have I not watched it?'" — *Types of Mankind*, p. 597.

1. "*Canticle of Canticles of which of Solomon*, that is to say, *one of the Canticles of Solomon*, as Lanci literally interprets." Mr. Gliddon is mistaken. The honor of this translation belongs to Aben Esra, who suggested it long ago. Its correctness is very doubtful. Without going into an examination of the reasons for this rendering, we refer the reader to Gesenius's *Lehrgeübude* (p. 692), where he will find numerous instances of this form of

speech, the most expressive superlative of the Hebrew language. See Ps. lxxii. 5; cii. 25; 1 Kings viii. 27. It is needless to multiply examples. This grammatical form occurs as the commencement of a book ascribed to the author of "The Song of Songs," Ecclesiastes: "vanity of vanities," or "the greatest vanity." "The Song of Songs" (i. e. the most beautiful of songs), "which is Solomon's." We must decline accepting Mr. Gliddon's proposed emendation: "*Canticle of Canticles of which of Solomon.*"

2. Does Mr. Gliddon really imagine that the authors of King James's Version were ignorant of such a well-known fact as the modern origin of the punctuation of the Scriptures, and their division into chapters, verses, and words? Is it to be conceived that not one of them had ever seen a specimen of the ancient manuscript, deposited in the great English libraries? Mr. Gliddon thinks that he and Lanci understand better how to divide the Hebrew text, and mark the inflections of its sense by notes of interrogation, etc. We may judge of his success by the present instance. "My own vine have I not watched it?" What manner of sense the mark of interrogation gives to this we are at a loss to determine. Certainly she has not watched *her own garden*, or the sun had not darkened her skin. Or is Mr. Gliddon's understanding of the passage this: "The sun has darkened or tanned my skin, because my brothers have made me the watcher of vines: have I not watched the vines? I have, and therefore has the sun tanned me." But after the best is made of his proposed emendation, does Mr. Gliddon imagine that any one versed in the Hebrew and the Song of Songs will thank him for frittering away one of its chief beauties in destroying the striking antithesis? "The sun has burned me; for their vines I have watched, but my own vine (my beauty) I have not guarded." This rendering of the *forty-seven* does not spoil either the point of the antithesis, or the elegance of the figure, "my vineyard," or "garden," for "my beauty."

3. Mr. Gliddon cannot possibly rid his mind of the idea of the races of mankind. It is always present to him. The *forty-seven* read, "I am black," consequently they are understood by our author to mean that the

speaker was a negress. The simple fact, that she mentions the sun's having burnt her while she was watching the gardens as the cause of her blackness, shows plainly that she does not intend to say, "I am a negress."

4. The Hebrew word translated "black" means that, and nothing else. So translators, ancient and modern, render it. See Luther, De Wette, and others. But they do not understand by it that she was a negress. The Germans call a white man of a very dark complexion black; and the French have a similar mode of expression, "*Ja le teint noir*."

5. Mr. Gliddon should also know that the tents of the Bedouin Arabs have usually from early times been made of black goat's-hair, or, of whatever materials made, they have generally been blackened by artificial means. (Rosenmüller.) Therefore it is said: "I am black, like the tents of the children of Kedar."

"I. *Habakkuk* ii. 11.

"For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

"That a stone should cry out from a wall is an idea consonant with Oriental hyperbole; but that a *beam* should answer out of timber seems to be an unpoetical and far-fetched conception, as it presupposes the proximity of a 'timber-yard' to the wall aforesaid. It furthermore is not in unison with the context; wherein the prophet, who 'surpasses all which Hebrew poesy can offer in this department,' declaims against Chaldean flagitiousness. The propriety of this metaphor resiles to view through Lanci's rendering and notes of interrogation.

"Peradventure shall the *statue of stone* [an Assyrian bas-relief?] from the wall cry out? The *cricket* [scarabæus, or beetle] from out of the wood, will it respond?" — *Types of Mankind*, p. 598.

1. The prophet pronounces judgment upon the Chaldeans for their violence and extortion, and declares that the very stones of the walls of their palaces, built in blood and wrong, and founded in oppression, and "every beam of the wood-work" thereof, will cry to heaven against them. Such is the obvious, and, we have no doubt, the correct meaning of this passage. What Mr. Gliddon understands by it, let the reader ascertain if he can. The point of this verse is, that the iniquity of the Chaldeans is so great, that even inanimate things, the stones of the

walls and the beams or cross-beams of the wood-work of their house, cry out against the oppressors.

2. At all events Mr. Gliddon is etymologically wrong, because, —

1. The LXX., reading חפושית, instead of כפִּים, translate it *kánthapos*, *scarabæus*; yet in Ezekiel xiii. 11, 13, where they read כפִּים, they translate it as we do, *beam*, or *cross-beam*. (Hitzig.) It has been supposed, with great probability, that the Seventy wrote *kanthipion*, not *kánthapos*, the *cantherii* being, in architecture, the thick beams which are placed across to bind the walls together.

2. כפִּים is derived from כָּפַס, *to contract, draw together, to connect*.

3. כָּפַס and its derivatives occur very often in the Talmud, meaning, as in our text, a *clamp, beam, or cross-beam*.

“There is a verse of another prophet that Lanci restores, in which our *forty-seven* have metamorphosed *famines* into ‘young men,’ and *sorrows* into ‘maids’!

“J. Zechariah ix. 17.

“‘Corn shall make the young men cheerful, and new wine the maids.’”

“The ‘Sons of Temperance’ may not be pleased with the morals, but the Daughters will not fail to appreciate an emendation that relieves their antique sisters from the charge of unfeminine indulgences.

“The old *Vulgate* had translated, ‘For what is the goodness of God, what is his glory, if not the corn of the elect, and the wine which fecundates the virgins?’ Vatablus and Pagnani make ‘confusion worse confounded,’ by reading, ‘the corn which makes the young men sing, and the new wine of the girls.’ But, based upon *radicals* preserved in Arabic, our teacher proposes:—‘What is more sweet and more agreeable than corn in scarcities, and wine that fortifies in afflictions?’—*Types of Mankind*, p. 599.

1. Corn and wine, young men and maidens. How frequently are these associated in the Old Testament! The promise of a numerous offspring, and of a beautiful country abounding in corn and wine, was made by God to Abraham, by Isaac to Jacob, by Jacob to his children, by Moses to Israel. It is the reward offered in the Old Testament to the Jews by their prophets, as many times as the heavenly kingdom by the Apostles in the

New Testament. See Gen. xiii. 15, 16; xxvii. 28; xlix. 25; Deut. xxiii. 24, &c.

2. "Therefore they shall come and flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat and for wine. Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together." Jeremiah xxxi. 12, 13. A parallel passage to this of Zechariah. If we adopt Mr. Gliddon's emendation in one case, so must we in the other, and then it will be "sorrow rejoicing in the dance." Nay, we do not see why we should not translate **בְּחֹר וּבְתוּלָה** in the same way, wherever it occurs in connection with the promises made to Israel. Where we now read, "a maid espoused to a young man," we must render it "sorrows united with famine." In short, "famine and sorrows" will take the place of young men and maids throughout the Bible.

3. Could there be any doubt about the present passage, the translation of the *forty-seven* would be amply justified by a reference to the eighth and tenth chapters of this same book. In the fifth and twelfth verses of the eighth chapter, we read, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof. . . . The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase." Again, in the present passage, for which such an extraordinary emendation is proposed, "How great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty! corn shall make the young men cheerful (or flourish), and new wine the maids." And at last it is written, see ch. x. 7, 8, "— and their heart shall rejoice as through wine; yea, their children shall see it and be glad; . . . and they shall increase as they have increased."

"*Per saltum*,' inasmuch as, in the chaos of our memoranda of *false translations*, orderly classification is inconvenient, while to our objects quite unnecessary, we open,—

"K. Genesis xxiii. 9, 17, 19.

"The cave of Machpela —"

purchased by Abraham for Sarah's inhumation,—to remark that the word *Machpela*, which, according to our authorized verity, seems a 'proper name,' is grammatically, in Semitic tongues, 'a thing contracted for'; so that it is as vain for tourists in Palestine to search for *Machpela*, as for Biblical chorographers to define its latitude and longitude." — *Types of Mankind*, p. 599.

1. If "Machpelah" is not a proper name, why is it repeated as often as the cave is mentioned?

2. How could the patriarch call it a thing "*contracted for*" (v. 9), when he was requesting the good offices of the children of Heth to obtain it for him from Ephron, and had not spoken of it to its possessor?

3. No Hebrew student who glances at any of the passages where the word occurs, can fail to perceive that it is a proper name. The author of Genesis is evidently anxious to point out and mark the locality. See v. 17, "— which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre." Again in v. 19 we read, "— in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan."

4. Does Mr. Gliddon seriously think that, a hundred and sixty years after the bargain was made, the patriarch Jacob spoke of the locality merely as "the field contracted for"?

But our limits require us to pause here, and to wait another opportunity for a possible continuance of our critical task.

S. R.

ART. III. — SLEEP.*

THE publications named at the foot of the page show us how physicians, physiologists, and metaphysicians, moral philosophers and Christian divines, variously discourse upon the great mystery of Sleep. A mystery, like everything else belonging to the vast Nature that subjects and sustains us, it is peculiarly such, on account

* 1. *An Inquiry into the Nature of Sleep and Death.* By A. P. W. PHILIP, M. D., F. R. S. London. 1834.

2. *Recherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Part 1, 4, § 3. *Du Sommeil.* Par X. BICHAT. Paris. 1805.

3. *Mélanges Philosophiques, Psychologie, IV. Du Sommeil.* Par THÉODORE JOUFFROY. Paris. 1838.

4. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.* Chap. 5. *On Sleep.* By HENRY HOLLAND, M. D., F. R. S., etc., etc., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, etc. London. 1852.

5. *Sleep. An Address delivered May 11th, 1843.* By SAMPSON REED.

6. *Ueber den Schlaf. Ein Predigt.* Von J. H. B. DRÄSEKE.

of the complicated secrecy of the organ with which it is principally concerned, the brain; and on account of the multiplicity of strange phenomena, such as somnambulism and trance, with which every profound investigation of the subject is necessarily connected. It is a mystery, though the familiar and daily experience of every human being, and the state in which a third part of our life is spent; — after all that modern research has discovered, a mystery still. We do not mean that it is utterly or hopelessly obscure; having something about it which places it beyond the sphere of our exact knowledge. It is as capable of scientific treatment as any other of the facts of our being, and has received valuable elucidations in our own time. Still, it wears of right the solemn name just given to it. It falls under the shadow of night, and is mixed up with dreams, and “such things as dreams are made of.” It belongs to that ancient realm of enchantment and divinations, where the superstitions of the world have always found the freest, because the dimmest, field, and wonders have been declared in the dark. In soberest reality, its domain is one which is wholly given up to invisible and unresisted powers, where the will of man is as completely buried as are his outward senses and his bodily agency. This is the phantom-region that we are to explore; and by a solecism in language that sounds like a contradiction in fact, we can explore it only just as we are entering it, or after we have come away. At first, then, in view of the difficulties of the subject, we may be ready to think that it must be given over, for the most part, to the moralist, the poet, and the seer, — as for the most part it has been. But, on the other hand, we soon take heart and say, the wonder rather is, that such a subject, so important, so attractive, so vitally involved in every one’s condition, so pressing upon every one’s reflections, should have received no more attention than it has from the most penetrating minds. And this is certainly the more reasonable thought of the two.

The first philosophic writer with whom we are acquainted as having discoursed upon Sleep, is Aristotle; that prince of observers, who surpassed every one else in the Grecian world for the keenness of his scrutiny and the breadth of his survey, and for the uniform good sense that presided alike over the most abstruse and the most

familiar of his investigations. He has left us two small treatises, one *On Sleeping and Waking*, and the other *On Dreams*. If they do not go very deep into their theme, they avoid everything visionary, and have a simple soundness that makes them still deserving to be read. Indeed, in one passage of the former of those tracts, he seems to be on the verge of a discovery that was scarcely brought into full light till our own times. We are willing to pass from "the mighty Stagyrice" immediately to Bichat, whose sagacious and original mind, we believe, first distinctly disclosed the leading fact to which reference has just been made. It is plainly this, — that general sleep is the sum total of several particular sleeps. "There are numerous varieties of sleep," says the learned French professor. "That is the most complete, in which the whole outer life, sensations, perception, imagination, memory, judgment, locomotion, the voice, are all suspended; the least perfect affects only a single organ. Between these two extremes are many intermediate states. Sometimes only the sensations, perception, locomotion, and voice are suspended, while the imagination, memory, judgment, remain in exercise. Sometimes to the exercise of these faculties is joined also that of locomotion and the voice. This is the slumber disturbed with dreams; which are nothing else than one portion of the animal life escaped from the torpor in which the other portion is immersed. Sleep is not to be regarded as a state that is constant and invariable in its manifestations. We can scarcely sleep twice in succession in just the same way. A multitude of causes modify it; applying the general law of intermittence of action to a greater or less portion of the animal life." It is easy to see that a great deal is contained and implied in this simple statement; that it leads far; that it really puts a key into our hands for opening many of the chambers of this intricate research. Sleep is not a simple function of our nature, but an exceedingly complicated one. It is not a fixed state, but a fluid succession of very different states. It invades different parts of us; in different degrees; from different operative causes; in obedience to the varying necessities of an untraceable order of time. One sense submits to its influence sooner than another, and more profoundly than another. And what

is thus true of the senses is true of the inner faculties of the spiritual life. They, too, yield to the pressure, one by one, each according to the circumstances and each in its turn, till the whole conscious being is folded up in repose.

Let us now frame a definition of Sleep, such as will truly point out its nature and settle its boundaries; separating it from those states which only resemble it, and including at the same time those extraordinary and apparently anomalous phenomena which demand to be taken into account with it, however inexplicable they may at first appear. "Sleep is the intermediate state between wakefulness and death," is the opening sentence of a book, called, with more pretension than propriety, "The Philosophy of Sleep," which has contrived to make itself popular in spite of its tawdry style,—or possibly by the help of it. It gives afterwards, indeed, a less fanciful description; and its science is not always as bad as its rhetoric; of which the following period, "Sleep, which shuns the light, embraces darkness, and they lie down together under the sceptre of midnight," is a rather mild specimen. Putting together what we have learned from those who have given the wisest attention to this subject, we should say that sleep is that series of complex and fluctuating states, through which the sensitive, or animal, or voluntary functions of life, as distinguished from those which are vital, organic, automatic, fall into their periodic, intermittent repose. These two rows of opposing adjectives have been all set down, not only for the sake of greater distinctness, but because each has been the favorite word of some one of the particular authors, who have agreed in the same meaning though using a different expression. They thus indicate the important consideration, that it is only the bodily agencies connected with the sensibility and the will that require or admit of rest. The sensibility and the will. These are the faculties that sleep. And here we may remark, in passing, that they are often perceived to be awakened unequally, and with an interval of time between,—thus exemplifying in an unexpected manner that doctrine of Bichat's, which so abounds with familiar evidences of its truth. The will. Sleep is the utter surrender of this balancing force, as a free, conscious force; and it is this surrender that stamps most remark-

ably the mind of the sleeping man. So that when Dr. Holland, in his excellent book, to which we have been largely indebted, describes sleep as a state in which "memory and reason are equally disturbed," we almost question whether he speaks with his usual rigid accuracy. A sort of passive memory furnishes a large part of the staple of our dreams. Is it not the active power of Recollection, rather, that is so completely cast from its hinge? Recollection implies will. The transient images of mere remembrance claim no connection with that faculty. The other operations — those that are involuntary — go on without any care of ours, and do not cease till death. The heart remains steady at its laboratory. The pulses keep up their unwearied play. The breath goes and comes with a regularity scarcely known to our waking hours. The various secretions perform still the work, which we know as little about in our highest activity as in our deepest slumber. The great powers that preserve us remain fixed at their posts, and watch as if with volitions of their own.

The use and the purpose of this suspension of those faculties whose offices are intermitted, are doubtless the repairing of exhausted power. We perceive that they become weary with continued exercise, though of the most moderate kind, and that any uncommon exertion fatigues them the sooner, according to the tension they are made to bear. And when they have reached their limit of strain or endurance, they must give themselves up. Nature insists that they shall be respited. The eye grows heavy and shuts upon what it best loves to see. The ear is lulled into insensibility by the sounds it best loves to hear; so that the drum and the cannon could not arouse it till it is ready. The delicate skin may be pinched and pierced, without conveying any message of its injury to the mind. The mind itself finds the most distinct and cherished objects of its thought fading into oblivion, and dreams and broken words steal into the place of its most eager attention, notwithstanding all the efforts it can make against the subtle and gentle violence that will have its time to rule. "Sleep calls no man master," said the spent slave, as he sunk down at the feet of his king. We perceive, also, and this completes the proof, that the natural recovering from this

helpless condition is attended by a marvellous freshness of renewed activity in every faculty of limb and sense and animal spirits and intellectual perception. A guardian Might was over us when we were without defence; and a conscious Spirit was thoughtful for us, when we knew it not; and so life begins again in us, as if revived by the dews of youth and the morning.

In thus describing this absolute necessity of our constitution, which, like our other necessities, expands into a blessing,—for, taking our life through, we are more blest by our compulsions than by our coveted or boasted freedoms,—we of course do not mean to say that nothing is here placed within the power of our own will. We all are sensible that it is quite otherwise. In this, as in most things, we have control to a certain extent, and are responsible for our exercise of it. We can form habits of one kind or another, on which the most serious consequences will depend. We can so adjust the amount and the method of repose to our real wants, as to lengthen the term, multiply the comforts, and increase the active service of our days on the earth; or we may sink into the easy vices of self-indulgence and sloth, which are as prostrating to the health of the body as to the vigor of the mind. There is the stupid sleep of indolence; the stertorous sleep of excess; the haunted sleep of evil passions and guilty memories. What warning contrasts do these present to the pure enjoyment of that sweet bounty of nature which they thus pervert or poison!

A question could not but have been raised here concerning the nature of that power which is thus exhausted and replenished as successive changes come round. Dr. Holland can find no better name for it than “the nervous power.” It is “some particular state of the nervous substance,” that must be regarded as “the proximate cause” of the effects under consideration. No phrases could be more carefully chosen than these. They are so general as to assume nothing beyond what is universally conceded. There may be controversy as to the precise term that it is best to employ, but there cannot justly be any as to the main import intended. The great sensory resides in the brain; and on that nervous source, with its mysterious tides, the phenomena of sleeping and waking must be supposed principally to depend. This

seems to be evident, from the nature of the two functions, those of sensibility and volition, which are involved, and which are connected intimately with this part of our organization; and also from the fact, that all the causes that go to produce sleep are such as affect the nervous system more or less directly. We stop reverently at this point of the way. We are approaching the untraversed line where the finest of the material instruments of the mind are attached to their immaterial conductor. In a few steps further, — such steps as science has ventured to take, and has taken happily, though the more it has achieved the more it has found to be beyond its reach, — we should arrive at impenetrable secrets, where the keenest scalpel of the anatomist is dull, and his most powerful microscope can detect nothing further. Physics and metaphysics meet and confound one another. There is not only an end set to our knowledge, but it is with a bewildering baffle. If research were a hundred-fold more minute and certain in its results than it is, says Dr. Holland, the separation of the offices of matter from the operations of mind would remain to all comprehension exactly what it now is. He maintains, “in correction of a common misapprehension on the subject, that the further we proceed in unravelling the brain as a collection of nervous fibres, condensed into separate organs for the establishment of their several functions and relations, the more in fact do we detach the mind itself from all material organization; the more directly do we annul the assumption that these material functions are in themselves acts or conditions of mind.” We shall have occasion to refer again to this wise thinker and most cautious writer. We know of no author who inspires more confidence, in treating of obscure and contested points, than he. It is a confidence that seems due to him, from his candid temper, his cool judgment, and his various and profound research. His style is of such severe concentration as not to be attractive at first. But as the reader gets accustomed to it, he may learn to admire it; for if it is somewhat hard, the hardness is of a crystal quality. It is also brightened occasionally with the signs of a different culture from that of the physiologist and the savant. He refers — rarely indeed, but so aptly that we wish it were oftener — to passages of philosophic insight in the poems

of Lucretius, Dante, and Shakespeare, — passages that lie far away from the ordinary beat of quotation, — and he thus shows a mind familiar with beautiful letters while it is engaged in the most solid studies. And truly they go most happily together. The great poet is a seer of the remotest and most delicate shapes of truth. The greatest of them all — known without naming — showed a penetration as wonderful as his fancy. If he glanced at a philosophic theme, his glance was a revelation; it was wiser than the philosophers, and added the charm of his art to the precision of science. We need not say, that, if we had proposed to treat the very subject we have now in hand, either in a simply moral or in an æsthetic point of view, there are pages of Shakespeare that might furnish, for all we should have to say, the amplest wealth of matchless illustration.

The essay of the lamented Jouffroy, who has always seemed to us to combine in an extraordinary degree the English solidity with the French vivacity of mind, is wholly employed in maintaining the Cartesian doctrine, that the spirit continues its activity during the profoundest sleep of the senses. "When we dream," he says, "assuredly we are asleep; and as assuredly our spirit does not sleep, because it thinks. It is proved, then, that the spirit often is awake when the senses are in slumber; but it is very far from being proved that it ever slumbers with them." From a series of careful observations, he draws the inference that the spirit never leaves its watch, nor parts for a moment with its power of waking up the senses when the suitable time or occasion arrives. When he says, that what is called the magnetic sleep does not perhaps differ so widely from ordinary sleep as is commonly imagined; and, in another place, that there is very little difference between this ordinary sleep and the state of reverie and castle-building into which men sometimes fall and are still awake; he is in perfect accordance with the most recent and the most penetrating observation. His own French tongue is here suggestive, with its slight verbal distinction between *rêve* and *réverie*. The translation of a paragraph towards the close may give our readers some idea of his more abstract manner of handling his subject. "Thus it is that the spirit poses. It has no other way. What fatigues it is not

activity. Activity is its essence; the failure of activity would not be repose, but death. What fatigues it is the direction of its activity, the concentration of its faculties on one subject. This concentration is not of its essence; its nature is to know at first sight. If it followed its natural inclination, it would not fix itself at all. It fixes itself, applies itself, concentrates itself, only because it does not discern immediately. And if it does not discern immediately, this is not the fault of its nature, it is the fault of its organs, miserable instruments which have been imposed upon it, and which are as the dirty window-panes of its prison. This concentration, which is called attention, fatigues it, because it is an effort foreign from its natural gait. In a similar manner we fatigue ourselves when we walk on tiptoe. It finds a pleasure, therefore, in returning to its natural pace; and would remain in it for ever if necessity did not force it away. But in the human condition to which it is submitted, it can do nothing but through attention; it is obliged to gather truth, as everything else does, by the sweat of its brow. It labors, therefore, all day, as the body does; but when night comes, it feels fatigued, like its companion, and, invited to repose by the slumber of the organs which begird it, it divests itself of its volition as the slave drops his chains, and abandons itself to its free nature." This last description may sound more like an ideal hypothesis than a philosophical statement. It is a mental sublimation, encumbered with the grave objection, that it tends to ascribe to sleep — which is, after all, a confused and muddled condition, a mocker of life and a borderer upon death, a sort of "ghost-walk," with but half a vision and less than half an intellect — something like a spiritual superiority over our full state of true perceptions and clear judgments and conscious activity. Moreover, how the mind can attain to the exercise of its "free nature," by divesting itself of its will, is at least a perplexing problem; and the assertion that its nature is to know at first sight, is somewhat gratuitous. Jouffroy here assumes, not only more than is proved, but more than is necessary for the support of his main position. That position rests on other grounds; and may be true without resort to any such refined speculation, either as evidence or inference. It is adopted by Sir Henry Holland,

though with his usual cautiousness and reserve. He thinks that "it is on the whole more reasonable to suppose that no state of sleep is utterly without dreaming"; because to believe otherwise would be "to suppose two different states of sleep more remote from each other than we can well conceive any two conditions of the same living being; one, in which sensation, thought, and emotions are present in activity and unceasing change; another, in which there is the absence or nullity of every function of mind, — annihilation, in fact, for the time, of all that is not merely organic life." He refers, however, to Lord Brougham, who has defended the opposite opinion; maintaining the belief, which we suspect to be the popular one, that our dreams come to us only when the two states of sleeping and waking are graduating into each other. The question, though attractive and interesting, may seem to be of no practical importance. And yet who will say that it might not be, if we could but attain to any conclusive proof on the subject? The remotest facts, if but once authenticated, are often found to take hold of our every-day life in its closest relations. How valuable, then, might be the ascertaining of the truth, in a case that touches so immediately the most delicate tissues of our organization, and the daily mysteries of our minds! But we must still inquire and wait. The solution of that problem is far from being complete yet.

For those persons to whom the passage just quoted from Jouffroy appears to be too imaginative, passing beyond the province of sober investigation, the Address on Sleep by Mr. Reed will be a large remove further into the occult region which the human understanding seeks in vain to explore. A vigorous thinker and practised writer, a scholar from early training, and at the same time a man of public affairs and business habits, he looks at his subject from the point of view taken by the New Jerusalem Church, of which he is one of the many ornaments among us. Of course, he takes it up with that amiable spirituality by which his denomination is greatly distinguished. We cannot always admit his views, if, indeed, we perfectly comprehend them all. He supposes the state of sleep to be peculiarly open to heavenly intimations, watched over and controlled by a special

agency from on high, waited upon by good and evil angels. "The great use of sleep," he says, "is usually supposed to be the renovation of physical, or possibly intellectual, strength. But to the New Church it is known that its highest use is regeneration; and that it is necessary to the progress of spirits and men. Were it not for alternate states of waking and sleeping, we should become as gods, knowing good and evil." This representation implies, if we understand it, that the suggestions and visions which are sent to our sleep are of a peculiarly divine character, having some mysterious advantage over the thoughts of our diligent hours. From every idea of this kind we must express our entire dissent. They give too much countenance to oneiromancy, and those other kindred delusions, with which the philosophic mind of the writer, we are sure, has no sympathy.

It will thus be seen, that Mr. Reed's essay is pervaded with a religious purpose, connected with a system of theology which is generally regarded as mystical and visionary, however pure and elevated, and even extremely rational, very many of its conclusions are, and however beautiful some of its practical influences are clearly seen to be. Apart, however, from any speculative tenets of this sort, he sets forth undeniable truths with precision, moral earnestness, and marked good sense. He recognizes perfectly the distinction that has been drawn between the voluntary powers, which are the subjects of sleep, and the involuntary, which do not come under its dominion. But in one very leading respect he theorizes beyond his proofs, assuming what few will admit to be demonstrated. This is in the assigning of separate parts of the head as the seats of these several powers. In obedience to the assertion of Swedenborg, he assumes that the cerebrum, or upper brain, is the proper organ of the voluntary functions, and that the cerebellum — the lower, smaller, hinder portion of the brain — is the organ of those that are involuntary. We cannot, indeed, prove that this is not so, but believe ourselves warranted in saying that there is not the least scientific evidence of such being the fact. Notwithstanding the researches of so many physiologists, and the pretensions of some of them, the offices of the cerebellum remain a profound secret. That it is connected with some essential processes

of the nervous power, we cannot doubt; but what those processes are we cannot determine; and one may well be unwilling to accept an explanation of the difficulty on the mere authority of a revelation from the Swedish seer.

The disciples of Phrenology — as a certain form of empiricism has chosen to be saluted (by that kind of misnomer which the learned might call a. hystero-proteron, and the vulgar the cart before the horse) — are confident that the disputed cerebellum is the very couch of the amatory affections. But on this particular, as on most others which are peculiar to them, all inquirers who are not of their company utterly deny that the theory is borne out by facts, which, on the contrary, often point, though indecisively, in other directions. These remarks are not meant to disparage altogether that new and yet decaying system, to which it has come in our way to allude. It has done some service, no doubt, in its line of research, and is not destitute of a real foundation in nature. No one refuses to concede to it, — perhaps no one ever did, — that the convolutions of the brain contain a certain plurality of parts in intimate and corresponding connection with different faculties, both intellectual and moral. We are not unwilling to admit, what even ancient art seems to have set its eye on, that certain configurations of the cranium are indicative or otherwise of certain inward dispositions, in a general way; at least, that they are favorable or otherwise to the development of such dispositions. But we wish to record our widest dissent from those who see in this so-called science, either an experimental or logical philosophy of the human mind. And we wish to bear our most earnest testimony against that large left wing of its small host, who set up their banner against the powers of a reverent spiritualism and the armies of the Living Word; who have mapped out man's head that they might materialize his soul, — thus dividing the temple that they might drive out the god.*

It would be an easy and natural transition from the high moral tone of Mr. Reed's Address to the Sermon by Dräseke, which our readers see among the works whose

* "Ils ont partagé le temple, pour en chasser la Divinité." — Forichon, *Le Matérialisme et la Phrénologie*, p. 198.

titles are prefixed to this article. Dräseke is one of the most venerable names belonging to the German pulpit of the last half-century. Imaginative, graceful, fervid, founding himself on Christian doctrine without caring to discuss its abstruser tenets or to labor at its evidences, he has left us some of the most engaging discourses that are to be found in his language. If it were not aside from our present purpose, it would be pleasant to quote some passages of his gentle eloquence from that Sermon on Sleep. But as it takes up the subject only in the usual method of Christian preaching, not entering into any philosophical question concerning it, and not setting forth anything new, unless the beautiful illustration of familiar truths may pass for novelty, we will dismiss the benign pastor, as if asking for his blessing, from this field of inquiry.

After the remarks that we have ventured to make on some expressions in the dissertation of M. Jouffroy, and in the address of our own countryman, a few words of explanation seem to be due on the subject of dreams. We would be neither superstitious nor irreverent in regard to them. We would favor the most religious views; but such, at the same time, as are within the limits of rational probability, unconnected with mystical abstractions, and out of the reach of vulgar errors. We are no Sadducees. We believe in angel and spirit. Far from us to deny or question that God may breathe the intimations of his will through the deep shadows in which our own will lies covered up, and that he does so in many ways, and often. But we repel the notion that this is his chosen, or peculiar, or higher mode of instruction. It was a saying of the Greeks, and the opinion of all the ancient nations, that dreams are from the gods. A divine purport was thus ascribed to them. Examples of this belief are not unfrequent in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. It is true that the uncertainty of such signs is now and then plainly indicated. The people of Israel and Judah were forbidden to resort to diviners in this or any other form; and one of their prophets, in contrasting the plain truth that loves daylight with those questionable enigmas that are muffled in darkness, breaks into a strain of indignant contempt: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; but he that hath my word

let him speak my word faithfully." Nevertheless, the prohibition as well as the practice showed that the tendency of men's minds was the other way. It is not the other way now. Sleep still falls upon men just as it fell upon the fathers of our race. Dreams pass before the mind in obedience to the same laws that have always ruled this singular condition of our being. But the popular opinion concerning them has greatly changed. An enlightened judgment has limited the empire of the shades. What was once called the science of interpreting dreams has sunk into derision. He that should talk seriously of what he saw before he was awake, would not be thought to speak much to the credit of his understanding. Some persons may, possibly, have run into the opposite extreme. Not content with protecting themselves against old fantasies, they are ready to scoff at the idea of any heavenly manifestation in the ambiguous images of sleep. From the credulity of former times, that saw the most of the Godhead where the human faculties were bewildered or suspended,—as in trances, the frenzy of intoxicating vapors, and even the incoherent speech of idiocy,—they may have passed over into a too hasty scorn of those real indications of a divine guidance, which are to be recognized here as in every other department of our inexplicable life. To dream is certainly one of the states of the soul. There is no denying of that. And it is a state that God has ordained. There can be as little doubt of that also. It cannot, therefore, but be invested with a solemn interest.

Dreams owe their religious impressiveness to one or two very obvious causes. They are something that is wholly taken out of the control of our own counsel, wish, or power. When one falls asleep,—as the strong but just phrase runs,—he surrenders his intelligence to be guided, and he cannot tell how, through unknown places by unseen hands. If there are sounds, they do not flow through the channel of the ear. If there is distinct vision, it is that with which the eye has nothing to do. No inconsistencies startle him into doubt. He never refuses his assent, and is astonished at nothing. This utter passiveness and helplessness naturally connect themselves with the persuasion of heavenly influences. And then, again, dreams are steeped strongly in that ele-

ment of mystery which religion specially loves. Always among the hidden things that elude inquiry, they often assume strangely affecting shapes. They give wide scope for what is marvellous, by intricating themselves strangely with the events of active experience; and by exhibiting coincidences, as we term them, of which more may be told than is true, but more is true than can be comprehended within any logical inferences. They bring back the dead to us, and we forget that they ever died; and if we may believe the testimony, they have been known to announce the departure of those who were supposed to be still alive. The places where we familiarly dwell are brightened with figures of the beatified, and there is no surprise at their presence; or we ourselves are translated to scenes of which our waking life furnishes no prototype. We fly through the air. We become residents, how briefly! in other worlds. Under the impulse of such reflections, there is wisdom in saying, Yes, in this as in so many other respects, "night unto night showeth knowledge"; yes, men are still, as in the days far back, "warned of God in a dream." A dream! We pass its name about as a proverb for whatever is empty and light and worthless; as if it was shaped only by steams from the brain out of the unsubstantial night. We should learn to think more of it, and better of it. As we have seen, it shows the mind watchful amidst the drowsy workmen whom it has for a season discharged from service; perceiving without organs, addressed without language, speaking without a tongue, and looking upon prospects that are not actual, when loosened from all sensible ties. It shows that mind, too, sometimes exercising a dominant and even prophetic power,—for it belongs to mind to be prophetic,—in an extraordinary degree. It possesses another force, and a terrible one,—that of chastisement. It rebukes and threatens and scourges the guilty soul; haunting it as with spectres, that come to stare upon it through the black air and shake over it their shadowy retributions. The records of crime tell us how its dreams have betrayed its secrets. The inward anguish would out, in broken words and wild agitations. The proudest and most prosperous malefactor, who is able, by the determination of a strong will, and the help of occupation, and the diversion of

circumstances, to keep off the accusing angels, is wholly at their mercy now. His resolution has no nerve. His diligence has no field. His pleasures have no life. He is hurried along at an irresistible bidding. He that could have forgotten any misfortunes cannot forget his remorse. The avengers are around him, and he cannot look away; they are upon him, and there is no escape. Then, again, what a different office, full of pity and comfort, do dreams fulfil towards the oppressed, the imperilled, the sore-hearted from whatever cause! O the release in their free play from the stern fixtures of our days! The unhappy compose themselves for the solace which no activity of theirs could acquire. They *lose* themselves, as our familiar speech most happily expresses it. And then, perhaps, there will rise into their view realms of the fancy, as vivid as those that are more real only to be more sorrowful. They inhale the joy of a positive blessing. The captive lies down in his chain; and his prison-walls become the dream that he appears to awake from. The seaman, as his ship is near becoming a wreck, snatches his hour of forgetfulness, and smells once more the hay and the flowers. The sick person, long fastened to a painful bed, whose bones are wearing through the skin to meet their burial, calls for his coach, for he is well enough to take the air again; or he is carried upwards by the wings of guardian spirits. The mourner is walking out with the lost object of his love; and the sun seems to be shining on their meeting, though it had set upon a grave. But it is time to break away from these descriptions that might be easily multiplied. More has been said than was necessary to guard our meaning from misconception. We will only repeat our conviction, that the true religion of dreams lies where we have placed it, and not in any supposed loftier and holier domain. If there are really any other revelations issuing from it than such natural ones as we have presented, they are exceptional and not normal; they partake of a miraculous character; they are not the law of man's nature, nor the method of the Heavenly Providence.

In concluding what we have to say, we will turn again to that kindred medical profession, — one of the noblest among men, — with a distinguished member of which our slender essay began. Dr. Philip's work stands the

first on our list. From its great value, it is suited to end and crown this undertaking of ours, which lays claim to no merit of originality, but will owe whatever interest it may have to what others have written on the subject. It is composed of a series of papers published in the *Philosophical Transactions* at different times between the years 1827 and 1834. The chief object of the whole is to apply the results of a great variety of experiments to explain the nature of sleep and death. Thus the fruits of a long course of study, directed towards the nervous and muscular systems and the relations these systems bear to each other, on which all the functions of life depend, have been heaped upon one theme; and that one of the most affecting interest to all who live and must cease to live. The conclusion to which his inquiries have reached is the simple one, that sleep and death are more than similar; — they are precisely the same, in a physical point of view, except in degree. We will select a few of the passages, in which this welcome fact is asserted and dwelt upon.

“The state which immediately precedes the last act of dying and sleep depends on a failure of function in the same organs. The one is a temporary, the other a final failure. The state of the sensitive system which immediately precedes natural death differs from its state in sleep in no respect but in degree.” “It will appear from the nature of our constitutions, that the last feelings in natural death are necessarily of the same nature as those which precede sleep.” “We must not confound the last act of dying with the suffering which precedes it, and which is often no less when it terminates in recovery. In all my experiments I found the nervous and muscular surviving the sensorial functions.” “As sleep is the completion of the temporary and limited exhaustion of the excitability which has been going on during the day, death is here the completion of its absolute and final exhaustion, which has been going on during the disease; and it is evident, that, as the sensibility decreases, the suffering must become less, and consequently that it is least of all at the moment of what we call death.” “Thus it appears that, in every instance, what is called death and the loss of sensibility are one and the same; and therefore that the last act of dying can in no instance be an act of suffering.”

We have called this a welcome fact. It is so welcome, that we cannot refrain from using it as a text for further

commentary. Our mind wishes to escape from the society of the physicians in which we have so long lingered, though it is generally most worthy and agreeable company, and in the present instance has been found so instructive. In spite of what was said, when speaking of Dräseke, as if theological or purely moral considerations were no part of the design of this article, they cannot be omitted without doing our feelings an injustice. In a religious journal, too, whose proper tone is that of sentiment rather than of science, we may surely be allowed to indulge the vein of our own profession, and even preach a little, if we will promise not to be long, and endeavor not to be dry.

Two things most contrary to each other seem to be brought together by Dr. Philip as of one substance; and if, in that process, the first may be thought to be despoiled of a little of its romance, the other is disarmed of one of its most common terrors. There is no change, through which the necessity of our make and constitution calls us to pass, so grateful as sleep. There is none at which we so shudder as death. Sleep is hailed as the universal friend. We connect it with the thought of a blessing for all that lives. Death is called the last enemy. It has been represented as the infliction of a penalty; the exaction of a debt; the bitter fruit of disobedience; the sign of a primeval curse. Neither our theology nor our observation allows us to consider it so; but so it is generally regarded. We yield ourselves up to the softer power, as pleased as if it were not a compulsion and one of the most constant monitors of our weak and subject state. This is happy for us. On the other hand, we resist the sterner power with all the strength we can command; with our resolution, caution, and sensibility. And this is well also. It is as much the will of the Creator that we should repel it as long as we can, as it is that we should yield to it at last. No wonder that we should contrast as we do these seemingly opposite appointments of God. Sleep is a balsam, and death is a poison. Sleep is a refreshment and a renovation, while death looks like the end;—and, in all the visible respects which touch us most nearly, is the end. One is but gathering strength, and the other has for ever parted with it. One you could arouse with a slight

cry, and the other no noise nor shock can waken again. And yet that the two are kindred has been recognized in all ages and languages of the world. This, too, it is good to consider. For sleep is such an acknowledged privilege, that no description of it can make it sad ; while death is of so melancholy an aspect, — terrible to many on whom it is coming, and mournful to many who see it pass, — that it needs to have the thought of it relieved and brightened by all the kindly images that we can associate with it. It is good to call it by such names and titles as will help to make it more familiar and less formidable to the mind. It is a pleasant and a holy office to trace out any allowable analogies between the unknown event that is so dreaded, and that perpetual experience which is seen to be so beneficent. This it is especially worth while to do, when it can be shown that these analogies contain a profound reality ; that they are not accidental likenesses, mere figures of speech or ingenious inventions of the fancy, but have a foundation in truth and fact. As has been already intimated, the relationship now spoken of was not unknown to the old heathen world. Indeed, the expression of it has been universal. The graves that have been opened in the soils of all nations, or built in their monuments, or hewn in their rocks, have been called dormitories, cemeteries, bed-chambers ; all words of the same import. The great men of the Hebrews also, when they were removed from the world, were spoken of as resting in their beds and sleeping with their fathers. The New Testament abounds with the same metaphor. When Stephen kneeled down to his brutal martyrdom, the sacred historian softens the recital of that terrible death by telling us that, “when he had prayed thus, he fell asleep.” Paul speaks in the same way, often. And no one can have forgotten the saying of the Master, “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.” And now in these later days, as we have just seen, anatomical analysis has come forward, and demonstrated that there is a scientific ground for what appeared at first to be a poetical similitude. We will attach some value to this ; not the highest, but still a value. And let no one object that this physiological way is a mean and sensuous one of regarding the most momentous event in every man’s existence. We all know better than to say so. Noth-

ing is mean that attests a providential law watching over our weariest extremity. Nothing is mean that God has ordained, and by which his mercy is signalized. Nothing is to be branded with any slighting epithet, which dislodges a single tormenting error or sharp dread from the shrinking spirit of man.

But we wish, in closing this essay, to break absolutely away from the physicians; and to write, only as the feeling inspires and not on the line of any philosophic investigation, upon the English surgeon's theme, "Sleep and Death."

Sleep gives a suspension to labor. The toiling hand, the toiling spirit, repose. There is no hard exaction now, no imperious call. The surrounding darkness is a shelter. The surrounding silence hushes away every claim and necessity. The work is dropped and forgotten, that is the most unsparingly constant, wearing down the health; that is the most difficult and anxious, depressing the heart. This part of the respite is transferred, in various passages of Holy Writ, to the profounder slumber which is to come at last. "There the weary are at rest," cried Job. It was a voice out of the ashes and the foul ground; out of the suffering body that was undergoing a premature corruption. But there is another "from heaven," and "from the spirit," as he testified "who saw the Apocalypse"; and its word is, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors."

Again, sleep gives relief from pain and trouble of every kind. By binding up the senses, it protects them from all occasions and impressions of grief. The sufferer ceases from his endurance, of whatever kind it may be. He may awake to remember and mourn; but during these guarded hours the annoyance has no existence for him. No recollection, no apprehension, no consciousness of that distress. The flesh does not ache. The mind does not rack itself with its cares. The eyes fill no longer with tears. The bound feet feel no hindrance, and the strained shoulder no yoke. The necessitous want for nothing. The unhappy pine for nothing. And now, whatever in this representation recommends itself to our thoughts will apply more completely to the last repose of man. For that takes utterly away the evils,

which before were only intermitted for a season. It puts an actual end to the disturbances and sorrows of accepted souls. Now then is heard another "great voice out of heaven, saying, 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying nor pain.'" The afflicted does not merely become insensible to his afflictions, till he can take his breath for a fresh struggle; but is placed beyond their reach. The slave and the captive do not merely dream of being at liberty, but are free indeed. Death goes much farther in its immunities than its younger and weaker brother. It reconciles the conflicts, and quenches the passions, which will make the sleeper toss in his bewildered perceptions and broken rest, and which are likely to regain their ascendancy over him when he comes back to himself. It leaves no bad fires to be burning out of the funeral damps and the cold clay. It terminates the course of trial. It seals up for ever what has been done. It gives a discharge from the temptations which will haunt the visions of the best-breathing night, and may crowd in again with the sights and strifes of the morning. It puts a stop both to the will and the weakness that lead into the way of transgression. "He that is dead is freed from sin," says Paul the Apostle.

There is one other analogy to be named. It is the finishing one; coming in like an Amen, and a doxology, and a holy benediction. It is that this sleep, too, though so deep and dissolving, shall find its term, and break off from us. Even here there shall be an awaking, and thus the resemblance that has been exhibited in so many instances shall be rendered perfect. And this, which is always the most important part of the likeness, will sometimes be the only one in which any earnest satisfaction can be taken. We go forward to meet the promise, that, as sleep is in order to be restored to a better condition, so it shall be with the friends whom we have composed for their last resting-place; — whose breath has returned to the air, and their bodies to the ground, and their souls to God. Where is the difference that has a right to startle us, if we believe in this counterpart? Why should not a disciple's trust make it as easy to put off the flesh when the great night settles upon the eye-

lids, as it is to put off the clothing of it from one night to another day? Death has become a sleep in the only sense that remained to complete that identity which natural science has told us of. Its unconsciousness shall be stirred. Its gloom shall be dispersed. Its ruin shall be repaired. Its empire shall be broken. The fragments of whatever was precious here on earth shall be gathered up, and nothing shall be lost. There is a watch in the skies over the dust of the valley. A brighter daybreak than ever flowed from the sun shall beam over the dark mountains, where the active foot stumbled, and the dear head was laid low.

N. L. F.

ART. IV.—THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.*

WE are afraid that man is a contentious creature. Fighting in one form or another is essentially delightful to him. The simple Arcadian of the golden age bangs his brother with a club, or with unfurnished hands pounds him to a jelly. As arts bring more ingenious arms, brass rings on brass, steel shivers steel, and the harsh instinct bellows from the cannon's mouth. Not even when the nobler desires and the faculties more divine usurp the throne of human life, does the old joy of battle lose its charm. The hustings and the press preserve the fierce traditions of the race. Nor only they. We have no institution too grand and none too humble to deny its members the occasional luxury of an acute disorder, if it refuse them the more exquisite opportunities of a chronic quarrel.

The gravest "Dons" will contrive to stir the scholastic

* 1. *Report of the Special Committee of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, on the Distribution of the Income, &c.* [Signed by Hon. JAMES A. PEARCE.] Washington. 1854. 8vo. pp. 25.

2. *Minority Report of Hon. JAMES MEACHAM.* Washington. 1854. pp. 63.

3. *The Smithsonian Institution. Its Legitimate Mission.* (Putnam's Monthly, Sept. 1854.)

4. *The Smithsonian Institution.* (North American Review, Oct. 1854.)

dust of ages over the walnuts and the wine of the Combination Table. The most quiet domestic hearth has its Flanders, where sharp assault and swift rejoinder mimic the uproar of vaster Areopagi. Somehow the most pacific soul will spice the meekest life with the old ungodly savor.

In noisy caucus the carrion-crows of politics peck each other to death. Fraternal repartee raises a raw breeze of "Nature" in the gracious atmosphere of Missionary Boards and Evangelical Conventions. Stately convocations hear the "conscience of Dunkeld" ring beneath the robes of many an apostolic bishop. Science cannot prevent her stars from fighting, as of old, in their courses, and no vote of a Pomological Society has yet banished the apples of discord from "the list recommended for general cultivation." It will not even do to confide in the sedative virtues of "drab." We once joined a flock of drab-colored doves, flying, each with an olive-leaf, from London to Paris, there to bill and coo with the testy chanticleer of Gaul, and woo him to desert the cockpit for the barn-yard.

Friends of Universal Peace! how mild and meek you looked. The waves of that ever-angry Channel which, like the borderers of some debatable land, forays with impartial fury upon either hostile shore, seemed to rest from their wrath at the aspect of these bland apostles. *Gendarmes* forgot for them their dignity, and *douaniers* their suspicion. The doves our particular companions on the railway discussed Bernard Barton, and Blair's Grave, with a Scotchman, all the way to Paris.

That journey might have broadened for ever the brim of our hat. But, spirit of George Fox! with what sober indignation must thou have looked upon the midnight orgies of thy followers! We reached the Clos St. Lazare at one A. M. Vainly did the polite *gendarmes* attempt to stay the rush of drab-colored energy that burst from every door of that great train! Cloth of scarlet never invested more determined combatants. With umbrellas, with canes, with illegal carpet-bags snatched from beneath the concealing seats, with hat-boxes of solid leather, the impatient brethren mauled their onward way. Shrill shrieks of female rage, and ever and anon the brisk lunge of the pointed parasol, proclaimed that the daughters

of Dahomey do not monopolize the inheritance of the Amazons. Struggling policemen, idly expostulating in accelerated French, vanished in the torrent. Barriers were hurled down, baggage-rooms invaded, clerks confounded, porters overthrown, and drowsy drivers in the coach without startled from their feverish sleep by the storming of their reeling omnibuses. "Arrangements of Reception" came to naught. Torn, bruised, and battered, the strange army won a dolorous triumph, and many a neophyte, who else, perchance, had clung to Burritt and to Sturge, was rudely shaken earthward on that eventful night.

Such and so universal being man's combative instincts, it is not, perhaps, surprising, that it should arise to disturb the quiet of an institution founded to "increase and diffuse knowledge among men." And yet there are circumstances attending the war in the Smithsonian Institution which give it a peculiar character, and invite more attention to the dispute than it would be otherwise worth while to bestow upon it. Professors, being men, may be expected and allowed to contend about the manner of discharging their duties, and no great harm need come of it. But when the discussion involves the nature of the duty which a public officer owes to the sovereign power whereby he is appointed, then it becomes the public to take a part in the fray. And such is precisely the case in the present instance. In order that we may make this clear to our readers, we must be allowed to run rapidly over the history of the Smithsonian Institution. We shall spare the reader any very minute details.

It is now just twenty-five years since Mr. Smithson, an Englishman of fortune and of some pretensions to science, dying, bequeathed his whole property (subject to a small annuity) to the United States, in case certain contingencies should happen. These contingencies did happen. Mr. Smithson had the misfortune to be the illegitimate son of the Duke of Northumberland by a lady of high rank. Thus cut off by the fault of his parents from the enjoyment of the great social distinction to which he must have felt himself by blood entitled, Mr. Smithson seems to have brooded considerably over his false position. His papers, we are told, exhibit many proofs of his desire to secure for himself an independent

rank and consideration. The following declaration explains itself at once to the student of human nature:—
“The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father’s side I am a Northumberland, on my mother’s I am related to kings. But this avails me not; my name shall live in the memory of man, when the titles of the Percys and the Northumberlands shall be extinct or forgotten!”
This morbid spirit of revolt against the circumstances of his birth was far from unnatural in the case of a sensitive man, reared among the conventionalisms of England, fifty years ago. We speak of it in no unkindness, but merely that our readers may observe the light which it throws upon the meaning of the clause under which the United States became the recipients of Mr. Smithson’s bounty. That clause is as follows: “In case, &c. . . . I then bequeathe the whole of my property to the United States of America, to found at Washington *under the name of the Smithsonian Institution*, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.” It is clear that the only explicit stipulation made here, in regard to the organization of the establishment to be founded, *is that it shall bear the testator’s name*. To hand down the name of that son, whom a Northumberland had wronged of his titles and his estates, to a late posterity, and in an honorable connection, it seems to us, may be safely inferred to have been Mr. Smithson’s most definite intention.

The United States accepted the legacy, by an act of Congress passed July 1st, 1836. On the 1st of September, 1838, the sum of \$ 515,169 was paid into the Treasury of the United States.

For eight years afterwards, Congress dallied with the subject. The money was invested in State stocks of Arkansas and Illinois, which, through the gross misconduct (to use no stronger term) of those States, proved worthless. Plans for the organization of the Institution were proposed by various eminent gentlemen, all of whom evidently felt that the generalities of the phrase, “for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men,” admitted of almost any construction. The money being of course refunded by Congress, divers bills were reported in both houses for establishing the Institution. It was proposed to found a university, an observatory,

a school of natural history, agriculture, and science. In January, 1845, Mr. Choate of Massachusetts first proposed in the Senate the library plan. This bill, after a warm debate, was passed, January 23d, 1845. It furnished the basis of many subsequent bills, *and of the present charter*. In that session no final action was taken by the House upon Mr. Choate's bill.

At the next session a bill was reported to the House by Mr. Owen, establishing a grand normal school, *providing for lectures, experiments, and researches*, and limiting the amount to be expended on the library to \$5,000 a year, one fourth of the appropriation made by Mr. Choate's bill to that purpose. This bill, and various substitutes, embodying similar features, were discussed and rejected, and a bill amended by Mr. Marsh of Vermont, with the view, as he said, *to direct the appropriation entirely to the purposes of a library*, was passed. This bill, subsequently adopted in the Senate, forms the charter of the Smithsonian Institution. And by this bill the Regents are *ordered* to make an appropriation, *not exceeding an average of twenty-five thousand dollars annually*, for the gradual formation of a library composed of valuable works pertaining to all departments of human knowledge. This provision clearly indicates that, the library being the commanding object to be provided for, a limit was set to the library expenditures, in order that a certain smaller proportion of the income might be applied to other purposes, of secondary importance indeed, but still contemplated by Congress. The language of this provision *could not* have been employed by intelligent men, and lawyers, with any other purpose. Section 10, which gives to the Institution for the benefit of its library, every book or other article copyrighted in America, illustrates this position. The "other purposes" were indicated by Congress, and for not one of them, excepting the Museum, is the scale of provision decidedly expressed. And we agree with Mr. Meacham, in his singularly fair, statesmanlike, and able minority report, in believing that Congress intended the Smithsonian Institution to be, *primarily*, a Library, and, *secondarily*, a Museum.

The act also constituted a Board of Regents, who received authority to elect a secretary, whose duties should be to "make a fair and accurate record of all their pro-

ceedings, to be preserved in said Institution"; and this secretary "shall also discharge the duties of *Librarian and keeper of the Museum,*" and *nothing more.*

Since the passage of the act and the organization of the establishment, a long delay in fulfilling the intentions of Congress has taken place, partly in consequence of the singular financial arrangements of the Regents. The accumulated arrears of interest from 1838 to 1846, amounting to \$ 242,129, being appropriated by Congress to the erection of a building, the Regents thought fit to add a portion of these arrears to the principal, that the future annual income might be increased. In consequence of this proceeding, the execution of the purposes of Congress has been postponed during eight years, and the annual income, which should have been building up the library and the museum, has been building up a fantastic pile of stones, which richly deserves the opprobrious superlatives lavished by Mr. Ruskin on the clumsy and costly monstrosities of Edinburgh.

But the diversion of the income from the purposes to which the charter directs its application has not been unaffected by other influences. The Board of Regents had hardly been organized, when propositions were brought before it for appropriating part of the funds to purposes which had been passed upon and decisively condemned by Congress, not once, but many times. These propositions, however, were not acted on by the Board, and in the first resolutions passed by the Board, the library plan was distinctly recognized as the plan of Congress, and the library, as was supposed, finally and fully established in December, 1846. Yet certain members of the Board of Regents, bent upon carrying out plans of their own, by resolutions secretly passed, soon after wholly changed the programme of operations. A compromise (fatal word!) was adopted, by the terms of which the library was to lose \$ 5,000 of the annual supply voted in December, 1846; and the plan of increasing the capital, by delaying the completion of the building, being soon after introduced, the unfortunate library was still further curtailed of its resources, and in the next year, of the \$ 15,000 allowed for carrying on the Institution, we find the library receiving only *one thousand*, instead of its legal twenty or twenty-five thousand! And after this

we find repeatedly used such language as this, "that the library, museum, &c. should be *subservient* to a living, active organization." The trifling circumstance that this "living, active organization" consisted of certain measures and plans of operation which had been formally condemned by the sovereign authority of Congress, seems to have been hardly considered. And this brings us to that point in the question of the Smithsonian Institution, which, as we said before, makes it worthy the attention of the public in general. Certain Regents of the Institution opposed to the plan of a library, and the secretary of the Board, a merely ministerial officer, who had no legal right to advance any opinions whatever with regard to the *nature* of the duties he is to discharge, have proceeded to a practical nullification of the charter under which they were bound to act. They have deliberately disregarded as well the express provisions as the spirit of the act, whose creatures they all are, and they seem to have forgotten that, after the supreme authority of Congress had pronounced upon this subject, nothing remained to those who should undertake to carry out the will of Congress, but to do their duty. Now this conduct, it seems to us, constitutes a grave public offence. We are told* that the secretary of the Board of Regents "is thoroughly imbued with the true *animus* of its founder"; that, "thoroughly understanding the mission he has undertaken, sensitively appreciative of the design of Mr. Smithson, in the increase and advancement of scientific† knowledge, watchful and zealous in his endeavors to execute an important trust confided to his hands, and enjoying the confidence of the scientific men of the country, no one could have endeavored, with more religious fidelity, to fulfil it, in the exact spirit of its founder, than he appears to have done." We do not doubt that this extract fairly represents the spirit in which the secretary and his friends have been active. But how extraordinary a case of mental, not to say of moral blindness, does it betray! It seems almost superfluous to say, what every practical man must see, that, so

* Putnam's Magazine, Vol. IV. p. 124.

† This adjective, we must observe, is an interpolation. Mr. Smithson uses no such phrase.

far as the Regents and their secretary are concerned, Mr. Smithson is not present in the act. Particularly has the secretary nothing to do with Mr. Smithson. Mr. Smithson is not, *for him*, the founder of the Institution, but that great body, the only legitimate representative of Mr. Smithson, the Congress, namely, of the United States. Whether the secretary does or does not appreciate the design of Mr. Smithson, is a matter of no consequence. With that design he has no concern. He is to "appreciate" the design of *Congress*, and to "endeavor, with religious fidelity, to fulfil" *that design* "in the exact spirit of its founder." Has this been done? is the question which the public have a right to ask, and to which, as we have partially shown, an affirmative answer cannot be returned.

Of the entire amount expended since the commencement of the Institution, \$ 405,027.14, nearly five eighths have been spent upon the buildings, and but *a little more than one ninth* upon the library, museum, and gallery of art, *including all expenses*. *Nearly one eighth* has been given to "researches and publications," purposes excluded from the act by direct votes of Congress.

Had the Institution been administered in a spirit of simple obedience to the plainly expressed will of its creators, instead of in a romantic and somewhat questionable spirit of "religious fidelity" to this or that gentleman's notion of the intentions of the founder, the sum expended for the library alone, up to 1853, would have reached \$ 200,000. It has really fallen short of \$ 12,000. Meanwhile, no less than \$ 76,360.35 have been *spent upon objects not sanctioned by the act of Congress*. This is certainly a very discreditable showing. In the Report of the special committee for 1854, Mr. Pearce attempts to justify the past course of the Board, and to prepare the way for the entire overthrow of the library plan, by advancing the extraordinary proposition, that Congress have not "in any manner indicated that prominence should be given to any particular means or instrumentality for increasing and diffusing knowledge! We will not dishonor the noble and much-abused science of special pleading by saying, that the honorable Senator attempts by special pleading to maintain this singular proposition. He has had recourse to those arguments which find such favor

in the eyes of Sophomores, the *argumentum ad hominem*, and the *reductio ad absurdum*. There is a painful contrast between the style of this Report and that of Mr. Meacham, to which we have above alluded, which, of itself, would suffice to prepossess the reader in behalf of the views advanced by the latter gentleman. Let one instance suffice. Mr. Choate, in his bill for organizing the Institution, introduced the following preamble: "Whereas, an ample and well-selected public library constitutes one of the most permanent, constant, and effectual means of increasing and diffusing knowledge among men." But no, says Mr. Pearce. "To describe a library as an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, would be a *preposterous abuse of terms*. It would be the *hiding* of knowledge, not its increase and diffusion. The accumulation of books in the political centre of a great country, or even in the centre of population of a numerous people, would no doubt *gratify the pride of the nation*, and be attended with some profitable results. *But such a library would not assure mental activity to inquirers who should live remote from its locality, and its relation to all increase of knowledge would be merely incidental.*" Here is a direct issue taken between Massachusetts and Maryland. Mr. Pearce seems to entertain the same notion of a library with Lord Foppington in the play, and with the uncle of the first Mexican poetess, of whom we are told that he purchased a number of books, "purely to adorn his *sideboard*"! The last clause of our quotation is particularly droll. That a library should "assure mental activity" to anybody, is a novel doctrine, which, if true, would be one of the strongest possible arguments for locating a large library, immediately, at Washington. And if it be true of libraries, that their magnetic influence can only cover the spot where they are located, we shall have to adopt a system of literary *ambulances*. The Boston Athenæum and Gore Hall must be set on wheels, and conducted by nomadic scribes through the length and breadth of the land.

But we must not allow these senatorial gambols to divert us from the serious gist of the whole matter. In January the Board of Regents meet again, and it is to be desired that such expressions of public feeling should be made, with regard to the gross dereliction of duty in

which they have been indulging themselves, as will secure for the future a more scrupulous administration of the charter of the Smithsonian Institution. We do not pretend to criticize the value to the public of the proceedings which have been illegally fostered at the expense of the legitimate objects provided for by Congress. They may or may not be of great intrinsic worth. They may or may not have helped to increase and diffuse knowledge among men. It may or may not be desirable, that there should exist an institution controlled by one man, and devoted to the interests of one branch of knowledge, where those who are attracted to the pursuits of that branch may find encouragement in their efforts. But these are questions which, so far as they affect the disposition of the Smithsonian Fund, *must be decided upon in Congress*. Behind the action of Congress in this matter these officers have no right to go, who have undertaken to administer the plans by Congress adopted.

This point alone gives real importance to the discussion about the Institution. The intrinsic importance of the fund itself is not very great. Though it be true, as Mr. Astor used to say, "that a man with half a million is as well off as a rich man," still half a million of dollars is not a very important sum relatively to the resources of the United States. And if Congress had directed it to be wasted upon some trivial undertaking, we should have had nothing to say on the subject. Legislative extravagance must not be too sharply looked after. "It is a way those pretty creatures have." In the present instance, it happens that Congress had made what seem to many persons of average intelligence very judicious arrangements for expending the legacy of Mr. Smithson. Had those arrangements been carried out, we should have been in the possession of a library of some 200,000 volumes, and as that library would have been selected by so able and accomplished a man as Professor Jewett, it would probably have been a very valuable library. No man, whose studies lead him to extensive researches in the most important departments of knowledge, can fail to regret the loss or the delay of such a privilege.

But not even those gentlemen whose special pursuits and particular interests may have been fostered by the Smithsonian Institution, as actually administered, can

fail, we think, to condemn the violations of law and the disregard of duty which have sullied the career of the Board of Regents. What can it profit us to understand the Dakotah language, if our public officers are to play unmanly tricks with the plain English which prescribes their duties? or to be able to predict the goings and comings of the most respectable planet, if we cannot rely upon the course of respectable men appointed to responsible stations? Upon the personal controversy which has arisen between two of the officers of the Institution we have not thought it best to dwell. That controversy is but one of the evil consequences inseparable from that desertion of plain principles of conduct, which invites public attention, and demands public censure.

We do not doubt that justice will be done the parties to that controversy, whenever a searching investigation shall be instituted into the history and measures of the Board of Regents.

W. H. H.

ART. V.—A DECEMBER MORNING'S LESSON.

THE leaves were stripped from bush and tree,
Save where the pale Beech shivering stood;
The Hawkweed was gone from the way-side bank,
And the last blue Aster had died in the wood.

The sky was dreary and cold and dark;
Winter had just begun his sway;
The sun, in a veil that seemed a shroud,
Threw dim, sad beams o'er the shortened day.

Blight and ruin and death were there.
Nature to me would her mood impart;—
I could not smile on the cheerless scene,
But looked from my window with saddened heart.

To Life there seemed no promise of Spring;
Darkness was over the world of spirit;
The rays of hope and joy seemed quenched;
And sorrow all that man might inherit.

Sadly gazing as thus I stood,
 My eye on a gnarlèd, half-dead tree,
 Sudden and sweet to my startled ear
 Came a short, wild trill of melody.

And up the trunk of the knotted tree,
 Flitting, as if with wingèd feet,
 I saw a red-crowned woodpecker run ; —
 His was the note so clear and sweet.

Bars and spots of glossy black
 Sprinkled all but the snowy breast ; —
 With every turn of the graceful head,
 Moved his radiant, crimson crest.

Creature of light and joy and love,
 Thanks for the lesson thou hast given !
 Thou livest, as I, in the Father's hand ;
 I take thy message as if from heaven.

I feel the presence of Love Divine,
 Though grief and pain awhile may stay.
 Beautiful bird ! on thy parting wing
 Thou bearest my gloom and doubt away.

S. S. F.

December 6, 1853.

ART. VI. — BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THE first three volumes of Mr. Bancroft's History, the third of which was published fourteen years ago, have already passed through fifteen editions, making some twenty thousand copies, in this country. The distinguishing merits of the work have been gratefully acknowledged by his countrymen, while the marked characteristics of the style, and the method adopted for the treatment of the whole theme, the philosophical, social, and political theories advanced in it, have been the sub-

* *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. VI. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 8vo. pp. 528.

jects of candid criticism. In but a very few specific cases has the accuracy or the impartiality of the author been challenged. The brilliant disquisitions and episodes which enrich these volumes with a wealth of rhetoric and the gatherings of an amazing extent of scholarly research and literary culture, serve to remind a reader that the slightest details of the narrative have relations to some of the loftiest themes of human thought and interest. Those three volumes embrace the History of the Colonization of the thirteen original States of this Republic, and of the present Provinces of Canada. Elaborate volumes they are, filled with the memorials of great events and great men, with wild adventures and patient toils, and interpreting — so far as man may interpret — the high purposes of Providence through men whose faith in a Divine guidance was as sure as truth.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the History are devoted to a development of the Causes of the American Revolution, tracing out the course of things by which the body of the people here were consolidated into a nation destined to be the United States of America. The perusal of the last published volume, which has just issued from the press, has afforded us a real gratification. Its title is expressed in the word "Crisis," — a word which is used too often in the ever-threatening and exciting aspects of human life at the present day, to preserve all the emphatic significance which belongs to it, though it eminently befits the *punctum temporis* to which Mr. Bancroft attaches it. The period of time which the volume covers is from May, 1766, to May, 1774. Its rehearsal of historical events begins after the repeal of the Stamp Act, with the fall of the Rockingham administration and the appointment of Lord Hillsborough as Secretary of State for the American Department, and includes sketches of the nominal administration of Chatham; with the real supremacy of Charles Townshend and his fanciful Tax Bill, its reception and effects here, and the dalliance with it in England; the Non-Importation Agreements and the Committees of Correspondence, and the Boston Massacre and Tea Party, the provocation of the Boston Port Bill. The episodical contents of the volume relate to the North Carolina Regulators, to the rivalry of France and Spain at New Orleans, to the settlements on the Mississippi

and in Tennessee, and to the explorations of Daniel Boone, of whose adventures we have a beautiful delineation.

The volume bears witness to the most painstaking research of the author, and to his fidelity in using an almost infinite amount of those papers which are the prime materials for historic narrative. His own diplomatic station, near the Court of St. James, gave him access to all the public repositories of valuable documents in England and France. His relations to the highest public and literary men abroad multiplied his resources. His own personal investigations at home, and especially his possession of all the private papers of Samuel Adams, including the Journal and Letters of the Committee of Correspondence, which have never yet seen the light of publication, authenticate his statements. The recent issue of a large number of volumes of biographical and epistolary contents relating to men of the last century in England contributes to enrich the pages before us. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, daughter of Lord North, put him in possession of many papers, including copies or abstracts of notes written to her father by George the Third. By a very careful regard to the chronological order of events, and by a frequent transition from the scene of action on one continent to the scene of discussion on the other, Mr. Bancroft keeps vividly before us the relations between the incidents recorded. So exhaustive and conscientious is his use of his materials, that, in constantly giving us quotations embracing the substance, the emphatic phrases or sentences, and, above all, the epithets and adjectives of his documents, he fairly divides his pages between himself as the narrator and those whose story he repeats.

As so much of the interest of this volume centres around what was then the Town of Boston, we extract Mr. Bancroft's description of the metropolis of the Province of Massachusetts Bay :—

“ The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system ; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

“ As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a Hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the Meeting of the Town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled ; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot ; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality, approaching so nearly to a pure democracy ; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

“ Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists ; each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement ; self-constituted, self-supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place ; the usages of ‘ Papists ’ were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of ‘ Popery and slavery ’ ; they were Protestants even against Protestantism ; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides ; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervor of piety and of liberty. In the Boston Gazette, it enjoyed a free Press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

“ Its citizens were inquisitive ; seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment ; exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm, and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it ; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world, and his own fortune ; and yet individually and as a body they were public-spirited. In the seventeenth century the community had been distracted by those who were thought to pursue the great truth of justification by faith to Antinomian absurdities ; the philosophy of the eighteenth century had not been without an influence on theological opinion ; and though the larger number still acknowledged the fixedness of the Divine decrees, and the resistless certainty from all eter-

nity of election and of reprobation, there were not wanting, even among the clergy, some who had modified the sternness of the ancient doctrine by making the self-direction of the active powers of man with freedom of inquiry and private judgment the central idea of a protest against Calvinism. Still more were they boldly speculative on questions respecting their constitution. Every house was a school of politics; every man was a little statesman, discussed the affairs of the world, studied more or less the laws of his own land, and was sure of his ability to ascertain and to make good his rights. The ministers, whose prayers, being from no book, were colored with the hue of the times; the merchants, cramped in their enterprise by legal restrictions; the mechanics, who, by their skill in ship-building, bore away the palm from all other nations, and by their numbers were the rulers of the town; all alike, clergy and laity, in the pulpit or closet, on the wharf or in the counting-room, at their ship-yards or in their social gatherings, reasoned upon government. They had not acquired estates by a feudal tenure, nor had lived under feudal institutions; and as the true descendants of the Puritans of England, they had not much more of superstitious veneration for monarchy than for priestcraft. Such was their power of analysis, that they almost unconsciously developed the theory of an independent representative commonwealth; and such their instinctive capacity for organization, that they had actually seen a Convention of the people of the Province start into life at their bidding. While the earth was still wrapt in gloom, they welcomed the daybreak of popular freedom, and, like the young eagle in his upward soarings, looked undazzled into the beams of the morning." — pp. 240 – 243.

All through the volume we find a hearty recognition of the wise and patriotic services rendered by the old Congregational clergy of New England. This fact is the more worthy of note at the present day, when the right of the clergy to deal with such political questions as trespass upon the domains of morals and religion has been denied in some high places and in party newspapers. No minister of New England ever used or claimed the privilege except as politics involved moral and religious issues, and when that is the case New England is the last place on the earth where ministers will consent to be dictated to by politicians. The services of the clergy in all the stages of our struggle with Great Britain were gratefully acknowledged by the people and their leaders. Yet so strange are the inconsistencies into which preju-

dices or party ties will drive some men, that we have read within the year some newspaper articles most severely reflecting upon "Politics in the Pulpit," written by a man in his capacity of editor of a party newspaper, who in another capacity, as an historian, had applauded the dead for what he condemns in the living. The political issues raised during the controversy with Great Britain by no means involved moral or religious questions to anything like the extent to which the latter enter into our own agitating strifes.

In relating the lively and zealous interest with which the distinguished French statesman, Choiseul, acquainted himself with every incident and detail of the controversy between the Colonies and the mother country, Mr. Bancroft says that that Minister sought for information "even in New England sermons, from which curious extracts are to this day preserved among the state papers of France." The following beautiful tribute to Dr. Mayhew, the pastor of the West Church in Boston, is in Mr. Bancroft's most marked style. The letter to Otis which it quotes bears date June 8, 1766.

"Mayhew, of Boston, mused anxiously over the danger, which was now clearly revealed, till, in the morning watches of the next Lord's day, light dawned upon his excited mind, and the voice of wisdom spoke from his warm heart, which was so soon to cease to beat. 'You have heard of the communion of churches,' he wrote to Otis; 'while I was thinking of this in my bed, the great use and importance of a communion of colonies appeared to me in a strong light. Would it not be decorous for our Assembly to send circulars to all the rest, expressing a desire to cement union among ourselves? A good foundation for this has been laid by the Congress at New York; never losing sight of it may be the only means of perpetuating our liberties.' The patriot uttered this great word of counsel on the morning of his last day of health in Boston. From his youth he had consecrated himself to the service of colonial freedom in the State and Church; he died, overtasked, in the unblemished beauty of manhood, consumed by his fiery zeal, foreseeing independence. His character was so deeply impressed on the place of his activity, that it is not yet grown over. Whoever repeats the story of American liberty renews his fame." — pp. 12, 13.

It will prove to be a good exercise for the critical judgment of an intelligent reader, to peruse in connection

with this volume the chapters in Lord Mahon's volumes which cover the same period of time, and also the third volume of Hutchinson's History. The reader will thus have one story told in three ways, and he will observe how the rehearsal or the suppression of some apparently trivial incidents, the stress laid upon different words in public documents, and the introduction of a writer's own comments, will give a coloring to a whole narrative. Lord Mahon aims at impartiality; but his investigations have evidently been insufficient, and his judgments are often hasty. Neither does he suppress the feelings of an Englishman and a royalist. From a multitude of significant hints and intimations scattered over his pages, he signifies to us, that, even when he writes in commendation of the patriot leaders on our side, he is conscious that he is dealing with plebeians. It is observable, too, that the present position and prosperity of this republic reflect back upon its days of small things the lustre that redeems in his judgment many of the measures and the men which would have worn a different aspect to him had the event of the struggle been otherwise. He calls Samuel Adams "a demagogue." But he was not the sort of man that is called "a demagogue" at the present day, and the application of such an epithet indicates just such a lack of precise and thorough acquaintance with facts on the part of the historian, as disqualifies him from judging of the more secret influences which worked in the early stages of the strife. Lord Mahon perpetuates a remnant of Governor Hutchinson's bitterness in that epithet. The royalists of the time were stout in asserting that the flame of independence was adroitly and secretly nourished by a few popular leaders, and that their plans required to be developed with great reserve, because, if they had been announced when first formed, the people would not have sympathized with them. The inference from these premises was, that the people were misled by their leaders. We admit the premises, but, so far from accepting the inference, we maintain that the leaders conducted wisely and guided the people safely. The people need just such leaders and just such training in all such issues. Hutchinson apologizes for some details by saying: "These are such unimportant occurrences in themselves, that a narrative of them would need an apol-

ogy, if they did not tend to a more just idea of the progress of the American Revolution."* His error was in thinking them *unimportant* as they occurred.

The main interest of Governor Hutchinson's third volume is centred upon its sketch of his own administration and that of his predecessor, Sir Francis Bernard, which in fact forms the principal matter of the volume. As Hutchinson was the Lieutenant-Governor during the whole period of Bernard's administration, as well as before, he may be regarded as the representative of the King through the entire series of events and controversies which resulted in the final rupture. He found a refuge in England in 1774, and died at Brompton, near London, in 1780, in the seventieth year of his age. He left his third volume in manuscript, and through the efforts of some of the most distinguished gentlemen in this neighborhood its publication was procured in England in 1828, and an edition of five hundred copies was circulated here, where it has never been reprinted. By many persons this volume has been regarded and treated as if worthy only of contempt, as containing only the ebullitions of the writer's spleen and passion. We can only say that we should deeply regret its loss. It has a real value. The side which the writer espoused has now no other advocate, and as he was so faithful to it, it is right that he should be its historian. Never had a public man in high station a more harassed and embittered experience than was his. The whole course of English policy from the beginning to the end of the struggle with these Colonies has often been pronounced and proved to have been a tissue of mistakes, among which measures intended in England to be pacific and conciliatory, but actually working against their purpose, were the least wise. Of these, the appointment of Hutchinson stands prominent for its impolicy. The reason assigned for his official trust at a time of threatening discord was, that he was a native of the Province, and a man of strong local attachments and interests. But this was the very reason why he should not have been charged with trusts, which, considering the rival interests requiring his mediation, it may be pronounced utterly impossible for any man to

* History, Vol. III. p. 202.

have administered who was at once a true lover of his country and an agent of the crown of Great Britain. For the work which England required to be done here at that time, England needed, above all things, an English governor. Yet we do not suppose that in that case the final event would have been otherwise; but then much heart-burning would have been spared, many family feuds would have been avoided, and the direct issue would have been reached without those tortuous discussions, and those two or three more than questionable measures of some of our own leaders which require a very skilful advocacy or apology to relieve them as fair history records them.

We copy here Mr. Bancroft's judgment of Hutchinson.

" 'The Lieutenant-Governor well understands my system,' said Bernard, as he transferred the government. Hutchinson was descended from one of the earliest settlers of Massachusetts, and loved the land of his birth. A native of Boston, he was its representative for ten years, during three of which he was Speaker of the Assembly; for more than ten other years, he was a member of the Council, as well as Judge of Probate; since June, 1758, he had been Lieutenant-Governor, and since September, 1760, Chief Justice also; and twice he had been chosen Colonial Agent. No man was so experienced in the public affairs of the Colony; and no one was so familiar with its history, usages, and laws. In the Legislature he had assisted to raise the credit of Massachusetts by substituting hard money for a paper currency. As a Judge, though he decided political questions with the subserviency of a courtier, yet in approving wills he was considerate towards the orphan and the widow, and he heard private suits with unblemished integrity. In adjusting points of difference with a neighboring jurisdiction, he was faithful to the Province by which he was employed. His advancement to administrative power was fatal to England and to himself. The love of money, which was his ruling passion in youth, had grown with his years; and avarice in an old man is cowardly and mean; knows that its time is short, and clutches with eagerness at immediate gains.

" A nervous timidity, which was natural to him, had been increased by age as well as by his adverse experience during the riots on account of the Stamp Act; and in the conduct of public affairs made him as false to his employers as to his own honor. While he cringed to the minister, he trembled before the people.

" At Boston, Hutchinson professed zeal for the interests and liberties of the Province. With fawning treachery, he claimed to be

its friend ; had at one time courted its favor by denying the right of Parliament to tax America either internally or externally ; and had argued with conclusive ability against the expediency and the equity of that measure. He now redoubled his attempts to deceive ; wrote favorable letters which he never sent, but read to those about him as evidence of his good-will ; and professed even to have braved hostility in England for his attachment to colonial liberties. At Boston he wished not to be thought to have been very closely connected with his predecessor. At the same moment, 'I have lived in perfect harmony with Governor Bernard,' was the timeserver's first message to the Colonial Office ; 'I flatter myself he will, when he arrives in England, give a favorable opinion of me' ; and expressing his adhesion to the highest system of metropolitan authority, and retaining the services of Israel Mauduit as his agent, he devoted his rare ability and his intimate acquaintance with the history and constitution of the Province to suggest for its thorough 'subjection' a system of coercive measures, which England gradually and reluctantly adopted.

"Wherever the Colony had a friend, he would artfully set before him such hints as might incline him to harsh judgments. Even to Franklin he vouched for the tales of Bernard as 'most just and candid.' He paid court to the enemies of American liberty by stimulating them to the full indulgence of their malignity. He sought out great men, and those who stood at the door of great men, the underlings of present ministers or prospective ministers, of Grenville, or Hillsborough, or Jenkinson, or the King ; urged them incessantly to bring on the crisis by the immediate intervention of Parliament ; and advised the change of the Charter of the Province, as well as those of Rhode Island and Connecticut ; the dismemberment of Massachusetts ; the diminution of the liberties of New England towns ; the establishment of a citadel within the town of Boston ; the stationing of a fleet in its harbor ; the experiment of martial law ; the transportation of 'incendiaries' to England ; the prohibition of the New England fisheries ; with other measures, which he dared not trust to paper, and recommended only by insinuations and verbal messages. At the same time he entreated the concealment of his solicitations. 'Keep secret everything I write,' said he to Whately, his channel for communicating with Grenville. 'I have never yet seen any rational plan for a partial subjection,' he writes to Jenkinson's influential friend Mauduit ; 'my sentiments upon these points should be concealed.' Though he kept back part of his thoughts, he begged Bernard to burn his letters. 'It will be happy if, in the next Session, Parliament make thorough work,' he would write to John Pownall, the Secretary of the

Board of Trade; and then 'caution' him to 'suffer no parts of his letters to transpire.'

" 'I humbly entreat your Lordship, that my letters may not be made public,' was his ever-renewed prayer to successive Secretaries of State, so that he conducted the government like one engaged in a conspiracy or an intrigue. But some of his letters could hardly fail to be discovered; and then it would be disclosed that he had laid snares for the life of patriots, and had urged the 'thorough' overthrow of English liberty in America." — pp. 303 – 308.

In justice to our historian, as authenticating his severe judgment, we should have copied the elaborate notes attached to this extract if our space allowed. In venturing to differ with Mr. Bancroft, to the extent of abating the harshness of some of these sentences, we would do so with deference to his thoroughness of investigation, and without impugning his intended impartiality. But for ourselves we cannot judge Hutchinson so severely. The men with whom he had to deal were skilful in developing their own ultimate ends. They at times availed themselves of ingenious, not to say evasive language. They knew that his position and instructions compelled him to oppose them, and more frankness on their own part would have been an inexpressible relief to him. Not by any means would we attempt to vindicate the course, the manliness, or even, at every point, the integrity of this royal Governor. Still we think that he had in his lifetime a harder measure than he deserved, and that some charges now brought against him are exaggerated when they might be easily palliated. The demolition of his house in Boston by a mob, and the destruction of his valuable historical collections, — involving a great loss to us; his exclusion from the Council; the circumstances connected with the publication of his "private" letters; the open contempt visited upon him, and the ingenious devices by which the Assembly of the Province combined in their legislative acts measures which he would gladly have approved with propositions which he was bound to negative; — these and other annoyances soured his spirit, and drove him into a complete alienation from some whom he might have conciliated. When the Assembly voted compensation to himself and other sufferers from the mobs, it connected with the provision an indemnity to all who had been concerned in the destruction of

property and the subversion of civil order. This was the first specimen on this continent of what has since been called an "omnibus bill," and Hutchinson had to carry it, "rider" and all. When the business of the Probate and Judicial Courts was at a stand, because the people had prohibited the use of the "stamps" which alone could legalize their decisions, the whole responsibility was thrown upon Hutchinson of choosing between a course which would annul an act of Parliament, and one which would peril the validity of every testamentary document and every legal proceeding. Sometimes he did not divulge the instructions he had received from the ministry, because he knew they would irritate; and then he was accused of acting without them, merely on his own judgment. Sometimes he communicated his instructions; and then he was accused of having procured them for the purpose of reinforcing some tyrannical purpose of his own. Indeed, candor and charity, when set upon a review of all the complicated and embarrassing circumstances of the case, compel us to put a more lenient construction upon some parts of Hutchinson's conduct than they received at the time, and so far to differ with our historian. Lord Mahon, on his part, is altogether too partial in his judgment of the Governor, and gives his readers no means for apprehending the real grounds of complaint against him.

We have a yet more grave occasion of censure upon Lord Mahon, because of his renewing and justifying the blame cast upon Dr. Franklin at the time, for having, in his capacity of Agent of the Massachusetts Assembly at the English court, sent over here under a partial covert of secrecy some "private" letters of Governor Hutchinson, obtained, says Lord Mahon, by "dishonorable means." His Lordship adds, that several Americans of high character have attempted to palliate or to justify the conduct of Franklin in that transaction, but that his respect for these gentlemen leads him to believe that "every one of them would utterly shrink from doing what from mistaken zeal they still labor to defend."* We submit to his Lordship, that no American writer has ever attempted "to palliate" the conduct of

* Lord Mahon's History, Vol. V. p. 325.

Franklin in that matter, or thought that it needed to be "palliated" any further than that it required to be rightly presented. And all the facts for its fair statement are derived from Franklin's own account of it, which in itself is a model of self-justification in a manly, candid, and transparently honest narrative. That Franklin himself used any "dishonorable means" for obtaining the letters, no one can pretend to believe. True, there is still a mystery about the transaction, which Mr. Bancroft has not been able to clear up by his most thorough researches. But the mystery does not settle upon the agency of Franklin, as it wholly concerns the name of the person who gave him the letters, the Doctor having pledged himself to secrecy on that point. No name has been used more freely or more frequently by those who, through the alleged "spiritual manifestations," have professed to be in converse with the departed of this earth, than that of Dr. Franklin. We would suggest that, the next time he volunteers to make a "communication," he be frankly challenged to tell the name of the person who gave him the letters of Hutchinson, Oliver, and Paxton. As the reputation of no living person will suffer by the disclosure, and as Lord Mahon thinks that the reputation of Franklin is clouded by the secret, perhaps the great electrician will have no objection to divulge it now, if he can, — which we doubt.

But while we see nothing to censure in Franklin's agency in that matter, and should demur at allowing that the letters in question deserve to be called in the strictest sense "private letters," — as they were written by a public man to a public man, and dealt with public affairs, and were designed to affect public measures, and as Hutchinson himself had previously procured and published a "private" letter of Franklin's, — we do not feel an unqualified satisfaction as to the way in which they were dealt with here. Franklin had sent them over under an express pledge made to the gentleman who brought them to him, that they should not be copied or published, but be exhibited to certain specified individuals. The reason given for this injunction of secrecy was lest a public disclosure should prevent the procuring of others. But the pledge of secrecy was used here to enhance the mystery, and to heighten the amazement of

an alleged startling discovery. The device by which Hancock succeeded in procuring the publication of the letters, by announcing in the Massachusetts Assembly that duplicate copies had been received from England, is what needs to be justified in our opinion; and if Lord Mahon had spared Franklin, and had animadverted upon this incident, we should not have raised an issue with him on this point. Hutchinson, of course, felt himself shockingly aggrieved by the use made, as he says, of those "private letters, which were perverted to set the Province in a flame."* Yet he insisted that they "contained nothing more upon the constitution of the Colonies in general, than what had been published in his speeches to the Assembly, as well as in a more extensive manner to the world."† Any apparent inconsistency between this account of the harmless character of the letters and his outraged feeling as to the use made of them, is relieved in his own narrative by his statement of the ingenious means employed to sharpen the expectation and the anger of the people at large by an aggravated horror over the contents of the papers before they were published, and by a false construction of some of their sentences, and a garbled or disjointed way of quoting them when in print. Truth compels us to admit that the treasure was thought so precious that it lost nothing in description. There are no great ventures made in the letters in the way of recommending tyrannical measures, beyond what Hutchinson avowed in his public papers.

We extract the following spirited description of a scene between Samuel Adams and Hutchinson, when the people, after the "Boston Massacre," so called, demanded the removal of the British troops from the town.

"My readers will remember, that the instructions from the King which placed the army above the civil power in America contained a clause, that, where there was no officer of the rank of Brigadier, the Governor of the Colony or Province might give the word. Dalrymple, accordingly, offered to obey the Lieutenant-Governor, who, on his part, neither dared to bid the troops remain, nor order their withdrawal. So the opinion which had been expressed by Bernard during the last summer, and at the time had been approved by Dalrymple, was called to mind as

* History, Vol. III. p. 245.

† Ibid. p. 402.

the rule for the occasion. The Lieutenant-Governor, therefore, acquainted the Town's Committee, that the Twenty-Ninth Regiment, which was particularly concerned in the late differences, should without delay be placed at the Castle, and the Fourteenth only be retained in town under efficient restraint. Saying this, he adjourned the Council to the afternoon.

"The vigorous will of Samuel Adams now burst forth in its majesty. As Faneuil Hall could not hold the throng from the surrounding country, the Town had adjourned to the Old South meeting-house. The street between the State-House and that church was filled with people. 'Make way for the Committee,' was the shout of the multitude, as Adams came out from the Council Chamber, and, baring his head, which was already becoming gray, moved through their ranks, inspiring heroic confidence.

"To the people who crowded even the gallery and aisles of the spacious meeting-house, he made his report, and pronounced the answer insufficient. On ordinary occasions he seemed like ordinary men; but in moments of crisis, he rose naturally and unaffectedly into the attitude of highest dignity, and spoke as if the hopes of humanity were dependent on his words. The Town, after deliberation, raised a new and smaller Committee, composed of Samuel Adams, Hancock, Molineux, William Phillips, Warren, Henshaw, and Pemberton, to bear their final message. They found the Lieutenant-Governor surrounded by the Council, and by the highest officers of the British Army and Navy on the Station.

"Hutchinson had done his utmost to get Samuel Adams shipped to England as a traitor; at this most important moment in their lives, the patriot and the courtier stood face to face. 'It is the unanimous opinion of the Meeting,' said Samuel Adams to him in the name of all, 'that the reply made to the vote of the inhabitants in the morning is unsatisfactory; nothing less will satisfy than a total and immediate removal of all the troops.' 'The troops are not subject to my authority,' repeated Hutchinson; 'I have no power to remove them.' Stretching forth his arm which slightly shook as if 'his frame trembled at the energy of his soul,' in tones not loud, but clear and distinctly audible, Adams rejoined: 'If you have power to remove one regiment, you have power to remove both. It is at your peril if you do not. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are become very impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the country is in general motion. Night is approaching; an immediate answer is expected.' As he spoke, he gazed intently on his irresolute adversary. 'Then,' said Adams, who not long

afterwards described the scene, 'at the appearance of the determined citizens, peremptorily demanding the redress of grievances, I observed his knees to tremble; I saw his face grow pale; and I enjoyed the sight.' As the committee left the Council Chamber, Hutchinson's memory was going back in his reverie to the days of the Revolution of 1688. He saw in his mind Andros seized and imprisoned, and the people instituting a new government; he reflected that the citizens of Boston and the country about it were become four times as numerous as in those days, and their 'spirit full as high.' He fancied them insurgent, and himself their captive; and he turned to the Council for advice. 'It is not such people as formerly pulled down your house, who conduct the present measures,' said Tyler, 'but they are people of the best characters among us, men of estates, and men of religion. It is impossible for the troops to remain in town; there will be ten thousand men to effect their removal, be the consequence what it may.'

Russell of Charlestown, and Dexter of Dedham, a man of admirable qualities, confirmed what was said. They spoke truly; men were ready to come down from the hills of Worcester County, and from the vale of the Connecticut. The Council unanimously advised sending the troops to the Castle forthwith. 'It is impossible for me,' said Dalrymple again and again, weakening the force of what he said by frequently repeating it, 'to go any further lengths in this matter. The information given of the intended rebellion is a sufficient reason against the removal of his Majesty's forces.'

" 'You have asked the advice of the Council,' said Gray to the Lieutenant-Governor; 'they have given it unanimously; you are bound to conform to it.' 'If mischief should come, by means of your not joining with us,' pursued Irving, 'the whole blame must fall upon you; but if you join with us, and the commanding officer after that should refuse to remove the troops, the blame will then be at his door.' Hutchinson finally agreed with the Council, and Dalrymple assured him of his obedience. The Town's Committee, being informed of this decision, left the State-House to make their welcome report to the Meeting. The inhabitants listened with the highest satisfaction; but, ever vigilant, they provided measures for keeping up a strong military watch of their own, until the regiments should leave the town." — pp. 342 — 346.

We give another extract embracing the historian's portrayal of King George the Third: —

"The decision came from the King, who was the master of the House of Commons, and the soul of the Ministry, busying himself even with the details of all important affairs. He had

many qualities that become a sovereign, — temperance, regularity, and industry ; decorous manners, and unaffected piety ; frugality in his personal expenses, so that his pleasures laid no burden on his people ; a moderation which made him ever averse to wars of conquest ; courage, which dared to assume responsibility, and could even contemplate death serenely ; a fortitude that met accumulated dangers without flinching, and rose with adversity.

“ But his mind was bigoted, narrow, and without comprehensiveness, morbidly impatient of being ruled, and yet himself incapable of reconciling the demands of civilization with the establishments of the past. He was the great founder and head of the New Tory or Conservative party, which had become dominant through his support. To that cause all his instincts were blindly true ; so that, throughout his career, he was consistent in his zeal for authority, his hatred of reform, and his antipathy to philosophical freedom of inquiry and to popular power. On these points he was inflexibly obstinate and undisguised ; nor could he be justly censured for dissimulation, except for that disingenuousness which studies the secret characters of men in order to use them as its instruments. No one could tell whether the king really liked him. He could flatter, cajole, and humor, or frown and threaten ; he could conceal the sense of injuries and forget good service ; bribe the corrupt by favors, or terrify deserters by punishment. In bestowing rewards, it was his rule, as far as possible, to preserve the dependence of his favorites by making none but revocable grants ; and he required of his friends an implicit obedience. He was willing to govern through Parliament, yet did not conceal his readiness to stand by his Ministers, even though they should find themselves in a minority ; and was sure that one day the government must disregard majorities.

“ With a strong physical frame, he had also a nervous susceptibility which made him rapid in his utterance ; and so impatient of contradiction, that he never could bear the presence of a Minister who resolutely differed from him, and was easily thrown into a state of high excitement, bordering upon madness. Anger, which changed Chatham into a seer, pouring floods of light upon his mind, and quickening his discernment, served only to cloud or disturb the mind of George the Third, so that he could not hide his thoughts from those about him, and, if using the pen, could neither spell correctly nor write coherently. Hence the proud, unbending Grenville was his aversion ; and his years with the compliant Lord North, though full of public disasters, were the happiest of his life. Conscious of his devotion to the cause of legitimate authority, and viewing with complacency his own

correctness of morals, he identified himself with the cause which he venerated. His eye did not rest on Colonial liberty or a people struggling towards more intelligence and happiness; the Crown was to him the emblem of all rightful power. He had that worst quality of evil, that he, as it were, adored himself; and regarded opposition to his designs as an offence against integrity and patriotism. He thought no exertions too great to crush the spirit of revolution, and no sufferings or punishment too cruel or too severe for those whom he esteemed as rebels." — pp. 354 — 356.

As some relief to the less genial contents of the passages which we have quoted from this elaborate and interesting volume, we subjoin a few paragraphs of a different tenor:—

"In this peaceful habitation on the banks of the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, Daniel Boone, the illustrious hunter, had heard Finley, a trader, so memorable as the Pioneer, describe a tract of land west of Virginia, as the richest in North America or in the world. In May, 1769, leaving his wife and offspring, having Finley as his pilot, and four others as companions, the young man, of about three-and-twenty, wandered forth through the wilderness of America, 'in quest of the country of Kentucky,' known to the savages as 'the Dark and Bloody Ground,' 'the Middle Ground' between the subjects of the Five Nations and the Cherokees. After a long and fatiguing journey through mountain ranges, the party found themselves in June on the Red River, a tributary of the Kentucky, and from the top of an eminence surveyed with delight the beautiful plain that stretched to the Northwest. Here they built their shelter, and began to reconnoitre the country and to hunt. All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America, the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wild-cat, the bear, the panther, and the wolf, couched among the canes, or roamed over the rich grasses, which even beneath the thickest shades sprung luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage, or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in the settlements of Carolina herdsmen. Sometimes there were hundreds in a drove, and round the salt-licks their numbers were amazing.

"The summer, in which for the first time a party of white men enjoyed the brilliancy of nature near and in the valley of the Elkhorn, passed away in the occupations of exploring parties and the chase. But one by one Boone's companions dropped off, till he was left alone with John Stewart. They jointly found unceasing delight in the wonders of the forest, till, one evening,

near Kentucky River, they were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, wanderers like themselves. They escaped; and were joined by Boone's brother; so that, when Stewart was soon after killed by savages, the first victim among the hecatombs of white men slain by them in their desperate battling for the lovely hunting-ground, Boone still had his brother to share with him the dangers and the attractions of the wilderness; the building and occupying the first cottage in Kentucky.

"In the spring of 1770, that brother returned to the settlements for horses and supplies of ammunition, leaving the renowned hunter 'by himself, without bread, or salt, or sugar, or even a horse or dog.' 'The idea of a beloved wife,' anxious for his safety, tinged his thoughts with sadness; but otherwise the cheerful, meditative man, careless of wealth, knowing the use of the rifle, not the plough, of a strong, robust frame, in the vigorous health of early manhood, ignorant of books, but versed in the forest and forest life, ever fond of tracking the deer on foot, away from men, yet in his disposition humane, generous, and gentle, was happy in the uninterrupted succession 'of sylvan pleasures.'

'He held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation.'

"One calm summer's evening, as he climbed a commanding ridge, and looked out upon the remote 'venerable mountains' and the nearer ample plains, and caught a glimpse in the distance of the Ohio, which bounded the land of his affections with majestic grandeur, his heart exulted in the region he had discovered. 'All things were still.' Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck. He was no more alone than a bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole universe of life. Nature was his intimate, and as the roving woodsman leaned confidently on her bosom, she responded to his intelligence.

"For him the rocks and the fountains, the leaf and the blade of grass, had life; the cooling air, laden with the wild perfume, came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously round about him, as so many myriads of companions. All forms wore the character of desire or peril. But how could he be afraid? Triumphant over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howling of the wolves by night round his cottage or his bivouac in the brake, was his diversion; and by day he had joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business.

"Near the end of July, 1770, his faithful brother came back to meet him at the old camp. Shortly after, they proceeded to-

gether to Cumberland River, giving names to the different waters ; and he then returned to his wife and children ; fixed in his purpose at the risk of life and fortune to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed a second Paradise.* ” — pp. 298 – 302.

We will leave the contents of one more extract to convey to our readers its own instruction, as the historian does on his part : —

“ The inhabitants of Virginia were controlled by the central authority on a subject of still more vital importance to them and their posterity. Their halls of legislation had resounded with eloquence directed against the terrible plague of negro slavery. Again and again they had passed laws, restraining the importations of negroes from Africa ; but their laws were disallowed. How to prevent them from protecting themselves against the increase of the overwhelming evil, was debated by the King in Council, and on the tenth day of December, 1770, he issued an instruction, under his own hand, commanding the Governor, ‘ upon pain of the highest displeasure, to assent to no law by which the importation of slaves should be in any respect prohibited or obstructed.’ In April, 1772, this rigorous order was solemnly debated in the Assembly of Virginia. ‘ They were very anxious for an act to restrain the introduction of people, the number of whom already in the Colony gave them just cause to apprehend the most dangerous consequences, and therefore made it necessary that they should fall upon means, not only of preventing their increase, but also of lessening their number. The interest of the country,’ it was said, ‘ manifestly requires the total expulsion of them.’ ”

“ Jefferson, like Richard Henry Lee, had begun his legislative career by efforts for emancipation. To the mind of Patrick Henry, the thought of slavery darkened the picture of the future, even while he cherished faith in the ultimate abolition of an evil, which, though the law sanctioned, religion opposed. To have approached Parliament with a petition against the Slave-Trade might have seemed a recognition of its supreme legislative power ; Virginia, therefore, resolved to address the King himself, who in Council had cruelly compelled the toleration of the nefarious traffic. They pleaded with him for leave to protect them-

* “ For the authentication of the whole of this account of Boone, compare his Autobiography dictated by him in 1784, and first published by John Filson. It is the source of the historian, the orator, and the biographer. It is a pity that the amanuensis and editor garnished the hunter’s narrative with bits of learning of his own.”

selves against the crimes of commercial avarice, and these were their words: —

“ ‘The importation of slaves into the Colonies from the Coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity; and, under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear, will endanger the very existence of your Majesty’s American dominions. We are sensible that some of your Majesty’s subjects in Great Britain may reap emoluments from this sort of traffic; but when we consider that it greatly retards the settlement of the Colonies with more useful inhabitants, and may in time have the most destructive influence, we presume to hope that the interest of a few will be disregarded, when placed in competition with the security and happiness of such numbers of your Majesty’s dutiful and loyal subjects.

“ ‘Deeply impressed with these sentiments, we most humbly beseech your Majesty to remove all those restraints on your Majesty’s Governors of this Colony which inhibit their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce.’

“ ‘In this manner Virginia led the host, who alike condemned slavery and opposed the Slave-Trade. Thousands in Maryland and in New Jersey were ready to adopt a similar petition; so were the Legislatures of North Carolina, of Pennsylvania, of New York. Massachusetts, in its towns and in its Legislature, unceasingly combated the condition as well as the sale of slaves. There was no jealousy among one another in the strife against the crying evil; Virginia harmonized all opinions, and represented the moral sentiment and policy of them all. When her prayer reached England, Franklin through the press called to it the sympathy of the people; again and again it was pressed upon the attention of the Ministers. But the government of that day was less liberal than the tribunals; and while a question respecting a negro from Virginia led the courts of law to an axiom, that, as soon as any slave set his foot on English ground, he becomes free, the King of England stood in the path of humanity, and made himself the pillar of the colonial Slave-Trade. Wherever in the Colonies a disposition was shown for its restraint, his servants were peremptorily ordered to maintain it without abatement. But he blushed to reject the solemn appeal of Virginia personally to himself, and evaded a reply.” — pp. 413–415.

There are no reasons now in force to prevent, and there are many influences which favor, the production of a “History of the American Revolution,” written in a spirit of high philosophic impartiality, guided by the generous purpose of doing justice to both parties, and entirely free from the acrimony which pervaded the struggle. A his-

tory so written will not lavish upon the English people, or even upon the English ministry, those charges of a ruthless and tyrannical love of oppression which were freely and passionately uttered in the invectives of some of our leaders, and which heated the minds of many of the people to such a degree as almost to persuade them that they had to deal with the very fiends of hate. Such a history will likewise avoid all those open or covert imputations which have intimated that our professed patriots inflamed the people by aggravating the purposes of government measures, and artfully denied the ends which they had in view from the first, so that they might gradually inveigle the colonists into an irreconcilable rupture, from which they would have shrunk had they apprehended it in its early stages. A history written in a right spirit, and by one who thoroughly comprehends his subject, will not contain such sentences as these from Lord Mahon: "They" (the New-Englanders) "were as determined as their fathers to assert for themselves their lawful — and perhaps more than their lawful — freedom of thought and action. They were as prompt to feel and to resent — or even sometimes, as we may think, to imagine and exaggerate — any aggression on their liberties."* Nor will such a sentence as the following escape the erasive pen of a thoroughly fair narrator: "But while the patriot chiefs" (in reference to the mercantile agreements of non-importation, and the popular pledges of Non-Consumption, of English goods) "were thus inflexible to strangers, they are accused of showing undue favor to their own especial friends, allowing some of them to sell the prohibited articles in secret, and in fact to set their own prices upon them, since the articles could not be obtained elsewhere."† There are sentences of Mr. Bancroft's that trespass beyond the borders of that cool and tempered impartiality which time, as it softens animosities, and philosophy, as it distinguishes between mistakes founded on false theories and set purposes of tyranny, may be expected to require of an historian. The theme is a noble one for the most skilful pen, guided by the most gifted and best-instructed mind. It involves all the elements which give interest to political, philosoph-

* History, Vol. V. p. 67.

† Ibid. p. 264.

ical, and biographical inquiries, with their results. Men and events, motives and incidents, complicated movements and simple relations of cause and effect, all offer themselves successively for review, each bearing its own single importance and together constituting probably the most significant series of circumstances embraced in the history of the world.

These Colonies at the time of the rupture contained a population of about two millions of European descent, and perhaps half a million of other races. It was calculated at that period that articles of English produce and manufacture were consumed here to the value of three millions sterling annually. How England alienated these Colonies, or how these Colonies outgrew, spurned, and threw off their allegiance to the mother country, is the theme of the history. The history itself will be very different in its spirit, its coloring, and its philosophy, according as it be fashioned to exhibit the one or the other of the two alternative views just noticed, that is, whether England alienated us, or we cast off England. Mr. Bancroft leaves his readers in no doubt as to his point of view. He emphatically entitles his fifth volume by its subject-matter, thus: "How Great Britain estranged America." We hope we shall not be accused of any Tory prejudices when we profess our belief that the other alternative — the *outgrowing* view of the matter — will afford a more philosophic basis for the history.

It is a curious fact, that New-Englanders helped, by the sacrifice of their own lives in French and Indian warfare, to secure to Great Britain her only two remaining colonies on this continent, — the two which are least allied to her in language, religion, and race. It is more curious still, that the partnership between New England and Old England in that matter should have furnished the occasion for the introduction of a series of measures which resulted in the loss of thirteen colonies to the mother country. Some British statesmen chose to regard the French and Indian war as undertaken in our defence and for our advantage, and concluded that, besides meeting its cost to ourselves in blood and treasure, we ought to aid England in bearing the burden of increased taxation. After we had been left, unaided and for a long time almost unnoticed by Great Britain, to

plant a wilderness at our own charges, and to open the best market which the whole world afforded for British trade, good policy, as the event has proved, would have advised that we should be left to ourselves. The first suggestion of imposing any form of tribute upon us seems to have been made to Sir Robert Walpole. But either he was too shrewd a man, or he had already too many hornets to battle with, to be moved to act on the suggestion. George Grenville, in 1764, ventured to carry out the scheme. He did not live to see the issue of his Tax Bill, but he had witnessed enough of its evil workings to be moved to utter his last recorded opinion about it, in 1770, the year of his death, in these words: "Nothing could ever induce me to tax America again, but the united consent of King, Lords, and Commons, supported by the united voice of the people of England. I will never lend my hand towards forging chains for America, lest in so doing I should forge them for myself."*

But the measure, bad as it was, was not a device of ruthless tyranny. Samuel Adams and his noble fellow-laborers indulged themselves in occasional figures of speech which tended to inflame British passion, and to convert what was originally a mistake in financial policy into a spirit of headstrong obstinacy and arrogant dictation. The insufferable haughtiness, the goading and contemptuous spite, which Great Britain manifested in the later stages of the controversy, were elements infused into it by the progress of angry debates on both sides, — not original embitterments which opened the discord.

All those incidental aggravations on both sides which wore at the time the aspect of tyrannical devices on the part of Britain, or of adroit and cunning concealment and management on our part, are to be accounted to the simple fact that both parties were learning wisdom in a field new to the nations of the earth. There were no precedents to settle relations such as existed between us and England. Statesmen were compelled to find out the right by groping in the wrong; they did not even know, and they had to inform themselves, what were the real relations subsisting between the parties, and how

* Cavendish Debates, Vol. I. p. 496.

far they would bear to be meddled with, in the hope of making them profitable to one party, without disgusting or irritating the other party. Governor Hutchinson thought he detected positive proofs of evil designs from the first on the side of our patriot leaders, because, in their various remonstrances, resolves, and addresses, they slid down a descending scale of terms and epithets for expressing the nature and measure of their regard or respect for the British Parliament, ministry, and monarch. "Veneration," "allegiance," "profound consideration," "respectful regard," were terms successively used, till at last such expressions as "a due allegiance" and "a just regard" were sufficient for announcing how much of loyalty was left. In the mean while the phrase "rightful liberties" rose on the scale of meaning as the terms used towards England fell away. The old Boston "Court-house" became the *State-House*; "the house of representatives" became *his Majesty's Commons*; "the Province laws," *the laws of the land*; and the grant from royal grace, once called a "charter," became known as the *Compact*. Yet all this was perfectly reasonable, and constituted the substance of one very important chapter in "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." An American advocate may take the high ground, that all our legislative acts were strictly conformed to English law,—were not merely resolute and high-spirited, but strictly legal. As to such matters as "popular conventions,"—when Charter Assemblies were suppressed by royal governors,— "Committees of Correspondence," and a "Colonial Congress," these were not *illegal*, for there was no law about them. We made the law on those matters. There is indeed a marvellous subtilty, an ingenious and acute, we will not say "cunning," skill exhibited in some of the public papers which emanated from our patriots. The most charitable view to be taken of such peculiarities in their structure is to say, as was said at the time in Great Britain, that all the men of New England seemed to be lawyers. A larger truth yet is fully expressed by Mr. Bancroft, that "American freedom was more prepared by courageous counsel than by successful war."

ART. VII. — HUME'S PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS.*

THERE are two classes of men who make themselves almost equally memorable in the history of human thought. The first consists of those who announce and succeed in introducing, at great epochs, positive solutions of the fundamental questions on which social order, and the most important rights and hopes of the individual, ultimately depend. These are the founders of religions, the heads of new schools of philosophy, the organizers of states. Next to them in note and influence are the critics and sceptics, whose office it is to re-examine, from time to time, the old and received solutions of these questions under the lights of advancing science and civilization, and detect and expose, if they can, the errors they contain, or their radical insufficiency. Hume, we hardly need say, belongs to the last-mentioned class.

For obvious reasons, persons of this class are not likely to be judged with candor or fairness by their contemporaries, or their immediate successors. In the first place, it is long before the faith of the multitude is shaken; they honestly believe in their old teachers, from reverence and habit, if not from intelligent conviction: with them, therefore, to impugn the traditionary faith is to impugn the truth. Then there are many even among the enlightened, who, though they have lost much of their confidence in the old solutions, are still more distrustful of the new, and in this state of things are naturally impatient of what seems to them a premature agitation of the subject. This cautious conservatism is sometimes stigmatized as selfish; but it is not necessarily so: the caution may originate in anxiety for public as well as private good. Add to this, that we are more likely to take offence at others for believing less than we do, than for believing more. We expect credulity in the ignorant; we forgive it as a weakness, and perhaps turn it to profit; there is also some complacency in reflecting that we can see through what others cannot; but if an individual or

* *The Philosophical Works of DAVID HUME. Including all the Essays, and exhibiting the more important Alterations and Corrections in the successive Editions published by the Author.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 337, 552, 564, 580.

a party arise presuming to think that they can see through what we cannot, our pride is touched.

Hume had no right to wonder or complain at opposition on all these grounds, for it was natural and consistent. But the same can hardly be said of several fundamental misapprehensions of the nature and drift of his philosophical writings. One of these is, that he should be regarded as the author, in any proper sense of that word, of a new philosophy. What, after all, did Hume attempt to do? He accepted the generally received philosophy, which was Locke's, and in the sense in which it was generally received in his time, and followed out this philosophy to its legitimate consequences. If we are offended at these consequences, we should blame the system that contains them, or show that it does not contain them. Certainly, if the system really contains them, the sooner we know it the better.

Another kindred and fundamental misapprehension consists in assuming that Hume was a sceptic, not only as regards philosophy, but as regards facts. We are not to understand that Hume lays down his conclusions absolutely and dogmatically; that is to say, as something which he really believes himself, or expects others to believe. His object is simply to ascertain what philosophy, meaning thereby his own or the received philosophy, will *prove*; and he comes to the conclusion, that it will prove nothing. Practically speaking, however, he does not suppose that this conclusion will alter, or that it ought to alter, any man's actual belief: his argument, even if it were sound, would only show that our belief in the reality of things is not founded in philosophy or reason, but rests on some other basis, — a basis, however, which is natural and immovable. He neither disowns nor condemns most of the common beliefs of mankind; he merely contends (I. 233) that "belief is more properly an act of the *sensitive* than of the *cogitative* part of our natures," — summing up in these few words the whole of his scepticism, and, we had almost said, the whole of his philosophy. "Thus," as he afterwards says, "the sceptic still continues to reason and believe, even though he asserts that he cannot defend his reason by reason." (I. 237.)

Hence a third misapprehension into which almost all who have undertaken to answer Hume have fallen.

They have thought that, in order to refute his scepticism, it is only necessary to point out the inconsistency of his conclusions with generally acknowledged truths, and even with truths acknowledged by Hume himself, at least in practice. But this is a mistake. They have assailed the sceptic as if he had been a dogmatist. It is no part of Hume's plan or wish, as a sceptic, to reconcile his speculations with received opinions, or with common sense, or with his own practice. His aim as a sceptic was to convict the reason of hopeless impotency to realize its high aspirations. It never entered into his thoughts to do what has been attempted by so many other philosophers, to go behind appearances, to comprehend nature and solve the problem of the universe. All this he accounted sheer arrogance and presumption, as being beyond the reach of the human faculties. In one word, he denied the possibility of metaphysics; but he did not construe such denial into want of actual confidence in sensible objects, or in the dictates of practical wisdom, or in the inductive and practical sciences, including æsthetics, ethics, and polity. His words are: "We may well ask, What causes induce us to believe in the existence of body? But it is in vain to ask, Whether there be a body or not? That is a point which we must take for granted in all our reasonings." (I. 238). And again: "My practice, you say, refutes my doubts. But you mistake the purport of my question. As an agent, I am quite satisfied in the point; but as a philosopher, who has some share of curiosity, I will not say scepticism, I want to learn the foundation of this inference." (III. 44.) And in the discussion of this question, the more inextricable the contradictions and the more palpable the absurdities in which reason is involved, the better for his purpose as a sceptic in these matters. As Sir William Hamilton has said, "It is the triumph of scepticism to show, that *speculation* and *practice* are irreconcilable."

After what has been said, it is hardly necessary to add that the *direct* practical influence of Hume's scepticism has been greatly misconceived and exaggerated. His own language in this connection is sufficiently explicit: "As experience will sufficiently convince any one who thinks it worth while to try, that, though he can find no

error in my arguments, yet he still continues to believe, and think, and reason as usual, he may safely conclude that his reasoning and belief is some sensation or peculiar manner of conception, which it is impossible for mere ideas and reflections to destroy." (I. 234.) Hume does not call in question the existence and validity of a regulating and determining principle, which makes us "believe, and think, and reason as usual"; but he fails to find this principle in the human understanding. It is not a *conviction*, but a "*propensity*" founded in "habit" or "custom."

"Nature," according to him, "has not left this to the choice of the individual, and has doubtless esteemed it an affair of too great importance to be trusted to our uncertain reasonings and speculations." — I. 238.

"None but a fool or madman will ever pretend to dispute the authority of experience, or to reject that great guide of human life." — IV. 42.

"Those who have denied the reality of moral distinctions, may be ranked among the disingenuous disputants; nor is it conceivable that any human creature could ever seriously believe that all characters and actions were alike entitled to the affection and regard of every one." "The only way, therefore, of converting an antagonist of this kind, is to leave him to himself. For, finding that nobody keeps up the controversy with him, it is probable he will at last, of himself, from mere weariness, come over to the side of common sense and reason." — IV. 229, 230.

A few passages are found in his earliest work, the *Treatise of Human Nature*, which are thought to give a different impression. These, for example: —

"I am first affrighted and confounded with that forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy, and fancy myself some strange, uncouth monster, who, not being able to mingle and unite in society, has been expelled all human commerce, and left utterly abandoned and disconsolate." — I. 326.

"After the most accurate and exact of my reasonings, I can give no reason why I should assent to it, and feel nothing but a *strong propensity* to consider objects *strongly* in that view under which they appear to me." — *Ibid.*

"I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of

every member and faculty. Most fortunately it happens, that, since reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, Nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophica melancholy and delirium, either by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation, and lively impression of my senses, which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game of backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends; and when, after three or four hours' amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold, and strained, and ridiculous, that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any further." — I. 331.

But readers who know much of Hume will not waste their sympathy on his forlorn and disconsolate condition, as here described. The truth is, as his biographer, always disposed to put the most favorable construction on his words and actions, has said, "his coldness and isolation were in his theories alone." He followed his own recommendation: "A true sceptic will be diffident of his philosophical doubts, as well as of his philosophical convictions; and will never refuse any innocent satisfaction which offers itself, upon account of either of them." (I. 336.) There never was a man who attached less importance to the results of speculation; who felt less the need of sympathy with common minds; who pined less for what is called the repose of faith. His very virtues contributed to this end; for, though not of the highest order, they were eminently of that kind which exclude anxieties, and repress, for the most part, the outbreaks of passion, that war between the flesh and the spirit, which so often makes the strongest men cry out for help. We do not deny that he was as sincere as most writers, whether sceptics or dogmatists; that he was so, is sufficiently proved by his general probity, and by the fact that he never faltered under the vicissitudes of life, nor in the presence of death. He was undoubtedly sincere in his low estimate of the cognitive faculties, in his belief of their utter incapacity to penetrate to the reason and causes of things, holding honestly that all the famous theories of philosophers and theologians to this purpose are no better than dreams. He also went further: what other writers ascribe to reason and reasoning in the daily conduct of life, he was disposed to refer to another principle, to the influence of repetition or "*habiti*." Not that

he meant to disown the fact, or discredit the authority of "judgment," so called; for he says expressly, "Nature, by an absolute and uncontrollable necessity, has determined us *to judge* as well as to breathe and feel." (I. 233.) But here he fancied, at least in his younger days, that he had made a great and important "discovery"; to wit, that we judge things to be in relation to each other, merely because they have been related before in our experience, so that our thoughts pass easily and readily from one to the other.

On this distinguishing point in his philosophy he should be allowed to speak for himself. He begins by contending that "the vulgar division of the acts of the understanding into *conception, judgment, and reasoning*" is unfounded; as "all resolve themselves into the first, and are nothing but particular ways of conceiving our objects." (I. 128.) "When I am convinced of any principle, it is only an idea which strikes more strongly upon me." (I. 137.) Hence "an opinion or belief is nothing but an idea that is different from a fiction, not in the nature or the order of its parts, but in the *manner* of its being conceived. But when I would explain this *manner*, I scarce find any word that fully answers the case, but am obliged to have recourse to every one's feeling, in order to give him a perfect notion of this operation of the mind. An idea assented to *feels* different from a fictitious idea that the fancy alone presents to us; and this different feeling I endeavor to explain by calling it a superior *force*, or *vivacity*, or *solidity*, or *firmness*, or *steadiness*." (I. 129.) Afterwards, in proceeding to account for this "superior force or vivacity" of the feeling or idea, he does not agree with the realists, who refer it to the reality of the object; nor yet with the idealists, who refer it to some inherent law of intelligence itself: he thinks that, for anything we know to the contrary, it is the result of *habit* alone acting on the sensibilities and imagination. "All events seem entirely loose and separate. One event follows another, but we never can observe any tie between them. They seem *conjoined*, but never *connected*." (IV. 84.) But "after a repetition of similar instances, the mind is carried by habit, upon the appearance of one event, to expect its usual attendant, and to believe that it will exist." "The first time a man saw the communication of

motion by impulse, as by the shock of two billiard-balls, he could not pronounce that the one event was *connected*, but only that it was *conjoined* with the other. After he had observed several instances of this nature, he then pronounces them to be *connected*. What alteration has happened to give rise to this new idea of *connection*? Nothing but that he now *feels* these events to be *connected* in his imagination, and can readily foretell the existence of one from the appearance of the other. When we say, therefore, that one object is connected with another, we mean only that they have acquired a connection in our thought." (IV. 86.) In one word, the custom or habit of conceiving certain things, events, or ideas as conjoined, gradually induces the opinion that they are really connected, and this again begets that liveliness of assent or expectation which we call knowledge or belief.

Now we say again, that in all this Hume was probably as sincere as most theorists. Indeed, starting as he did from the assumption that all our knowledge is resolvable at last into "impressions," that is, into the *data* of sensible experience, external or internal, we do not see how he could consistently arrive at any other conclusion. But this conclusion, however sincerely entertained, was not of a nature materially to affect or disturb his practical principles. For, in a practical view of the matter, in what respect after all did he differ from other men except in this? Other men hold that we are in the habit of thinking as we do, because things are as they are; he, on the contrary, contended that things are as they are, because we are in the habit of thinking as we do; but in both cases it is conceded that, at least to us and as regards all practical purposes, *things are as they are*.

He did not, like most ancient and modern sceptics, involve himself in doubt from distrust of the human faculties, as such, or from observation of the actual diversity of human opinions, but from a defective and false analysis of intelligence itself, and an arbitrary limitation of its legitimate sphere. He took his point of departure from a postulate, for which he thought at least he had the authority of Locke, and the most approved metaphysicians of his day; namely, that *there can be nothing in the intellect which was not previously in sense*, or, to translate the formula into his own philosophical nomenclature, that *we*

can have no "idea" in the understanding which is not the relic and copy of some former "impression." This being laid down, it certainly follows that we can have no proper idea of *substance* or *causality*, for nobody pretends that either of these ideas can be traced back to a direct impression, or sensible perception, of which it is merely the relic and copy. Hence his scepticism; for if no *substance*, then no *matter*, no *spirit*; and if no *causality*, then no *experience*, no *personality*. It is not that he denies the authority or credibility of reason: the ground he takes is, that reason testifies nothing on the subject; and if, as he by an arbitrary limitation of this faculty supposes, reason has no other function but *reasoning*, he is right. To the *reason*, therefore, as understood by Hume, nothing exists; in the world of speculation, or philosophy, absolute scepticism reigns. But to *human nature* and *human life* it is not so. Aware of this, and freely admitting it, Hume next endeavors to ascertain what that principle in human nature is, which thus supplies the place of reason in practical matters, and makes all the difference between a man of common sense and a madman or fool. After diligent search he finds it, as he believes, in the principle of *custom* or *habit*, or, as we should say, in the *law of mental association*; and having found it, he thinks he has a right to insist: —

"Nor need we fear that this philosophy, while it endeavors to limit our inquiries to common life, should ever undermine the reasonings of common life, and carry its doubts so far as to destroy all action as well as speculation. Nature will always maintain her rights, and prevail in the end over any abstract reason whatsoever. Though we should conclude, for instance, as in the foregoing section, that in all reasonings from experience there is a step taken by the mind which is not supported by any argument or process of the understanding, there is no danger that these reasonings, on which almost all knowledge depends, will ever be affected by such a discovery. If the mind be not engaged by argument to make this step, it must be induced by *some other principle of equal weight and authority*; and that principle will preserve its influence as long as human nature remains the same." (IV. 48.)

And again: —

"Here, then, is a kind of pre-established harmony between the course of nature and the succession of our ideas; and though

the powers and forces by which the former is governed are wholly unknown to us, yet our thoughts and conceptions have still, we find, gone on in the same train with the works of nature. *Custom* is that principle by which this correspondence has been effected; so necessary to the subsistence of our species, and the regulation of our conduct in every circumstance and occurrence of human life. Had not the presence of an object instantly excited the idea of those objects commonly conjoined with it, all our knowledge must have been limited to the narrow sphere of our memory and senses, and we should never have been able to adjust means to ends, or employ our natural powers either to the producing of good or avoiding of evil. Those who delight in the discovery and contemplation of *final causes*, have here ample subject to employ their wonder and admiration.

"I shall add, for a further confirmation of the foregoing theory, that, as this operation of the mind, by which we infer like effects from like causes, and *vice versa*, is so essential to the subsistence of all human creatures, it is not probable that it could be trusted to the fallacious deductions of our reason, which is slow in its operation, and appears not, in any degree, during the first years of infancy, and, at best, is in every age and period of human life extremely liable to error and mistake. It is more conformable to the ordinary wisdom of nature to secure so necessary an act of the mind by some *instinct*, or *mechanical tendency*, which may be infallible in its operations, may discover itself at the first appearance of life and thought, and may be independent of all the labored deductions of the understanding. As nature has taught us the use of our limbs, without giving us the knowledge of the muscles and nerves by which they are actuated, so has she implanted in us an instinct, which carries forward the thought in a corresponding course to that which she has established among external objects; though we are ignorant of those powers and forces on which the regular course and succession of objects totally depends." — IV. 62 – 64.

These last citations are from his *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*, and evidently express his deliberate and sincere convictions. If some passages in his *Treatise of Human Nature*, "a work which the author had projected before he left college, and which he wrote and published not long after," will bear a different construction, it is but justice to Hume to remember, that in an Advertisement prefixed to the later editions of the *Inquiry* he expressly desires that this "may alone be regarded as containing his philosophical sentiments and principles." In a letter, written apparently at an ad-

vanced period of his life, we find him using still stronger language to the same effect:—

“Allow me to tell you that I never asserted so absurd a proposition as that *anything might arise without a cause*. I only maintained that our certainty of the falsehood of that proposition proceeded neither from intuition nor demonstration, but from another source. . . . Where a man of sense mistakes my meaning, I own I am angry; but it is only with myself, for having expressed my meaning so ill as to have given occasion to the mistake.

“That you may see I would no way scruple of owning my mistakes in argument, I shall acknowledge (what is infinitely more material) a very great mistake in conduct; viz. my publishing at all the *Treatise of Human Nature*, a book which pretended to innovate in all the sublimest paths of philosophy, and which I composed before I was five-and-twenty; above all, the positive air which prevails in that book, and which may be imputed to the ardor of youth, so much displeases me, that I have not patience to review it. But what success the same doctrines, better illustrated and expressed, may meet with, *adhuc sub judice lis est*.” — *Burton's Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, I. 97.

In making up an opinion as to the spirit and practical influence of Hume's philosophical writings, or at least as to their *intended* practical influence, we are to consider his personal character. And here we may begin by rejecting as apocryphal two anecdotes sometimes told of Hume, and on which his detractors have been disposed to lay a good deal of stress. One is the story of his being so highly provoked by a review of his *Treatise*, which appeared in *The Works of Learned*, “that he flew in a violent rage to demand satisfaction of Jacob Robinson, the publisher, whom he kept, during the paroxysm of his anger, at his sword's point, trembling behind the counter lest a period should be put to the life of a sober critic by a raving philosopher.” The other relates to a letter which he is represented as having received from his mother on her death-bed, informing him “that he had taken away that source of comfort upon which in all cases of affliction she used to rely, and that now she found her mind sinking into despair. She did not doubt but her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter containing such consolations as philosophy can afford to

a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night; but before he arrived, his mother expired." Neither of these accounts has any proper historical support; they are also contradicted by well-authenticated facts and by internal evidence. It argues bad generalship, to say the least, thus to assail the character of Hume on the side where it is least vulnerable.

When Adam Smith says, in a letter written the day after his death, "Upon the whole, I have always considered him as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit," large allowance is doubtless to be made for the exaggerations of friendship and recent loss. Still, if there is any one thing in respect to Hume which is settled better than any other, it is this; that he possessed in an eminent degree what may be called the equable and amiable virtues, a wise content with the unavoidable vicissitudes of human life, and an easy indifference to all theories and systems, not excepting his own. For all these qualities he appears to have been indebted, in no small measure, to temperament, to his condition and experience in life, and even to his philosophy; for, among the many bad effects of a scepticism like Hume's, there is this good one, that it tends, at least in persons of a considerate and well-balanced nature, to prevent or allay inordinate passions and expectations, by teaching, more emphatically even than religion, "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." It would be well if Christian zealots, instead of grudging him this measure of praise, would take more pains to imitate him in the actions and dispositions which go to make up the *minor morals*; for here his conduct was such as to put that of nine tenths of the Christian world to shame. We regard it as striking evidence of the many moral graces of Hume's character, that he made his society and conversation to none more welcome than to clergymen of all denominations, and to educated and refined women. In respect to women it was so even in his famous reception at Paris, for the *men* there did not conceal their dissatisfaction at his timid half-measures in philosophizing, as they considered them, which they were fain to ascribe

to English prejudice. Henry Mackenzie, who had known Hume in his last days, bears this testimony:—

“The unfortunate nature of his opinions with regard to the theoretical principles of moral and religious truth never influenced his regard for men who held very opposite sentiments on these subjects; subjects which he never, like some vain and shallow sceptics, introduced into social intercourse. On the contrary, when at any time the conversation tended that way, he was desirous rather of avoiding any serious discussion on matters which he wished to confine to the graver and less dangerous consideration of cool philosophy. He had, it might be said, in the language which the Grecian historian applies to an illustrious Roman, two minds; one which indulged in the metaphysical scepticism which his genius could invent, but which it could not always disentangle; another, simple, natural, and playful, which made his conversation delightful to his friends, and even frequently conciliated men whose principles his philosophical doubts, if they had not power to shake, had grieved and offended. During the latter period of his life, I was frequently in his company amidst persons of genuine piety, and I never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies, still more susceptible than men, could take offence.” — *Life of John Home*, p. 20.

But this is all. We are not writing an apology for scepticism or sceptics. Hume was about as good as he could well be without the aid of Christian principles and dispositions; that is to say, without any of that peculiar style and type of goodness, by which the real Christian is distinguished and known. His life, as written by his admirers and friends, betrays his deficiencies; his character wanted elevation, earnestness, spirituality, self-devotion. He was as good as he could hope to be without recognizing a moral ideal, without aspirations after the unseen and eternal, without faith or prayer; in short, without having a single virtue of the highest order, or a single common virtue in the highest degree. That he had no consciousness of the highest order of virtues, and no sympathy with them, appears from the dry, and hard, and mocking tone into which he slides, whenever he has occasion to speak of them, and especially whenever he has occasion to speak of their aberrations. To prove, also, that he attached no special sacredness to the common social virtues, such as truth and honesty, and that he had no wish or purpose to become a martyr to

them, under any circumstances, it is only necessary to refer to the well-known letter in which he deliberately advises that a clergyman who had lost his faith should nevertheless retain his place. These are his words:—

“It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique one’s self on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honor to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy of being treated gravely, I should tell him, that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods, — νόμῳ πᾶσι. I wish it was still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world. Am I a liar, because I order my servant to say I am not at home, when I do not desire to see company?”—*Life and Correspondence*, II. 187.

The biographer of Hume thinks that this letter exhibits “one of the most incomprehensible features of his character”; and the reason is, because it cannot be reconciled with “his own ethical system.” To us, on the contrary, nothing more natural than that such counsels should have emanated from one who had no proper faith in any system, who never troubled himself to conceal his hard contempt for the opinions of mankind, and who did not look, certainly not seriously and habitually, to any consequences beyond this life. Meanwhile, we cannot suppose for a moment, low as our estimate is of his powers of discrimination in such matters, that he was either blinded or misled by the obviously false analogies which he adduces in vindication of the course recommended in his letter.

We are far from denying all connection between Hume’s character and doctrines; we only say that his character was the *cause*, rather than the *effect*, of his doctrines. And under this view of the subject, we think there is ground for the explanation sometimes given of the high-monarchy and high-church leanings which pervaded his History, inconsistent as they are with his general and professed principles. One of his critics has said:—

“It is not easy to believe that speculations so shadowy, which

never can pretend to be more than the amusements of idle ingenuity, should have any influence on the opinions of men of great understanding, respecting the most important concerns of human life. But perhaps it may be reasonable to allow, that *the same character* which disposes men to scepticism, may dispose them also to acquiesce in considerable abuses, and even oppressions, rather than to seek redress in forcible resistance. Men of *such a character* have misgivings in every enterprise; their acuteness is exercised in devising objections, in discovering difficulties, in foreseeing obstacles; they hope little from human wisdom and virtue, and are rather secretly prone to that indolence and indifference which forbade the Epicurean sage to hazard his quiet for the doubtful interest of a contemptible race." — *Edinburgh Review*, XXXVI. 260.

In making up our opinion respecting Hume's personal character, and the intent of his philosophical writings, we are to consider that he did not live, as we do, in an age of "philosophical radicals," — men who speculate in order to carry their speculations into effect, who frame new theories on the basis of which to reconstruct society. A large proportion of the free-thinkers who began the great destructive movement of the last century, or helped it forward during its earliest stages, appear to have had no clear foresight of the disorganizing tendency of their doctrines. Moving in the circles of rank and fashion, with all their interests and tastes on the side of the privileged classes, they certainly had no motive to disturb the existing order of things, and probably seldom looked to the consequences of their startling paradoxes and presumptuous questionings, except to the effect they had to excite and enliven conversation. We, who have seen the end of all this, or at least the beginning of the end, may well wonder that the privileged classes themselves, especially in France, did not sooner catch the alarm, from hearing doctrines so fatal to their own interests avowed so boldly, and maintained with so much talent; but it was *the mode*, where *the mode* was everything. Men, as it has been justly said, "adopted opinions as they put on round hats and jockey-coats, merely because they were current in good society. They assumed the tone of philosophers as they would have done that of Arcadian shepherds at a masquerade, but without any more thoughts of sacrificing their own rank and immunities in the one case, than of actually driving their

flocks afield in the other." Hume partook, to a certain extent, of this feeling; and it is only in this way that his course as a philosopher can be explained. With all his conservative leanings, if he had really foreseen, or even so much as suspected, that by bringing everything into doubt he was bringing everything into confusion, or that by inculcating anarchy of the understanding he was preparing the way for anarchy in Church and State, we are sure he would have been among the first to consign his papers to the flames. Hume was as little of a Comeouter as of a saint. He had not enthusiasm enough to be a propagandist of anything; so much so, that to the present hour the question may be asked, how far he was in heart, and in good faith, a convert to his own principles. A significant and instructive anecdote is told of him in this connection. It seems that he and the Hon. Mr. Boyle, brother of the Earl of Glasgow, were both in London, when the news came of the death of Hume's mother.

"Mr. Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment, for they lodged in the same house, where he found him in the deepest affliction, and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, 'My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled with the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just.' To which Hume replied, 'Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine.'" — *Life and Correspondence*, II. 293.

The connection between Hume's philosophy, and his scepticism or unbelief in religion, was much less intimate than is commonly supposed. In his celebrated essay on miracles, which makes the tenth section of his *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*, he does not take the ground of most of the German impugnors of miracles, that they are metaphysically or philosophically impossible. On the contrary, having maintained in this very Inquiry, as we have before seen, that "all events seem entirely loose and separate," "conjoined, but not connected," he could hardly help regarding miracles, in themselves considered, as being as possible, and even as probable, as

any other events. His difficulty was not with the miracles, but with the *proof* of the miracles; and even here there was nothing in his philosophy to make the proof absolutely or metaphysically impossible. With him the question resolves itself into a contest of opposite improbabilities; that is to say, whether, judging by experience, it be more improbable that the miracle should be true, or the testimony false; and this we agree with Paley in thinking to be in general a fair statement of the controversy. His sole, or at any rate his principal error, consists in not weighing with fairness these opposite improbabilities, and especially in not making sufficient allowance for the antecedent presumptions in favor of the Christian miracles grounded on the paternal relations of God, and the need and the character of the revelation. This error, also, is not to be imputed to his philosophy, but to a defect in his character, which, as we have had occasion to intimate more than once, was almost entirely destitute of what is called spiritual insight, thus making him unable to sympathize with or understand either the deepest wants or the highest capacities and aspirations of human nature.

So likewise, if we turn to his *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, we do not find Philo, who represents the sceptics, appealing in support of his scepticism to the metaphysical *dictum*, that we have no right to argue from effect to cause. He is content to insist on the distinction that creation is an *unique* effect; in other words, that we have not had experience of a class of similar effects, to afford the necessary basis for a just induction. And besides, why number Hume among atheists, or even among actual sceptics as regards the single question of the Divine existence? He has left it on record, that his own opinions are not given by Philo, but by Cleanthes, whose office it is to mediate between the sceptic and the dogmatist in the dialogue; and Cleanthes, in summing up the argument, is made to say:—

“One great advantage of the principles of Theism is, that it is the only system of cosmogony which can be rendered intelligible and complete, and yet can throughout preserve a strong analogy to what we every day see and experience in the world. The comparison of the universe to a machine of human contrivance, is so obvious and natural, and is justified by so many instances of order and design in Nature, that it must immediately

strike all unprejudiced apprehensions, and procure universal approbation. Whoever attempts to weaken this theory, cannot pretend to succeed by establishing in its place any other that is precise and determinate : it is sufficient for him if he start doubts and difficulties ; and by remote and abstract views of things reach that suspense of judgment which is here the utmost boundary of his wishes. But, besides that this state of mind is in itself unsatisfactory, it can never be steadily maintained against such striking appearances as continually engage us into the religious hypothesis. A false, absurd system, human nature, from the force of prejudice, is capable of adhering to with obstinacy and perseverance ; but no system at all, in opposition to theory supported by strong and obvious reason, by natural propensity, and by early education, I think it absolutely impossible to maintain or defend." — II. 525.

There are three of Hume's productions, *The Natural History of Religion*, the Section in the Inquiry, *Of a Particular Providence and of a Future State*, and the *Essays On Suicide and On the Immortality of the Soul*, which we never could read without indignation. Under the guise of doubt or of philosophical inquiry, they are essentially polemical and dogmatic ; some of the most vital principles in religion are struck at, and this, too, in more than usual of the writer's mocking and bantering tone, showing how utterly destitute he was of a proper reverence, and even of a decent and well-bred respect for reverence in others, for what he knew to be the most sacred feelings and beliefs of wise and good men. It almost reconciles us to the conduct of Dr. Johnson. When in Hume's presence, a mutual friend offered to make Johnson acquainted with him ; but the author of the *Rambler* roared out, "No SIR." Hume's best apology in respect to the Essay is found in a fact recorded by his biographer. Though he wrote these Essays, and intended to publish them, he seems to have repented of the act at the last available moment, and suppressed the publication ; and it was through the negligence or treachery of the person to whom he had confided the manuscript that they first saw the light.

This edition of Hume's works includes his *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, which the author himself persisted in regarding to the last as "of all his writings, historical, philosophical, or literary, incomparably the best." It also includes his *Essays, Moral, Polit-*

ical, and Literary, which fill the third volume, the Political Essays filling more than one half. Of the last, a competent judge has said: —

“ They combine almost every excellence which can belong to such a performance. The reasoning is close and unencumbered with more words or more illustrations than are necessary for bringing out the doctrine. The learning is extensive, accurate, and profound, not only as to systems of philosophy, but as to history, whether modern or ancient. The subjects are most happily chosen; the language is elegant, precise, and vigorous; and so admirably are the topics selected, that there is as little of dryness in these fine essays as if the subject were not scientific; and we rise from the perusal scarce able to believe that it is a work of philosophy we have been reading, having all the while thought it a book of curiosity and entertainment. The great merit, however, of these discourses is their originality, and the new system of politics and political economy which they unfold.” — *Lord Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters and Science*, I. 131.

After all, the chief interest which attaches to Hume's philosophical writings is due, not to his philosophy, which appears to have had but little direct influence on himself or others, nor to the ability with which it is sustained, for this also is generally overrated, but to the peculiar place they hold in the history of philosophical systems. By adopting the current doctrines in his time, and following them out unflinchingly to their legitimate consequences, that is to say, to the negation of all philosophy, he convinced those who were capable of understanding his speculations, that they must do one of two things; either renounce philosophy altogether, or lay a deeper and more solid foundation for it than the empiricism of Locke. Hence all the subsequent attempts, more or less successful, not merely to unfold, but to reconstitute philosophy. Reed writes to Hume: “ Your system appears to me not only coherent in all its parts, but likewise justly deduced from principles commonly received among philosophers; principles which I never thought of calling in question, until the conclusions you draw from them in the *Treatise of Human Nature* made me suspect them.” Kant, also, in the Preface to his *Prolegomena to Every Future Metaphysic*, makes a like concession. His words are: “ I freely own it was Hume's hint that first roused me from a dogmatic slumber of

many years, and gave quite a new direction to my researches in the field of speculative philosophy." Thus it is, that, with speculative power by no means extraordinary, he has had, directly or indirectly, more influence over the course of modern philosophical speculation than any other writer, living or dead. For this reason we welcome the volumes before us, as it is only by a thoughtful and honest study of them that the curious in these matters can put themselves into a condition, we do not say to solve the problems of the day, but to comprehend the problems which men are trying to solve.

It would be doing injustice to the publishers, if we were to conclude without expressly thanking them for having given us a reprint of the best and only complete and well-edited collection of Hume's philosophical and miscellaneous writings, and one which in accuracy and beauty not merely equals, but exceeds, the original.

J. W.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Epistle of Paul to the Romans ; with a Commentary and Revised Translation, and Introductory Essays. By ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 256.

MR. LIVERMORE'S Commentaries on the four Gospels and on the Acts of the Apostles have served and continue to serve the purposes for which he designed them. Many readers, whose wishes go no further than to have in their hands the means of understanding the text of those portions of the New Testament, wherever they present difficulties historical or doctrinal, have been perfectly satisfied with those books. The union in them of a critical with a devout spirit, and the evident wish of the commentator to make a religious use of their contents triumph over any controversial ends, give them just such a character as volumes dealing with the Scriptures ought to have to secure to them their highest value.

In attempting to perform the same service for the same class of readers in treating the Epistle to the Romans, Mr. Livermore had

a more difficult task. For, beside all the perplexities which attend the exposition of even the simplest contents of the Bible, he has had in addition to encounter all the peculiar perplexities which invest the style of St. Paul, the complicated nature of his argument in this Epistle, the technical phraseology with which it abounds, and the prejudiced opinions firmly rooted in many minds, by which the meaning of single passages has been so strangely warped as entirely to misrepresent the Apostolic doctrine.

The volume contains two Essays which have appeared in our own pages, under the titles, "The Bible Inspired and Inspiring," and "The Apostle Paul"; with two others on "The Epistles of the New Testament," and "The Epistle of Paul to the Romans." Then follows our common English version of the Epistle, richly illustrated with notes, and a Revised Translation of it.

The chief embarrassments encountered by one who attempts to construct a popular commentary on the Epistle to the Romans spring from the following considerations. The phraseology of our common version is so familiar, and is so invested with certain associations connected with its words and phrases, that it is difficult to make any changes in it that will be acceptable. The technical terms, which are to be understood and interpreted only through a knowledge of Jewish ideas, are occasionally used in another than a technical sense, as, for instance, the word *Law*, which means one thing as referring to the code of Moses and another thing as referring to the moral law; and when there is a transition made from the use of such a word in one sense to its use in another sense, the mind of an uninstructed reader is confused. The parenthetical style of St. Paul, and that habit of his mind which led him off by a word into suggestions prompted by that word rather than by the argument he was laboring upon at the moment, continually interrupt the line of thought, which is notwithstanding to be pursued. We estimate the value of a commentary, on this particular portion of Scripture especially, according to its successful dealing with these difficulties.

Excepting always the Epistle to the Hebrews, there is no one portion of the Bible which contains passages more readily turned to the service of Calvinistic views than are two or three passages in this Epistle. Everything depends upon a reader's starting with a right apprehension of the main intent and argument of the Apostle, and of the relation borne to that by the incidental issues which he raises as he proceeds. Let a reader assured that our doctrinal opinions are those which have the weight of Scripture testimony on their side

take up and peruse Dr. Chalmers's Lectures on the Romans, and he will notice with what facility, and without any obvious violence to some few passages, that distinguished divine will turn the current argument of the Apostle into the service of Calvinism. Those Lectures contain some noble paragraphs of sound wisdom and true evangelical reasoning. It is impossible, indeed, for any competent interpreter to pervert the whole drift of the Apostle's sublime and cogent argument. But with a wrong key-note at the start, one may raise from it considerable of discordancy. The chief means by which an expositor may be misled himself, and which he may avail himself of for misleading others, are by a confused interpretation of the word *Law* in its different significations, and by a neglect of the technical meaning of the word *justified*, or justification. Take the sentence, "By the deeds of the Law can no one living be justified." Suppose it be taken as affirming that no amount of moral obedience, integrity, and virtue can put a human being in a right state as regards the demands of God, then we run in direct opposition to the most explicit teachings of the Saviour; for we know that his requisition of heart-piety is enjoined as the condition for insuring this thorough obedience. But if the text be construed as teaching that a mere compliance with the legal exactions of Judaism will not constitute the ground of acceptance with God, or serve instead of an obedience founded on thorough religious principle, we have a living and reasonable doctrine.

In some comparatively trifling particulars, and in a few cases of higher importance, we should differ with Mr. Livermore, but in the main we fully accord with him in the views which he advances in his comments, and in the verbal changes which he introduces into his amended version. We believe that readers will gratefully acknowledge their obligations to him for making many passages intelligible to them, and for throwing or concentrating light upon the whole drift of the Epistle. He evidently has restrained himself within very discreet limits in yielding to the necessity of altering the phraseology of our common version, and, led by the desire to spare it wherever truth and propriety would permit, he has erred, if at all, in conforming to our present text. We regret that he has allowed what we can characterize by no more appropriate epithet than that of a downright *John-Bullism* in King James's version, so called, to go unchanged. In that sublime chapter, the twelfth of the Epistle, which contains an epitome of all Christian truths, doctrines, precepts, and duties, our translators render the sixteenth verse, "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." Mr. Livermore renders the latter clause, "but condescend to the humble." Now St. Paul never recommended any

such conduct as an Englishman would describe as *condescension to low persons*. The very suggestion is a monstrous one, because so unchristian. It is a *John-Bullism*. The Apostle's counsel is, *that we assimilate, or conform ourselves to those who are humble* [not in condition, but] *in mind*. Or it may be that not *persons*, but *things*, are spoken of in the latter as in the former clause of the verse, in which case we should read, *familiarize yourself with humble things*.

Mr. Livermore does not avail himself of the common resource of brackets to designate the primary and the secondary parentheses of St. Paul, and we think him wise in rejecting them, if for no other reason than that so many of them would be needed. Some of the most important changes of phraseology introduced into the revised version are the following: for "God's righteousness," — God's method of making righteous. For "God's wrath," — God's indignation. For "propitiation," — mercy-seat. For "the just shall live by faith," — the just by faith shall live. For "justified," — made just or righteous, or put in the way of righteousness. For "atonement," — reconciliation. For "the law of the spirit of life," — the law of the spiritual life.

Synonyms of the New Testament; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures addressed to the Theological Students, King's College, London. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1854. 12mo. pp. 250.

SOME other genius than the mechanical agent of the printing-press, and some other object than that of winning the largest circle of readers, must together guide the publishing department managed by Mr. Redfield. We have often breathed towards him in silence our gratitude for the cast and character of his publications. If the works are of his own selection, he has a wise and a most considerate judgment for scholars. He risks much where the yellow-covered publishers, and indeed many firms of higher note, would risk nothing. The gratitude which we say we have often entertained towards him on this score, has a new and lively appeal made to it because he has published the book now before us. It will not charm, or even engage, what is called the public. It is a book for scholars, for Scripture scholars, and for them a rich one. We almost wish that the Greek words in it had been duplicated in English characters, that those who do not know Greek, but are glad of all helps for divining the full meaning and appreciating all the beauty of the Sacred Volume, might share with us in the pleasure which this book

affords. Its conciseness of matter is not the least of its recommendations, for its contents, beyond those of most books, would bear expansion.

The aim of the writer is to mark out the discriminations that should be made in rendering words in the Greek original of the New Testament which are akin in their meanings, but which differ sometimes by a very obvious, sometimes by a very delicate and subtle, distinction in their significations. Dr. Trench has manifested a very keen discernment and a richly classical skill on his own part, and has opened even to many scholars a most inviting field of study. One is incidentally made to realize anew the wonderful perfectness of the Greek tongue for expressing ethical distinctions, as well as for its wealth in other particulars of a vocabulary. Lucretius could make no progress in the exposition of his hard and dreary philosophy without borrowing words from a tongue whose genius was at war with his doctrine, though it was rich enough to give him words. *Patruī sermonis egestas* was his reason for having recourse to Greek terms. Cicero himself was obliged, though reluctantly, to confess and do the same. Taking in hand some specimens of synonymous Greek words, Dr. Trench sets himself to designate the precise meaning of each of some pairs or triads, and to show how a recognition of the distinction in their significations will enhance or manifest the real glory of the Scriptures. Sometimes our translators have anticipated him in this scholarly work, and in such cases he contents himself with indicating the force of these distinctions in the English version. In other cases, where, either from the inattention of the translators or the poverty of our own vocabulary, the distinctions are not recognized, our author concentrates his acumen upon the point of divergence between synonymous terms, and endeavors to give the text the benefit of it. Take, for example, the two words *ἱερόν* and *ναός*. These are both translated in the New Testament by the word *temple*. But *ἱερόν* designates properly "the whole compass of the sacred inclosure," while *ναός* designates "the temple itself, the kernel and centre of the whole *ἱερόν*, the Holy of Holies, the habitation of God." This distinction is faithfully maintained in the Greek version of the New Testament, but being neglected in the English, the consequence is confusion. Zacharias entered into the *temple* of the Lord, — the *ναός*, — while the people stood without, in the *ἱερόν*. Jesus taught in the *temple*, and he drove out the money-changers from the *temple*, but in both cases it is the *sacred precinct*, and not the *inmost sanctuary*, that is signified. Zacharias slain "between the *temple* and the *altar*" gives us both words in the original. But reading the English, we ask, What place is intended? Was not the altar *in* the temple?

How could any spot be described as *between* them? He was slain "in the court of the house of the Lord," not at the very altar.

Another very significant distinction is noticed between the meanings of the words *προφητεύω* and *μαντεύομαι*, which may both be translated in a loose way by the English verb "to prophesy." But the former word, of a sacred origin and sentiment, means *to be lifted up by a religious spirit*; the latter, involving a heathen fancy, signifies *the being possessed by a mantic fury, or a temporary madness*. So, in the New Testament, the former word is used to express the divine gift, while the latter is applied to the heathen girl who was possessed with the "spirit of divination." Again, the distinction between *ἀντίχριστος* and *ψευδόχριστος* is this: the former denies that there is a Christ; the latter assumes to be Christ.

We should be glad, if our space permitted, to fill several of our pages with some of the choicest specimens culled from this delightful, instructive, and most suggestive work. That occasionally Dr. Trench is ingenious and fanciful; that he yields himself to the guidance of conceits, and presses his discoveries into a region not solid enough for a sure footing, is not strange. His Puseyite affinities, too, are discernible, for he takes no pains to conceal them. Occasionally, too, he utters himself with a kind of ghostly solemnity, which looks like an affectation of speech or tone in one who is so able to accomplish all the work of edification without trespassing upon the borders of cant. But it seems somewhat ungracious to abate in even the slightest way the tribute of our commendation of one whose works have afforded us hours of such agreeable mental occupation. We advise every Biblical student to avail himself of the instruction which this book imparts, and we venture to assure the wisest one among us that the book will teach him something, and will introduce its new suggestions by a most agreeable medium, — even by that delicate susceptibility of the intellect which responds all the more delightedly to an idea or a truth, according to the subtilty of the thought that conveys it.

Organic Christianity; or, The Church of God, with its Officers and Government, and its Divisions and Variations, both in Ancient-Mediæval and Modern Times, embracing a thorough Exposition and Defence of Church Democracy. By LEICESTER A. SAWYER. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. 1854. 12mo. pp. 455.

WE wish to warn those into whose hands this book may come from laying it aside, as we were tempted to do, under a supposition that it must be exceedingly dry and musty. "If it be a question of words and names," we said, with much-abused Gallio, if any one hopes to interest us in an inquiry as to forms of church government and mere externals of piety, if any one imagines that we care anything about the hairbreadth differences between Old School and New School amongst Presbyterians, he is mistaken; he is too late in the day by a whole century. But after all, this is a very narrow view of the matter. There are very many subjects of no great importance in themselves, and so regarded by a respectable minority of Christians, which nevertheless have great significance still for the mass of believers, and may fairly claim, therefore, to be thoroughly understood even by those who assign no considerable value to them. The assumptions of Episcopacy may well seem to us, at a glance, and as plain readers of the New Testament, so preposterous as to deserve no attention; but so long as a great company of sensible, well-educated persons do not agree with us in our impression, we are bound to inform ourselves in the premises, and cannot dispose of the subject *a priori* and upon general principles. Besides, this work by Mr. Sawyer is not confined to a discussion of forms, or to an exhibition of the different kinds of church machinery; neither is it a microscope devised for the purpose of bringing to notice the needle-points of dogma. It is a sensible, honest, manly account of the polity and doctrine of the Christian Church from the earliest to the latest time, brief, of course, and concise, yet none the worse for that, since it is very comprehensive. Mr. Sawyer begins, as was fitting, with the New Testament, and fairly delineates the polity of the Church so far as it was provided for by Christ (who evidently laid no stress at all upon the matter) and set in order by the Apostles; and this fills up the first eighty-three pages. The Second Part treats of the period from A. D. 100 to A. D. 606, and is devoted to the rise of Diocesan Episcopacy. In Part Third, the Patriarchal Churches, Greek, Nestorian, Armenian, Coptic, and Abyssinian, and the Papal Church, pass under review. Part Fourth tells in few words the tale of the "Revolutionary Churches," Lutheran, English, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational, certain minor denominations, amongst which we find ourselves, fairly enough, embraced, concluding the matter. We have given the titles of many orders of Christians, but the book is not designed to be a history of sects. Viewed in that light, of course, it would be very imperfect. In our somewhat hasty examination of its contents, we have found no mention whatever of Universalism. We

cannot vouch for the accuracy of all the details of this work, though we have discovered nothing to awaken any distrust with regard to them. The author seems to us to have rendered a very important service, not only to students of theology, but to those intelligent laymen who would be informed, as upon other subjects, so upon the history of the Christian Church, in its various departments, and be able to make a stout defence of that Christian democracy which is one of our best inheritances from the fathers of our political and religious commonwealth. We should not, with our author, speak of "Church Democracy" as the *divinely appointed* polity of the Church, though it seems to us to have the sanction of Apostolic usage. It would be hard to show that anything of this sort can be put on the same footing with the Gospel message. Still, a little dogmatism in this direction will do no harm, and is perhaps necessary as an offset to the assumptions in favor of Church despotism which have so long imposed upon believers.

A Dialogue on the Plurality of Worlds, being a Supplement to the Essay on that Subject. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 12mo. pp. 55.

IN this Dialogue the author of the Essay defends it against the objections of the various reviewers, in a very temperate and judicious manner. In speaking of the article in the North British Review, one of the interlocutors says to the Essayist, "The reviewer tries repeatedly to connect your speculations with those of the Vestiges of the Creation." To which the author replies, "If he were to try to connect me with an answer to that book, which went through two editions under the title of Indications of the Creator, he would be nearer the mark. At least I adopt the sentiments of the latter book, and they agree with those of the Essay, as you may satisfy yourself by looking."

This appears to us equivalent to a confession of authorship. But the weight of Dr. Whewell's authority added to his arguments is not sufficient to induce our assent to his opinions. We still think that he does dishonor to modern stellar astronomy without any just cause, and that his book is more specious than sound in its reasoning.

History of Cuba ; or, Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics. Being a Political, Historical, and Statistical Account of the Island from its First Discovery to the Present Time. By MATURIN M. BALLOU. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 230.

THE first title is no just description of this sketchy narrative, awakening expectations not realized by the imperfectly arranged, sometimes inconsistent, statements which follow. As "Notes," the book gives a reliable, interesting, and valuable view of the government and people, the agriculture and commerce, the wealth and poverty, the manifest destiny and the less manifest peril, of an island worth a kingdom in itself.

Separate from the probability of annexation, it is exceedingly curious to find, "lying under a land where every man is a sovereign," one crushed by an autocratic despotism, Cuba possessing no legislature and no representation in Spain, the Captain-General executing his own arbitrary pleasure without consulting his sovereign, without any immediate check or effectual supervision. It is no less remarkable to discover, within a short sail of our almost untaxed country, one where the taxes, twenty-three millions paid by eight hundred thousand people, exceed anything before known in the world ; where flour is in fact prohibited, the coast-fishing a government monopoly, a tithe levied on all crops save sugar, foreign newspapers generally contraband, and letters regularly opened and mutilated by government officials.

Mr. Ballou, the editor of Gleason's Pictorial, is a hearty friend, not a fanatical advocate, of annexation. But he does not hide the facts which look unfavorable to it. The Captain-General who has just yielded his authority to General Concha took vast strides in negro-emancipation, introduced the registration of slaves, armed both negro and mulatto, legalized the intermarriage of blacks and whites, emancipated fifteen thousand at once, — steps intended, as Mr. Ballou believes, in hostility to us, in propitiation of England. And now, we see with what general enthusiasm a governor entirely destitute of American proclivities is received, even by those Creoles who are said to be all on fire with filibuster-republicanism. We hear, too, the Spanish Minister at Washington declaring that his government can never consent to sell the Queen of the Antilles. We find its latest admirer in the volume before us confessing that those who invited Lopez over to head a revolution, then suffered him to die (without even a remonstrance in his behalf), are not men upon whose manhood we can rely, whose indignation will ever burst forth in vengeance upon a grinding tyranny.

On general principles we desire a better fate for this lovely island than its present one ; we see immense advantages it can confer on us, and still greater we can bestow upon it ; we are confident that every barrier between the brotherhood of nations is destined to be swept away ; we know the incurable weakness, the bitter animosities, the priestly dotage, of Spain ; we cannot believe that Providence designs worn-out despotism should bleed to death this youthful daughter of the sea. Having said this, we are more disposed than ever to detect the hopelessness of present hopes, and to believe that Providence has some better way, not yet revealed, of throwing this Eden-garden open to the intelligence, activity, promise, and piety of the nineteenth century.

The Spirit-Rapper ; an Autobiography. By O. A. BROWN-SON. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 402.

THESE four hundred and two pages prove nothing and will convince nobody. They proceed upon the entirely Romish idea that all these spiritual manifestations, even when they utter noble and generous thoughts, are Satanic inspirations. Nor does this sweeping condemnation satisfy Mr. Brownson's bitterness, or compass the meaning of his latest invective. "Modern philanthropy, socialism, and revolutionism," Swedenborgianism and Quakerism, liberalism in religion and republicanism in government, are to be smitten through the sides of this unacknowledged sister ; and with no puny strokes, but with that Titan sledge which this Old-Church champion wields so bravely.

The reasoning appears to be this : first, that there is no other sufficient cause, except the Prince of Evil, for many of these manifestations ; which is precisely what he is not able to prove. Second, that they unite in making war upon Romanism ; which is but partially true. Third, that the results of spirit-rapping are only evil ; which those familiar with the matter will answer with long lists of people delivered from a Sadducean unbelief by these communications from another sphere of life, and rejoicing now in a new consciousness of eternity.

A very able statement of this idea of demoniacal possession was made by the Rev. Mr. Beecher some time ago, and printed by request of an association of clergymen ; but this last exposition of the same thought has the merit of uttering the Catholic idea of nearly all recent movements at home and abroad, — and of uttering it, we need not say, "without compromise and without concealment." Many of his fellow-believers are no doubt

predisposed to his view, and would not mistrust the power of their priests to exorcise a medium like the "seer" of Prevost or Poughkeepsie. But we were surprised at finding so many old legends disinterred and exhibited as unquestionable truths: and still more at such discouraging and improbable statements as that "there is less real liberty in France to-day than there was before the meeting of the States-General in 1789"; while, as we all know, there is great freedom in the municipal elections throughout the country, and a foundation laid for the intelligent use of the franchise in the thorough education of youth;—facts which Mr. George Sumner has done good service in making widely known.

Like "Charles Elwood," which this "Autobiography" so much resembles, its dialogue is frequently forcible and spirited, its narrative sometimes of an experience, sometimes of an imagination; but perhaps the unsatisfactory character of its hypothesis and the disgusting nature of some of its legends will account for a less degree of interest in this than in Mr. Brownson's earlier writings.

A Journey to Central Africa; or, Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile. By BAYARD TAYLOR. With a Map and Illustrations by the Author. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 522.

THIS brave and enterprising traveller has not wrested from the Nile the secret of its source, has not penetrated even so far among the genuine Negroes as some previous adventurers, has not made any discoveries of special moment; and yet he has given the public a book of rare interest, has spread the light of his earnest, generous, cheerful, resolute spirit over some regions unvisited before by any of our countrymen.

He started from Cairo, November 17th, 1851, to see as much as possible of Central Africa, and "to push on as far as time and means would allow." That he did not penetrate below the island of Alba on the White Nile was no fault of his, but a stern necessity, against which he struggled to the last. His boat-captain actually refused to proceed any further. From some inquiry and experience, we do not believe that any person, educated among us and of our temperament, can return alive with the hardly-won glory of having discovered the true source of the Nile. A government expedition would be required to make such a demonstration of force as should awe the natives into peace, bestow such honors and such presents as would win over

the village and desert Sheiks, and prepare such an equipment and such medical attendance as could comfortably encounter the sweeping sands, the pathless, pestilent jungle, or the swampy stream.

For a solitary American of very limited resources, so far from his native land, with no apparent object but to gratify his curiosity, and no protection worth a mention from his own government, to accomplish what this book records so vividly, reminds one of that less fortunate Ledyard, after whom one of Taylor's boats was named, and to whom his own bravery, hopefulness, energy, and love of adventure make him so like. But the impossibility of obtaining proper food, the intense anxiety for very life, the hostility or terror created among the natives by villanous traders, the difficulty of travelling through the parched wilderness or along the sometimes reedy stream, unite with the intense heat in closing against us the mysterious gates of the new-born Nile. Had the Turkish oppressors of the country been smitten with the same thirst for discovery, experience shows that even their acclimated frames cannot endure this unwonted burden. The attempt is commonly regarded by them simply as courting death, and their characteristic Fatalism would insure the expected result. So that here is another geographical secret laid by for another age to solve, — the question whether the White Nile be not the true Nile (rather than that which Bruce explored to its source), and whether this noble stream deserves not, by a course of four thousand miles, to rank beside the Mississippi and the Amazon, monarch-rivers. Still, though Mr. Taylor did but skirt the perilous quarter, his heart at times sunk within him, as when he wrote, "I wonder what fiend ever tempted me to travel in Africa," and when a brief delirium overtook him upon his last desert-crossing.

But besides giving this additional testimony to the impossibility of penetrating the heart of Africa, Mr. Taylor shows that the Romish missionaries have abated nothing of their zeal, have forgotten nothing of their self-sacrifice. At Khartoum, the point of division of the White and Blue Nile, he encounters Dr. Knoblicher, the Apostolic Vicar of the Catholic Mission in Central Africa, who stands at the head of Nile explorers, having gone eight degrees beyond our hyena-eating friend, and sixty miles south of D'Arnaud, to four degrees north latitude. This self-devoted and wonderfully energetic servant of the Church is only thirty-five years old, of rather delicate make, a most winning face, and attractive manners. Even at his principal residence, Khartoum, the sacrifices of every kind are so severe, that his life is little better than death; but, as he works his way among the degraded savages of the South, his position will require greater

exposure and hardship, until an early, perhaps unknown death will close the almost hopeless task. He has instituted a school among the Kopt children, has faith in the native capacity generally, and looks forward without any misgiving to the future harvest. Meanwhile, his brethren are slowly pressing upon natives so ignorant as never to have heard of a watch, so debased as to worship the trees of their own forests, so indolent as to erect hardly anything resembling houses, and so corrupt as to care little for the purity of woman. When Christianity has renewed such miserable reptiles, the world will have more faith in its divine energy.

Dr. Knoblecher's discoveries, as recorded by Mr. Taylor, are, that, beyond the point where the merchants have been accustomed to wrong the natives, the negro becomes more trustful, generous, and hospitable; but that the fears instilled by the magicians and the suspicions circulated by jealous traffickers embarrass, and in his case interrupted, intercourse. Parts of the White Nile are of difficult navigation, because of the shoal water; the channel is hard to find, the current sluggish, and the river winding; other parts are unwholesome, because of the miasmata from the swamps; the air is laden with gnats and mosquitos, the water sickening, and the banks either desolate or lined with those stupid tribes so long the prey of the slave-hunter. But though the scenery of the river, as well as the character of the people, changes entirely within a few degrees as one approaches the equator, nothing of that enthusiasm is felt which the lower portion of the stream inspires, and which is so well expressed by our author:—

“The Nile is the paradise of travel. I thought I had already fathomed all the depths of enjoyment which the traveller's restless life could reach,—enjoyment more varied and exciting, but far less serene and enduring, than that of a quiet home,—but here I have reached a fountain too pure and too powerful to be exhausted. I never before experienced such a thorough deliverance from all the petty annoyances of travel in other lands, such perfect contentment of spirit, such entire abandonment to the best influences of nature. Every day opens with a ‘jubilate’ and closes with a thanksgiving. If such a balm and blessing as this life has been to me thus far can be felt twice in one's existence, there must be another Nile somewhere in the world.”

What the new Egyptian dynasty may accomplish for these forlorn regions, the world has hardly had time to conjecture; but it cannot increase the heartless despotism, the ruinous taxation, or the brutal outrage, perpetrated by the two last viceroys. We wish to Egypt especially a future more worthy of its past: we have faith that future will come.

History of the Greek Alphabet and Pronunciation. By E. A. SOPHOCLES, A.M. Second Edition, revised. Cambridge : John Bartlett. 1854. pp. 120.

WHENEVER Mr. Sophocles issues a new edition of one of his books, one may be sure that it is an entirely new work, so completely does the author recast the whole subject. This custom has its advantages. The reader has the full benefit of the author's mature judgments and fullest learning. But it also has its discomforts, especially in the case of text and reference books for schools. The practical teacher who has made himself familiar with the contents of every page of one edition finds a vast amount of unnecessary trouble cast in his way by an edition varying essentially from a former one, promising him impediment for days and weeks and months.

With this exception, we are entirely satisfied with the new issue of the above-mentioned work. It seems to us a learned, clear, and conclusive treatise on a much-abused subject. The results of the author's investigations into the history of the alphabet and the original pronunciation of the Greek language, appear to form a solid basis for a uniform practice among the scholars of all nations in reading the ancient dialects. They certainly may lead to uniformity among the colleges and schools of our country. Perhaps it is too much to expect that a change should be wrought in the habits of the old in any country. Still less should we expect that a people as fixed as the English are in their nonconformity with the rest of the world in orthoëpy would readily adopt a new method of pronouncing Greek. We remember the determined opposition of Bishop Gardner in the time of Erasmus. But there seems to be no reason why we Americans should follow with servility the pronunciation of the English or the German or the Modern Greek schools.

Having no national complication with any of them, we are furnished with the same evidence they have of the ancient orthoëpy, and, having no national pride of language, are free to choose unbiased the method we esteem the true one.

Let us, then, study the evidence furnished by the ancient Greeks of the true sounds of their language, and learn of them rather than follow the analogies of any more or less cognate modern tongue, be it tinged with whatever barbarian elements it may, in its progress from its original fountain to its present condition. Mr. Sophocles undertakes to give in full the ancient evidence. Accordingly his book is supplied with quotations from ancient grammarians and other writers, many of them taken from rare works which few have seen and fewer studied, — some of them inscriptions older than the earliest manuscripts

known. Such a work is worthy of a careful perusal. Its conclusions are not to be rejected without the most candid investigation, especially as they militate with the claims of the modern Greeks to transfer the sounds of their language to that of Plato and Herodotus.

We give an extract from the Preface of this edition.

"It may be said that, after all, we know too little about the ancient pronunciation to decide with any degree of probability questions relating to it; and besides, there is no danger of our being misunderstood or laughed at by the ancient Greeks, if we mispronounce their words. To this we reply that we know much concerning it. From the ancient grammarians we learn that Greek poetry is based on quantity, and not on accent; that accent is not quantity; that Latin accent is not Greek accent; that the circumflex is different from the acute; that vowels are not consonants; that mutes are not semivowels; that a diphthong is not a monophthong; that a single vowel-sound cannot constitute a diphthong; that rough is not smooth; that long is not short; that sounds requiring the action of the throat and palate can never be formed with the tongue and teeth; that the Greek, strictly speaking, has no silent letters. Moreover, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, by referring the Greek alphabetical sounds to their proper organs, has, as it were, embalmed them for our use. So that it is possible rationally to discuss the subject, and to arrive at satisfactory results, provided that the following propositions are taken for granted.

"I. *That the vocal organs of the ancient Greeks were specifically the same as those of the modern European nations.*

"Thus, if the utterance of long A required, in the time of Dionysius, the mouth to be opened as much as possible, and the breath to move in the direction of the palate, it continues to do so at the present day. And if the sound thus formed can be no other than that which the modern Greeks, Italians, and other nations give to their A, the unavoidable inference is that it was so pronounced by the ancient Greeks.

"II. *That the alphabetical sounds of the Greeks are still to be heard in one or more of the modern languages of Europe.*

"There is no evidence whatever that the Greeks, as a nation, had sounds incapable of being produced by any human being now living.

"III. *That the ancient Greeks spelled their words as they pronounced them.*

"This rests, first, on the presumption that, in a language whose literature is underived, every sound has its appropriate symbol; a presumption, which, in the absence of proof to the contrary, may be said to amount to demonstration: secondly, on the *euphonic* and *dialectic* changes, the very existence of which would now be a matter of mere speculation, if the Greeks had not adopted this most natural mode of representing sounds. Even the jargon uttered by the Persian ambassador and the Scythian policeman, in Aristophanes, and the *barbarisms* discoverable in some of the inscriptions referred to the first three centuries of our era, that is, the time when corruptions of all kinds were fast accumulating round the Greek language, are, in a manner, confirmatory of the truth of this proposition. The few exceptions to this rule are always noticed by the ancient grammarians.

“ In the following passage, Quintilian is to be considered as expressing opinions common in his age : ‘ Ego, nisi quod consuetudo obtinuerit, sic scribendum quidque judico, quomodo sonat. Hic enim usus est literarum, ut custodiant voces, et velut depositum reddant legentibus. Itaque id expremere debent, quod dicturi sumus.’ ” — pp. vii. — x.

Literary Recreations and Miscellanies. By JOHN G. WHITTIER, Author of “ Margaret Smith’s Journal,” “ Old Portraits,” etc. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 431.

THIS volume belongs to a new class of publications strikingly significant of the popular tendencies of the age. It comprises a collection of brief miscellaneous essays and sketches, almost wholly selected from the different newspapers with which Mr. Whittier has been connected. Some of them have already appeared in a collected form, but most are now brought together for the first time from the various journals in which they were originally printed. In many respects the selection has been judiciously made, and will find favor with readers of very different tastes. All of the articles are written in our author’s singularly direct and nervous style, and many of them are marked by its best characteristics. But they are not all of uniform merit or interest, and there are a few which might have been omitted without diminishing the value of the volume. Among the best papers are those illustrative of New England habits, customs, and institutions, — such as *My Summer with Dr. Singletary*, *Yankee Gypsies*, and the series of half-meditative, half-descriptive essays suggested by a residence in the busy city of Lowell. They contain many beautiful descriptions, and are among the best pieces that Mr. Whittier has ever written. Besides these there are several brief reviews or critical notices of different works which have been published within a few years. The most noticeable of these is a truculent criticism of Carlyle’s *Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question*; but it is written in a strong partisan tone, and neither its style nor its temper can be commended. A similar defect may also be seen in the notices of Macaulay’s *History of England* and Longfellow’s *Evangeline*, both of which are injured by their partisan spirit. Indeed, in nearly all his reviews Mr. Whittier allows himself to be too much biased by personal prejudices and predilections, and too seldom regards a subject through the colorless medium of a perfect impartiality. But from this criticism we would except the genial and pleasant little notice of Dr. Holmes’s *Poems*, and his essays

on purely literary topics. Of the remaining papers there are several relating to questions of party politics that are still vehemently discussed, and on which our author writes with great freedom and boldness. Dissenting from much that he says on these questions and on other topics discussed in the volume, we have yet read it with great pleasure and with an increased admiration of his powers. So long as our newspapers command the services of such men, we need not be surprised at the influence which they sometimes wield. Articles like those in the present collection, brief, vigorous, and polished, will always be attractive to the mass of readers, and exert an influence over them which more elaborate and voluminous publications cannot produce in our hurrying and bustling age.

Illustrations of Genius, in some of its Relations to Culture and Society. By HENRY GILES, Author of "Lectures and Essays." Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 362.

MR. GILES'S reputation as an able and eloquent writer will be increased and extended by this new work from his brilliant pen. It is, indeed, superior in several respects, we think, to either of his previous volumes. Marked by a somewhat greater unity of design, it is not less subtle and vigorous in thought, nor less penetrated by a generous and hopeful spirit; and its style is even more polished and flexible. In this last characteristic is one of his chief excellences. He is, in truth, a finished rhetorician, and many passages in his writings have a lyrical beauty which affects the reader like some magnificent prose poem. His sentences are constructed with consummate skill, and the several members always succeed each other in that order which is best calculated to give weight to the whole. In this respect it seems scarcely possible for the most cultivated art to go further. But in the choice of particular words and phrases he is less careful and exact; and the polish of his language is sometimes marred by the use of homely and inelegant expressions. From this defect his new volume is almost entirely free. In the selection and treatment of the subjects we notice the same general habits of mind which were observable in his former works and which are already familiar to our readers. Several of the articles have been widely delivered as lectures before Lyceums and other societies; and others have appeared in different periodicals. Though treating of various topics and marked by different degrees of ability, they have yet sufficient unity in their design and

treatment to fall naturally under one common title. They all show that their subjects had been long and carefully revolved in the writer's mind before they were reduced to writing; and in the particular class of compositions to which they belong they must take a very high place. Among those deserving especial notice are the two lectures on Cervantes and Don Quixote, the admirable paper on Robert Burns, that on De Quincey, and the brilliant and thoughtful essays on Fiction, The Cost of a Cultivated Man, and Music.

Poems by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. Square 16mo. pp. 189.

MANY of our readers will doubtless recognize in the author of this volume the accomplished translator of a portion of the *Divina Commedia*, and the writer of a number of short poems which have at various times appeared in different periodicals.* The chief characteristics of his poetry are a genial wit, considerable fancy, and a smooth and liquid versification, often joined with much vigor and terseness of expression. His translations are perhaps better than his original poems; but in both we discover the hand of a true poet. The translation of Manzoni's Ode on the Death of Napoleon, in the volume now on our table, is an excellent illustration of his skill as a translator, and is particularly deserving of commendation for the spirit and fidelity with which it is executed. No one can read it without wishing that the same skilful hand would give us many more translations of equal beauty. Of the original pieces the best by far is that On the Death of Daniel Webster, — a poem that will undoubtedly hold a permanent place in literature, and continue to be read and admired as a just tribute to the deathless memory of our greatest statesman. A Story of the Carnival, Saint Peray, On a Bust of Dante, the lines To a Magdalen, those To a Lady with a Head of Diana, and several others, are also striking and happy productions, exhibiting the best qualities of our author's poetry. Nor should we omit to mention the four longer poems or Letters with which the volume opens, and which are written with so much mingled humor, wit, and good sense. The letter to the poet Rogers, in particular, contains many vigorous and well-turned lines and some very felicitous strokes of good-natured satire.

* The translation from Dante was published in a small volume several years since, and was received with general favor; but we believe it is now entirely out of print.

The epistles to Charles Kemble and to Edward Moxon are, however, even more full of wit; but their tone is less genial, and their wit is more personal.

We have referred to our author's wit, fancy, and metrical skill as his most obvious characteristics. His wit is at once keen, nimble, and genial, often gliding over into the debatable ground which separates wit and humor, and throwing its peculiar charm around his best pieces. His fancy, though neither remarkably warm nor affluent, is active and plastic, and is always guided and controlled by a cultivated taste. His metrical skill is perhaps even more striking. His lines are turned and polished with the utmost grace, and his metres are happily selected. But in addition to these qualities, his poetry is also marked by a manly and healthy tone, and by an entire freedom from every form of cant and sentimentalism. With much of tenderness and pathos, it is never feeble nor commonplace either in thought or language. A fresh and vigorous spirit, on the contrary, breathes through every line and colors the whole texture of his verse.

The War and its Issues. Two Sermons, by the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, Author of "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Sabbath Evening Readings," etc., etc. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co., 25 Paternoster Row. 16mo. pp. 83.

† It is a pity that the size of the title-page made it necessary to omit the names of so many of Dr. Cumming's works. But the catalogue at the end allows us to see what a rich variety is comprehended under the concise "etc., etc." Dr. Cumming is the Dumas of the English pulpit, and it must severely task Messrs. Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. to keep up with his fertile brain, and print as fast as he dictates. His popularity is equal to his literary fecundity. The crowds which wait upon his preaching recall the days of Edward Irving. For half an hour before the doors are opened, Crown Court, Covent Garden, is a sight to see, making one doubt if it be not "positively the last night" of Grisi and Mario at the opera. Crushed hats and torn coats are not an unusual experience there. To sit through the service is a severe physical penance; and we have heard most improper ejaculations during the prayer, reminding us of the Puritan use of the epithet *painful*. All strangers in London, of course, go to hear Dr. Cumming, and most come away in raptures. The aristocratic classes are well represented in his con-

gregation; the Ministry is there in the person of Lord John Russell, whose children Dr. Cumming has baptized, and it is whispered in the city that even her Majesty dares at times to brave the censure of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and hear the town favorite in Buckingham Palace, defending herself on the ground that she is Queen of Scotland not less than of England, and bound to treat fairly the Church of the Northern realm. Something is said, too, about elegant presents, gold and silver plate and the like, which the Doctor has received. He is not insensible to these marks of favor, and lets no chance slip of paying a pleasant compliment to "our gracious and Protestant Queen," and to "our Ministry and Parliament," exhorting his brethren to pray for them rather than criticize, and giving them the return of his own prayers.

There is a good deal in Dr. Cumming's manner and something in his writings to justify his extraordinary fame,—a good deal of genuine eloquence. He has fine gifts as a special pleader, and would have made a respectable leader of the House of Commons. His style is easy and flowing, and his use of illustrations frequently felicitous. He *begs* admirably, and every charitable association is wise in enlisting his services. Yet, like most preachers of his class, he is not content with the reputation of merely popular talent, but tries to pass himself off as a great scholar, a profound theologian, and, above all, an interpreter of prophecies. This is a peculiar weakness of the Scotch Church, but Dr. Cumming in this respect goes beyond any of his brethren. There is an authoritative and oracular tone in all his expositions. The book of Revelation is unsealed before him, there is no mystery in the imagery of Isaiah, and the secrets of the world before the flood are very clear to his understanding. It is true that he disclaims the right to speak positively on these dark themes, says that he has always ventured modestly to touch them, and quotes the words of Amos that he is no prophet, neither the son of a prophet. But Amos could not speak with more confidence about the counsels of God or the fulfilment of his written word. He draws a subtle distinction between his function and that of the ancient seers, between *foretelling* and *forthtelling*;—"a prophet foretells what God reveals to him; a preacher forthtells what God has written in his holy word";—but his books show that this is a distinction without a difference.●

This affectation of the interpreter's gift is a most troublesome element in Dr. Cumming's reasonings, and makes his logic everywhere incoherent and often ridiculous. In the Sermons before us, he is constrained by his prophetic insight to contradict his own belief and to nullify the effect of his appeals. He maintains that the war is all right, that the people ought to pray for

its success, and help it on by men and money. Yet he announces that it will not succeed, that Russia is sure to conquer, to advance southward and westward, to "sweep Continental Europe," to exhaust Mahometanism (typified in the drying up of the great river Euphrates), and, finally, to be met at some distant day on the plains and hills of Judæa. In one breath he justifies the government for its decision and firmness, and in another declares that its great preparations will all come to naught, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The war is right, because it is undertaken against an ambitious and misguided ruler, in defence of an oppressed and insulted people, and in care, too, for the commercial interests of England. But nevertheless "the formidable power from the East and North, symbolized by the great northern hail, that is to light upon the nations and upon Anti-christ during the last or seventh vial, will close its career where the reasons for that career at first originated, — and its very existence also, — by the shrines of Jerusalem, the mountains of Megiddo, or in the land of Palestine." He comforts the people by assuring them that God will reward them if they do right, though his will may spoil all their plans, and hinder their efforts. "It is no discouragement," he pleasantly remarks, "to a single soldier to hear that the Autocrat will yet cleave his way to Palestine. *God predicts what he does not approve.* We are to do our duty, and not attempt to fulfil prophecy."

Dr. Cumming is not embarrassed by logical inconsistencies, but is always ready with some theory or explanation by which they may be reconciled, or at least evaded. One of the amusing features of that bulky series of lectures entitled "The Church before the Flood" — a book which deserves to be ranked with Cox's "Quakerism not Christianity," and similar religious oddities — is the theory about the death of the preadamite reptiles, the saurian tribes. *All death, says the Doctor, came by sin.* That is sound doctrine, which there is no gainsaying. If the saurians died before *man* sinned, which science seems to prove, then it must have happened through *the sin of the angels*. A score or more of pages are devoted to the elucidation of this happy idea. So, in the discourses before us, he gets over the fact that in the present war the Christian people of England are fighting to prop up the power of the infidel, by showing that Protestantism has a better chance under Moslem than under Russian rule, and favors us with statistics to show what progress Evangelical Christianity has made in Turkey within the last quarter of a century. The inference is that England really fights for the nineteen Protestant clergymen around Constantino-ple, and not for Islam at all.

To so hearty a hater of the Romish Church, who never loses

a chance to denounce it, or bring down upon it some crushing passage of the Apocalypse, it is a grievous exigency that forces England into an alliance with a Catholic power, like France; and Dr. Cumming is constrained to warn his "dear friends" against the dangers of such an alliance, "for I have found," says he, "throughout the whole of prophecy, that God's judgments are gathering for it, and that the sprinkling of those judgments will light upon the nation that sympathizes with it." In his catalogue of "warnings from heaven" which the English people have received within a dozen years, — headed by the disruption of the Scotch Church and closed by the death of the Duke of Wellington, — the Romish demonstrations and the concessions to Rome hold a conspicuous place. He is hardly more respectful to the Church of England, and comes down with comic severity upon the Puseyites, and the High-Church bishops, suggesting that ἐπισκοπεῖν in their case should be translated "to overlook," instead of "to oversee." This Puseyism seems to him to be a "mark of the beast," and almost to justify the fear that England has become one of the "ten Papal kingdoms." His slurs upon the Free Church of Scotland involved him in a newspaper controversy, portions of which are subjoined in an appendix to the two Sermons. The newspaper press Dr. Cumming consents to patronize. Through its columns the public of London regularly learn what the Doctor preaches about, and its advertisements largely help the sale of his books. We read accordingly, on page 17, "I have often made the remark, which I think is most just, that one of the best commentators upon prophecy is a daily newspaper; and that if you want to see prophecy in the process of translation into history, — if you want to see men that *probably never have studied the book of Revelation*, [the Italics are ours,] that certainly have no theory to uphold, acting as the amanuenses, and unintentionally recording the fulfilment of a prediction, — just take up one of the daily newspapers." The immediate occasion of this remark seems to have been a letter in the Times, in which it is stated that the Sheikh ul Islam had resigned, and the property of the mosques had been confiscated; "a remarkable proof," as Dr. Cumming phrases it, "of the drying up of the Euphrates."

The list of elements which Dr. Cumming arrays in the present war, what he calls the "spurts" of the war which fight against the English forces, is rather formidable. Despotism and democracy, the priests and the Jesuits, the Mufti and the Moslem, — who, it seems, "inspire high-mosque Mahometanism," — and "lastly, Satan, not the least, knowing that he has but a little time to seek to secure in this world a foothold," — so he arranges them. Dr. Cumming is no democrat, though he talks a good

deal about freedom, and no peace-man, though he dilates most magniloquently on the miseries of war, not forgetting its effect on trade and taxation, and quotes freely from the verse of Longfellow and from Macaulay. He ventures a gentle sneer at those benevolent members of the Peace Society who went to pacify the Czar, and intimates that war, though certainly not Christian, being necessary, is right. He is opposed to aggressive war, and "pities most deeply Russia" for engaging in it. And he reproves his countrymen that they have minded their mills and shops and merchandise too much, and have minded "the sending Bibles and missionaries to Russia too little." If Russia had been converted by England, there would have been no need of the war.

As a prophet of near events, Dr. Cumming is not infallible. There has been some cholera during the past season certainly. But medical statistics have not yet shown that it has been so much worse than ever before, or has cut down great numbers of the "higher classes." He is safer in predicting a long duration to the present war, although the grounds on which he does it are not so reasonable to others as they seem to him. A specimen of the Doctor's philology, on which he rather prides himself, may be found in his interpretation of Ezekiel xxxviii. There is no similarity between the name Gog and the name Nicholas; though the one evidently means the other. But Meschech and Tubal and Rosh are probably the Moscow, Tobolsk, and Russia of our day. The whole chapter, read at leisure, says Dr. Cumming, graphically and minutely describes what is now taking place, and renders the destruction of Russia certain.

We have devoted more space to the notice of Dr. Cumming's book than it may be thought to deserve, but it is a fair sample of the works of the most prolific and popular theological writer in England. We regret to see that such inconsistent and unsatisfactory discussions are extensively reprinted for the edification of American Christians.

Shakespeare's Scholar : being Historical and Critical Studies of Text, Characters, and Commentators, with an Examination of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1632. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE, A. M. New York. 1854. 8vo. pp. 504.

HIS fellow-students have great reason to be obliged to Mr. White for this sprightly, engaging book. They must not fail to read it; for they will be entertained and benefited, both when he utters their own opinion and when he affronts it. If Voltaire's

waggish saying were a real truth, that no kind of writing is bad except the tedious, this work would not come within the exception, but must pass for decidedly good. It is diffuse here and there, but never dull. It has to deal with minute points of criticism sometimes, but its tone is so brisk and its meaning so clear that the attention of the reader is never wearied. In a free and dashing style it urges us through a rapid variety of suggestions, compelling us by its very positiveness to take instant part with it or against it. Its learning, of which there is a great deal, is never ponderous, but dispensed in the most agreeable manner. Its disquisitions are entirely clear of that affectedly philosophical, laboriously obscure dialect, — borrowed from the fogs of Germany and wrapping its shadow of sense in a swell of abstractions, — which has so infected English literature with its pedantic stupidities. It speaks right on, with a bold movement and a light heart, frank and good-natured. Even its controversial wrath has a roguish twinkle about it.

Mr. White has brought with him the most promising preparation for the task he here assumes. An admiring reader of Shakespeare from early life, he had the advantage of studying him with his own endeavoring thoughts, unbiased and unperplexed by any commentators; in this way first becoming familiar with him, and resolved to understand him. When he afterwards betook himself to "*Variorums*" and comparative criticisms, he appears to have called to his aid an extensive acquaintance with the old English poets and dramatists, who were most likely to throw light upon the thoughts and phrases of their great chief. Years of application brought to bear upon this favorite theme might well add to his claim to be heard upon it; but it weighs more than all in our esteem, to observe the revering spirit of the "scholar" towards his master, the sympathy that he feels with his genius, and the jealous love with which he watches over the purity of the original text against ancient and modern corrupters; — at least, intends so to watch. Passing over such a broad field of literary inquiry as that which lay before him, and in the midst of so many conflicting judgments, and with a mind so disdainful of foreign influences, he of course cannot expect that any studious person will agree with him in all the positions that he attempts to maintain. He must reconcile himself to the thought, that even some which he confidently supposes he has established will be resisted with a warmth and pertinacity equal to his own. It will be enough for him to receive commendation and honor, notwithstanding such instances of dissent. For ourselves, we are with him in the general scope of his conclusions. We are with him in the main, in the strain of reflection and feeling through which those conclusions are reached. And in the detached points,

perhaps not very few, where we do not agree with him at all, we can enjoy our supposed discovery that they are inconsistent with his usual quickness and niceness of discernment, and even with his own principles; and we can thank him for bringing our thoughts afresh to the examination of them, under such able and genial guidance. There occur throughout his volume miscellaneous pieces of information that will be new to most of its readers, and pieces of original criticism, both on the text and the characters of the plays, and other incidental matters, that ought to be welcome to all. Two or three conjectural emendations of his own, with all our conservatism, we account extremely happy;—not poorly ingenious and unnecessary, as so many have been, but simple, natural, and every way worthy of regard. At the same time, we feel bound to say more distinctly, what has been already implied, that if his manner of pronouncing upon many points—which are very questionable, to say the least—had been less absolute, it would have lost nothing in effect. Indeed, the confidence that he must be right seems to increase not unfrequently with the probability that others will think him mistaken. We need but refer to pages 180, 191, 193, 231, 298, 316, 321, 322, 338, 356, 370, and especially 405 and 430. That he has recorded his judgments hastily sometimes, is shown by two instances of afterthought in the form of “Corrections.” We cannot help thinking that, on further pondering, he would change several of his critical decisions, bringing them nearer to the original edition of 1623, of which he is so wisely the champion. We are far from according with him in the preference that he occasionally gives to Mr. Collier’s marginal readings; such, for instance, as we find on pages 190, 220, 304, 305, 368. He certainly shows for the most part anything but deference to that gentleman, whose unlucky folio has set him doting, and whose edition of Shakespeare issued on its authority is the dullest outrage upon the glorious bard since the whitewashing of his monumental bust in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.

In a word, for our limits compel brevity, Mr. White is admirable in opposition, most trustworthy when he denies; the flash of his negative electricity is charming; we are seldom drawn to shoot contrary fires with him except now and then at the positive pole. Our references to a few instances of this latter kind have been extremely concise, mere finger-points, because his elegant volume will doubtless be in many hands, as it well deserves to be. A single perusal, even though a careful one, is not enough for a work of such varied interest.

The Poetry of Germany. Consisting of Selections from upwards of Seventy of the most celebrated Poets, translated into English Verse, with the Original Text on the opposite Page, by ALFRED BASKERVILLE. Leipzig, London, New York. 1854. 12mo. pp. 663.

THESE translations are for the most part very ordinary. Any number of such might be turned out by the hand of any person who had a tolerable knowledge of the two languages and was inclined to amuse himself in that way. They are such as might be written, according to Horace's description, on one foot. Not that their leading fault seems to be that of haste. On the contrary, they have been made with considerable care. The cause of their deficiencies lies deeper,—in the writer's want of ability for his task. He says in his Preface, "*If it be true that only a poet can be a good translator of poetry.*" Nothing can be truer. To be such a translator, one must be acquainted with something more than the structure of languages and the rules of versification. He must have the perceptions and glow, the nice discernment and flowing heart, of original poesy, whether he has poured out his feelings through that channel or not. Mr. Baskerville is merely mechanical, and that not very well. The best part of these six or seven hundred pages is the German on the left hand; and even this is often indifferent enough. To what purpose should men be at the pains of giving us, in tortuous English, verses that have little or no merit in their own tongue; or that are, at the best, of so thin and sickly a beauty, that they die in transplanting? Every piece, no matter who its author is, to be worth translating, must first possess some decided character of its own that recommends it to notice; and then it should be of such a quality as to be capable of being perfectly reproduced, or else it had better be left where it grew. We venture to say, that far the greater part of these "selections," if they were offered anonymously and as originals for the columns of any newspaper that valued itself for its taste in such matters, would be rejected at once as awkward or flat,—only choking attempts to utter what had no particular need of being expressed. We have no care to point out particular blemishes in this book. They abound, and of almost every kind. Its style is wordy and stiff at the same time; while its forage for rhymes is of the most unscrupulous sort,—its lines having to be filled up and made to respond somehow. Neither its choice of words nor its vision of things is to be commended. Both are often strangely inaccurate. The arms of the skeleton drummer in "*The Midnight Review*"

"In eddying circles flew";

and the white arms of Bürger's Leonora clasping her spectre bridegroom are around

“The faithful [traut, beloved] rider slung.”

These remarks may seem severe, but they are forbearing. Witness two passages, which offer themselves of their own accord, without any malicious picking out from a host of the like. Claudius's poor Ass, as he enumerates all his miseries, — his homely shape and lubberly spirit, his insults from young and old, the burdens on his back and the thistles for his stomach, — comforts himself thus: “Ah, Nature made me in anger; she gave me nothing — but a fine voice.” This Mr. B. renders:

“My portrait in a rage did Nature draw,
And gave me only a sweet voice, — ‘hee-haw.’”

Still worse, though not so comical. When Zedlitz begins to describe Napoleon on the night of the ghostly Parade, he simply says:

“He wears a little hat.”

But our translator cannot endure this. He must have it:

“No plume his helm adorneth.”

Think of that, readers! The great emperor has nothing positively on his head at all. A helmet is implied, only to tell us that there was no feather in it. Napoleon in a helmet! — when that plain cocked hat is the top thing on the columns at Boulogne and in the Place Vendôme; and when the mere miniature copy of it in bronze served to represent its wearer, — the only thing that cared to do so, — in the shop-windows of Paris, during those years when his name was only breathed in whispers and his family was proscribed.

Noctes Ambrosianæ, by the late JOHN WILSON, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University at Edinburgh, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and WILLIAM MAGUIRE, LL.D., J. G. LOCKHART, JAMES HOGG, etc. *With Memoirs and Notes* by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L. New York: Redfield. 1854. 12mo. 5 vols. pp. 486, 432, 469, 468, 465.

HERE are five charming volumes, crammed and flavored with the various wealth of mind and the spicy genius of a coterie of brilliant writers. Song and satire, philosophy and classic lore,

anecdote and history, gossip and biography, criticism and scandal, a miscellaneous collection of all racy, extravagant, humorous, and wise ingredients of books and brains, will be found within these covers. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Wilson and his compeers would have held their claims for a repeated perusal by those who enjoyed the monthly treat during the last thirty years, and would have engaged the search of a new generation of readers. But it would have been no easy matter to have gathered together the voluminous Blackwood in which they originally appeared. The illustrative matter contained in the Editor's Introductory History of the Magazine, and in his liberal annotations, greatly enhances the value of the volumes, especially to American readers of this present age. One may attach himself to the pages for a week, or a day, or an hour, according to his enjoyment of leisure; and he will find material enough for a lengthened or a rapid repast.

The Female Prose-Writers of America. With Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By JOHN S. HART, LL.D. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1855 (?). 8vo. pp. 536.

THIS is one of those elegant volumes, involving much expense to publishers in their preparation and engaging all the resources of modern art, which are in themselves proof that the love of literature is steadily advancing over our wide country year by year, and has become a passion supplied at high cost. Our only objection to books of the class to which Dr. Hart's new volume belongs, concerns their title. According to the wording of the above title, one might expect to find in the volume a recognition of *all*, or at least of all the most distinguished female prose-writers of our country; but our readers will look in vain for the names of some half-dozen persons who are eminently entitled to be ranked among the first on such a list. Of course we do not mean to be so exclusive as to hint that either of the sixty-one writers who are here enshrined should have been omitted, though we confess to having made our first acquaintance with several of them in this volume. There are engraved portraits of Fanny Forrester, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Stephens, Margaret Fuller, and Mrs. Neal, — all but two of whom we have seen in bodily presence, and therefore can pronounce the portraits for the most part excellent.

The editor gives a concise biographical sketch of each of the subjects of his volume, and follows it with extracts judiciously

selected from their writings. The work is characterized throughout by good taste and discretion. One who turns over the volume will be struck by the fact that a lively and vigorous style, and the expression of high moral and religious principles in a natural but earnest way, are the prominent distinctions of this whole class of our authors. The fact is one which may gratify and instruct us.

The Old and the New: or Discourses and Proceedings at the Dedication of the remodelled Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C., on Sunday, April 2, 1854, preceded by the Farewell Discourse delivered in the Old Church, on Sunday, April 4, 1854. [With Engravings of the former and present Edifices.] Charleston: S. G. Courtenay. 1854. 8vo. pp. 148.

THIS interesting volume contains even more than is expressed on its title-page. The esteemed and distinguished pastor, Dr. Gilman, who has so long and so acceptably discharged his ministerial office in Charleston, S. C., in his Farewell Discourse in the old church, reviews the history of the society whose place of worship it has been for more than a century. This, of course, is the most engaging portion of the volume, as it brings before us incidents of the past which retrospect invests with instruction and solemnity, and as it gives us that record of personal experience which exhibits its own proofs of fidelity amid arduous and laborious duties. We have next, a Description of the New Church; the Order of Exercises at its Dedication; the Discourse on that occasion by Dr. Gilman, which is in the main an exposition of the principles of Liberal Christianity; the Prayer of Dedication, by Dr. Burnap, of Baltimore; the Inauguration of the New Church, by the Rev. C. M. Taggart, junior pastor; the Salutation of the Churches, by the Rev. J. Pierpont, jr., of Savannah; a Sermon delivered previously to the Communion Service, by the Rev. J. H. Heywood, of Louisville; a Discourse on Unitarian Christianity, on the evening of the day of Dedication, by Dr. Burnap; and a Concluding Address to the Congregation by the Rev. C. J. Bowen, of New Bedford. It will be seen that the new volume serves alike as a memorial of the past, and as an instructive guide for the work of years to come. We must express our grateful respect for the excellent minister who for so many years, and under circumstances of comparative isolation, has so nobly sustained his Christian character and work,—not without the hearty esteem and profound regard of multitudes who do not sympathize with his doctrinal position.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. have just published a volume on the "Life and Character of the Rev. Sylvester Judd." We regret that our pages were so preoccupied as to prevent our devoting any space in our present number to such an exhibition of the interest of this volume as it really deserves. We venture to predict that it will be found a fitting companion volume for the *Life of Mrs. Ware*, which has been received with such a grateful appreciation by a large circle of readers. The peculiarities of Mr. Judd's genius, the degree of eccentricity in his character, the interest attaching to his religious experience, his devoted work as a Christian minister, and the fame which has already been secured to his name as an author, will attract attention to this volume, and when readers have taken it in hand they will not lay it aside till they have gone through with it. Its materials are arranged with skill and presented with good taste, and the whole spirit and contents of the volume are calculated to please and improve.

The same publishers have issued two new and beautiful juvenile works in season to meet a demand which becomes urgent as the holidays approach. They are entitled, "*Children's Trials; or The Little Rope-Dancers, and other Tales*;" translated from the German of Auguste Linden, by Trauer Mantel; and "*Popular Tales*;" by Madame Guizot; translated from the French, by Mrs. L. Burke." Both books are illustrated by pretty pictures, and those in the former are rich specimens of coloring.

James Munroe & Co. have issued a new edition of "*An Offering of Sympathy to the Afflicted, especially to Bereaved Parents*." For the first time, we believe, the name of the compiler, the late Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman, appears on the title-page of this volume, which has secured for itself a treasured place in the hearts of many sorrow-stricken sufferers. It contains prose pieces and poems, letters and essays, brief but comprehensive, and from a very large variety of writers from more than one communion, on subjects bearing upon the one familiar theme. The present edition was prepared by the Rev. Dr. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and contains a Preface by him, together with a short memorial of Dr. Parkman, as was meet.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. continue their popular series of the *British Poets*, by two volumes containing the *Poems of Gay*, and two more, one of which contains the *Poems of Akenside*, and one those of *Parnell and Tickell*. The great pains and fidelity with which this series is edited, by Professor Child of Harvard College, command and will secure for it a very extensive circulation.

Messrs. Jenks, Hickling, & Swan have published a new edition of that delightful work, by Grace Aguilar, entitled "*Home Influence: a Tale for Mothers and Daughters*." The book has already attained high commendation for its pure and healthful and elevating sentiments and moral.

The same firm have reprinted, in two very neat volumes, *Dickens's*

"Child's History of England," as good a work as parents can find for the profitable gratification of children.

The Messrs. Harper have published, in two volumes, a translation of Lamartine's "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters." They contain an Introductory Essay, and Memoirs of Nelson, Heloise, Columbus, Palissy, Roostam, Cicero, Socrates, Jacquard, Joan of Arc, Cromwell, Homer, Gutenberg, and Fénelon. Truly a miscellaneous and a catholic assortment of the names of the great and the renowned among the departed.

From the same firm we have "Life's Lesson: a Tale"; and "A Practical and Commercial Arithmetic," by Dr. G. B. Docharty.

William Gowans of New York has brought together in a very handsome volume some valuable matter on The Immortality of the Soul. Sandford's excellent translation of Plato's *Phædo* forms the basis of the volume. Fénelon's brief Life of the philosopher, a selection from the opinions of ancient, mediæval, and modern philosophers and divines on Immortality, illustrative notes, historical, biographical, and mythological, and a catalogue of all the works on a Future State, make up the contents of this precious volume.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Thirteenth Autumnal Convention. — The Autumnal Convention for this year was held in the city of Montreal, Canada East, where a small but vigorous Unitarian congregation has enjoyed for some years the ministrations of the Rev. John Cordner. If it seemed to any a hazardous experiment to summon an assembly of our body at a place so remote and beyond our national border, such an apprehension was not at all justified by the result. Indeed, the attendance of delegates and friends was unusually large, at least three hundred being on the ground during the two days of session. Whether this goodly number is to be regarded as an evidence of reviving denominational zeal, or should rather be referred to the novelty of a gathering in a foreign city, and to the fact that in many cases the expenses of a most delightful journey were borne by the parishes that were represented in the Convention, we leave for the future historian of the sect to determine. Those who feasted their eyes upon the autumn glories of mountain and valley, as they wound their spiral way along the hill-sides of New Hampshire and Vermont, or floated upon Lake Champlain at the break of day, will not, we think, complain much of distance or fatigue.

On Tuesday, the 10th of October, at 5 P. M., the Convention was organized in the house of worship of the Unitarian society. The Committee of Arrangements reported the following list of officers: — President, Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D. D., of Boston; Vice-Presidents, Benjamin Workman, M. D., Montreal, Hon. Albert Fearing, of Boston, Rev. Joseph Allen, D. D., of Northborough; Secretaries, Rev. Ephraim C. Nute of Chicopee, Mass., and Rev. Joshua Young of Burlington, Vt.

On Tuesday evening a sermon was preached to the Convention by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, from Matthew xxii. 42, "*What think ye of Christ?*"

on the nature, the character, and the offices of the Saviour. The time of the meetings was divided between three topics previously selected by the Committee of Arrangements, and introduced by dissertations prepared by brethren for the purpose. Rev. John H. Morison of Milton discussed "The Limits of Christian Liberty," Rev. Mr. Corder treated of "The Necessity of a more Complete Co-operation of the Clergy with the Laity in Church Action and General Christian Effort," and Rev. J. H. Allen of Bangor, Me. read a paper upon "The Church as a Social Power." The first two dissertations were followed by debates in which clergymen and laymen participated. For lack of time there was no discussion upon the last topic.

On Wednesday evening a sermon was preached by Rev. James F. Clarke of Boston, upon Matthew xvi. 18, "*Upon this rock I will build my church*," on Christ the living foundation of the Church. After the services, the hospitalities of the Montreal congregation were extended to the brethren and friends from abroad, through a very agreeable social gathering in St. Lawrence Hall. Hon. John Young, M. P. P., presided, and gave a very gratifying account of the struggles and successes of Unitarian Christianity in Montreal.

As the closing hour of the Convention drew near, Rev. Dr. Hill of Worcester introduced a resolution commemorative of the brethren, clerical and lay, who have been removed from us by death during the past year, and followed the resolve by a few touching words. Rev. S. J. May of Syracuse also introduced some resolutions, expressive of gratitude to the people of Canada for their sympathy with the poor fugitives from slavery, and urging them to look with no favor upon any attempt to extend the Fugitive Slave Bill to their land. The rule which requires that all resolutions should come before the Convention through the Committee of Arrangements was suspended, and the vote of the meeting accorded with the motion of the Rev. Mr. May. Pledges of subscriptions to the Book Fund were made by several gentlemen, among which one for \$250 was tendered by a member of the Montreal congregation.

If there was anything to regret in the course of the discussion it was this, that in a company of Christians it was not thought fit by all to take for granted the Mastership of Christ. Why are we so often compelled to treat this as an open question? Shall those who have no doubt upon the subject be obliged to go back to the elements continually, instead of giving their time and strength to Christian work? Besides, we very much doubt whether the fundamentals of religion should be exposed to the hazards of *extempore* debate. Still, spite of this exception, a vast deal was said, both from the pulpit and in the way of discussion, which was unto edification, as we trust will appear in the growth of the congregation of Unitarians in Montreal, the members of which have proved that they are not behind in Christian hospitality. The Committee of Arrangements for the next Autumnal Convention consists of Rev. Rufus Ellis of Boston, Rev. Thomas Hill of Waltham, and George William Bond, Esq. of Roxbury.

Dr. O. A. Brownson and the "Know Nothings."—The religious and secular journals have contained many paragraphs during the last four months, referring to a feud that has arisen between Dr. Brownson and some of his fellow Roman Catholics, on account of the views ex-

pressed by that gentleman in his Quarterly Review in relation to the new party called Know Nothings. Dr. Brownson has written a complete cyclopædia of religion in the statements which he has published of his own religious opinions for the last score of years. He has advocated and he has opposed both sides on each great matter of religious controversy, and any one who has preserved a complete series of his writings, and who will take the pains to place running-titles over the pages indicating the Universalist, Unitarian, Protestant, Transcendental, Philosophic, Pantheistic, or Romanist arguments or objections presented on those pages, will be in possession of a very respectable substitute for a "Sketch of all Religions." Dr. Brownson possesses the wonderful faculty of turning back to and reproducing in his own mind, in orderly array, the views and logical statements appropriate to all the phases of belief through which he has passed, for they are filed away, labelled, and inventoried like a well-arranged series of papers. His conscious assurance of the integrity of his own convictions from time to time must depend largely upon the accuracy of dates, and must be a matter of the almanac rather than of any fanciful theory of consistency. Indeed, it would be hardly necessary for any one to possess a complete series of his writings, for there are single numbers of his Review in which he reviews himself and his whole mental and religious history, telling us what opinions he once held, and why he held them, and how he came to change them, and how he hated them after he had changed them, and how thoroughly and dogmatically he is convinced of the truth of those which he now holds, as he was in previous years of those which he then held. His admirable style of writing, his masterly command of language, and his logical directness in expressing himself, must impress every careful reader of his pages. He is the last writer known to us whom we should consider as liable to be misunderstood by any of his readers. But it seems he has been misunderstood, and that too by his present friends.

In the number of his Review for October Dr. Brownson has an article under the caption of "Know-Nothingism; or Satan warring against Christ." The article is extended over forty pages, and contains a statement, a repetition, and a reiteration, even to a fourth or a fifth recital of his views upon a point on which he had been misunderstood and misrepresented. The pains which he has thus taken in self-vindication compel us to read forty pages for the sake of learning what might have been presented in two or three. Nor do we see that he succeeds in vindicating himself by any justification of his position, as he appears to us to add to the commotion of the troubled waters.

Dr. Brownson says he had noticed the rapid growth of a secret anti-Catholic organization, which he compares to the Orange party in Ireland, and which seemed to indicate that the sentiment of American nationality is fearfully excited against Catholics. Two distinct elements entered into this excitement, and, as he thought, they ought to be distinguished, for with one of them he could himself sympathize. The American feeling was aroused against the influence of *foreignism* upon our institutions. This is one element of Native-Americanism. Protestant animosity was turned against foreigners resident here because they are for the most part Roman Catholics;—this is the peculiar element of Know-Nothingism. Dr. Brownson assumed that the secret organization receives many abettors and much of its popularity on the score of

its opposition to *foreignism*, without taking into account its opposition to Romanism. He wished to emphasize the distinction, being assured that, if he could cause it to be regarded, he should weaken the force of Know-Nothingism. He therefore undertook to advocate that element of the new organization which is simply an opposition of our nationality to *foreignism*, and even to induce Roman Catholics to sympathize with it. He maintains that, while the emigrants from Europe that have arrived here previous to the last few years are good Roman Catholics and share the feeling of American nationality, they may safely be trusted with the rights of citizens; but that the more recent comers are infidels, atheists, and disorganizers, and that therefore it would be wise to shut them off from a full liberty as American citizens by altering the naturalization laws. Here was the source of the misunderstanding, and the ground of the obloquy and indignation which Dr. Brownson says he has encountered from his Romanist friends. To re-state and re-argue his positions is the purpose of his last article.

We cannot affirm that we know more or less about Know-Nothingism than does Dr. Brownson, but we apprehend he gives a very blind account of it when he says that the party is "led on, avowedly or unavowedly, under the direction of foreign anarchists, and apostate priests and monks, by men of desperate fortunes, fanatics, bigots, and demagogues, some of home and some of foreign production." (p. 447.) That some other feelings and agencies besides those which such persons could engage or appeal to are enlisted in the new party must be obvious to every observer of our current movements. We infer that feelings of patriotism, of love for our institutions, and of fear that they are in peril, and of determined resolution that they shall not be trifled with, are the life of the new party; and that the broad interests and the sacred defences of civil and religious liberty, as interpreted by republicanism and Protestantism, are the trusts which Know-Nothingism seeks to watch over. If this be so, we are free to confess our entire sympathy, our ardent whole-hearted loyalty, to and with the objects of the new party, while, so far as it involves secrecy in its organization, we decidedly and utterly dissent from its policy in action. Dr. Brownson claims to exercise the remnant of liberty which he has reserved to himself by affirming his rights in matters of political advocacy in the words following: "No Catholic can consent to be impeded in his free speech or independent action, so far as they are lawful and necessary to promote the cause of truth and virtue, by the tyranny of any nationality, whether his own or another's." (p. 452.) But it depends somewhat upon the *nationality* under which one may live whether or not he may safely exercise this liberty. If we were to ask Dr. Brownson how it happens that the world is filled with Italian exiles, victims to the tyranny of their former *nationality*, he would evade a part of the force of his own assertion by replying, that these exiles are not Catholics; or he would evade its whole force by affirming that they did not use what he thinks *lawful and necessary* means. Still Silvio Pellico, with many other like victims, was a good Catholic, and hundreds of the noble patriots of Italy used only what the common judgment of the world pronounces to be lawful and necessary means.

Farther on in his article Dr. Brownson says: "The great controversy with Protestantism is no longer conducted on purely theological grounds, but is now made, as Balmes, Donoso Cortés, Montalembert,

and all the great Catholic champions of the day, assure us, a national, a political, or a social question. Protestantism has virtually yielded the question as a theological question, and now debates it as a question lying within the secular order." (p. 469.) There is something ludicrous in the cool effrontery of this latter assertion as to what Protestantism has yielded. But the former assertion, that Romanism is to be treated henceforward more as a national, political, and social question, is true, and we suppose that this is the very thing which the Know Nothings wish to bring to the test.

There is another sentence in the article before us which we must quote. Dr. Brownson says: "Catholicity, so far from being opposed to republicanism, as so many of our countrymen believe or pretend, is absolutely essential to its wholesome working and successful maintenance." (p. 457.) It would be difficult to arrange any number of the words of our language into a more preposterous assertion than this. Why, the simplest town or parish meeting of the humblest village in New England — and such meetings are of the very essence and substance and among the prime conditions of republicanism — would either unsettle *Catholicity*, or be unsettled by it, in a period of ten years.

No conviction in men's minds can justify itself with fuller evidence from reasoning, experience, and abounding testimony than this, that the Roman Catholic doctrine and discipline are inconsistent with civil and religious liberty. And religious liberty is as essential to republicanism as is civil freedom. Romanism and such freedom have never been found in harmony together, and never will be to the end of time. The only way in which a Roman Catholic can meet an honest argument on this point is by curtailing the extent or compass of what is claimed within the essentials of civil and religious liberty, and by demanding that what is thus surrendered as not of liberty shall be yielded to the province of religious authority. He will deny your right to be free on every matter in which he wishes to bring you under priestly bondage. He will tell you that civil freedom does not properly include this or that relation, or exercise, or function, or interest, in which you ask the Church not to interfere with you. The simple fact is, that civil liberty means wholly different things and includes very unlike conditions in a Roman Catholic and in a Protestant country. If with our Protestant-American sentiments you should take up your residence in Italy, and should urge that the requisition of so many fasts and holidays, interrupting the ordinary business of the "six days of labor," the prohibition of marriage between a Romanist and a Protestant, or the interference of a priest, as a spiritual director, with the private affairs of a family, was an unwarrantable infringement upon your rights, you would be informed, "These are matters in which you are not entitled to hold an opinion or to act as a free man; they are religious concerns, and you are subject in them to ecclesiastical authority." The Church, where it has the power, usurps unrestricted power. What is left unclaimed by it is, to be sure, freedom; but there is precious little of it. There is certainly a border-line which divides between our relations as citizens and our relations as subjects of some religious obligations, and there are a great many interests and obligations that lie around this border-line which are of such a divided or complicated nature that they may be claimed as subject to the State or the Church. Romanism clutches at all of these, and at more likewise, and tolerates no debate upon them.

The point of accord between Dr. Brownson and the Native American,

or Know Nothing, party, would therefore seem to be this: he would join with that party in seeking an alteration of the naturalization laws for the purpose of forbidding the privileges of citizenship, on the easy terms on which they are now granted, to a large class of emigrants from the continent of Europe, because so far are they from being Roman Catholics, that they are an atheistic, destructive, and revolutionary race. The Know Nothing party do not appear insensible to the force of this suggestion, but they are equally alive to some others in which Dr. Brownson would not accord with them. Various influences have recently combined to excite the popular feeling which finds expression in the new organization. The Roman Church is popularly adjudged to have originated and fostered those oppressive and conservative influences, resistance to which is to make Europe a scene of convulsions for years to come. Then the attempts of the Roman Catholic priests, wherever they have thought it safe to run the venture, to interfere with our common-school system, have excited a deep animosity both in city and in country. The announcements made from time to time of the increasing and more pretentious organization of Roman Catholic institutions in these States, the good pleasure of the Pope in "erecting" an Archbishopric in New York, the formalities of church ceremonials out of doors, the riots of the German Catholics in Cincinnati, and various incidents, of a more or less significant character, brought to the knowledge of Protestants through the Romanist domestics in their families,—all these and other causes that might be specified have, as Dr. Brownson affirms, made the social and political questions take precedence of the theological issue involved in the claims of Papacy.

Know-Nothingism, if we understand anything of its main purpose and direction, has presented to itself this among other facts, that Romanism, and the Old-World principles and influences which it has fostered, are inimical to civil and religious liberty. The suggestion made to the members of this new party by those who do not sympathize or go with it is, "Yes, Romanism is the dreadful and tyrannical thing which you describe it as being, but you must trust to our institutions to resist its mischief and its tyranny." "So I will," is the reply. "But what if Romanism assails and secretly subverts these very institutions? It is these very institutions that I do trust in, and in order that I may trust in them I must secure and guard them, for they are threatened." As we have already confessed, we sympathize in the feeling and in the object of the Know Nothings, if we understand what those are, saving always the *secrecy* of the organization. What need is there of secrecy? If the defence and support of our American Protestant institutions is the sole object, it is one that may be frankly and manfully, and even boastfully, avowed. It requires no private intriguing, no sworn silence, no private assembling of its friends. Secrecy in such matters is detestable, and is sure to be malignant and ruinous in its workings. The excellence of a very desirable and imperilled aim may seem to warrant the availing of an instrumentality which in general is condemned; but the exception will not hold. Such secrecy is an agency and a method of the Evil One. It appears unobjectionable to some because of the high solemnity and the vast value of the ends which it is made to serve. But men have never yet discovered any perfectly unobjectionable way of employing the Evil One or any of his arts. Satan is sure to make *his own cause* to be the real result, though it may not be the aim of any party which takes him or one of his subordinates into its ranks.

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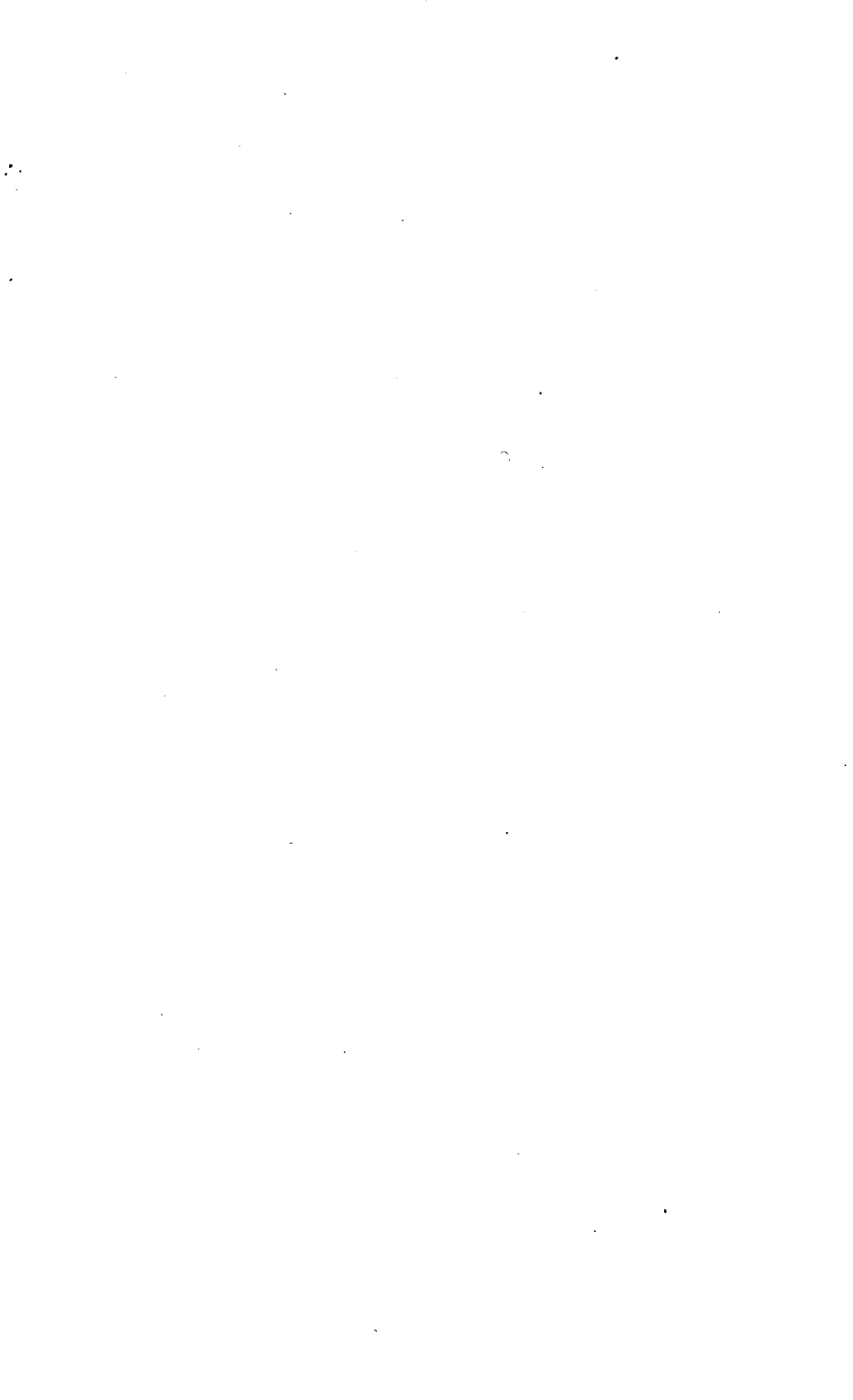
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